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THE PREPARATION OF AN AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT

FREDERICK C. FIECHTER, JR.

MR. Justice Holmes, in the opinion of many, is the greatest living American. He was born an aristocrat with an unsurpassed background; yet by his own capacities he became greater, it may be thought, than his father. In one sense, this belies an American tradition; from another angle, it vindicates American civilization. More than any other figure in our history his career, spanning three-fifths of the total life of our Republic, has approximated that of the aristocrat-guardian-philosopher described in Plato's ideal *Republic*. Although the early and formative years of his life are essential to an understanding of his work, little has been written about them owing to the scarcity of information concerning that period. If this paper clarifies some of the important factors in the Justice's life prior to his appointment to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in 1883, it will have served its purpose.

In a military camp in the year 1861 a twenty-year-old soldier wrote the following autobiography for his Harvard Class Album:

I, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was born March 8, 1841, in Boston. My father was born in Cambridge, graduated at Harvard, studied medicine in Paris and returning to Boston practised as a physician there a number of years. Giving this up, however, he has since supported himself by acting as a professor of the Medical School of Harvard College, by lecturing, and by writing a number of books.* In 1840 he married Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Jackson of Boston, where he has since resided. All my three names designate families from which I am descended. A long pedigree of Olivers and Wendells may be found in the book called "Memorials of the Dead in Boston.—King's Chapel Burying Ground," pp. 144 and 234-5-6-7-8. Of my grandfather Abiel Holmes, an account may be found in the biographical dictionaries. (He was the author of the *Annals of America*, etc.) as also of my other grandfather Charles Jackson—(See, for instance, *Appleton's New American Cyclopaedia* where the account of Judge Jackson was written by my father.) I think it better thus to give a few satisfactory references than to write an account which is half so. Some of my ancestors have fought in the Revolution; among the great grandmothers of the family were Dorothy Quincy and Anne Bradstreet ("the tenth Muse"); and so on; but these things can be picked up from other sources I have indicated. My Grandfather A. Holmes was graduated from Yale in 1783 and in 1792 was "gradu honorario donatur," at Harvard. Various Wendells and Olivers will be found in the triennial, as also various Jacksons; including my grandfather. Our family has been in the habit of receiving a college education and I came of course in my turn, as my grandfathers, fathers, and uncles had been before me. I've always lived in Boston and went first to a woman's school there, then to Rev. T. R. Sullivan's, then to E. S. Dixwell's (Private Latin School) and thence to College. I never had any business but that of a student before coming to College; which I did with the majority of our class in July, entering without conditions. I was while in College, a member and editor of the Institute (had somewhat to do with our two private clubs), of the Hasty Pudding, the Porcellian, the ΦBK and the "Christian Union;"

not that I considered my life justified belonging to the latter, but because I wished to bear testimony in favor of a Religious society founded on liberal principles in distinction to the more "orthodox" and sectarian platform of the "Xtian Brethren." I was editor in the Senior year of the Harvard Magazine (the chief piece I wrote in it being on "Albert Durer.") I was author of an article on Plato which took the prize as the best article by an undergraduate (for the first year of its existence) in the "University Quarterly." The only College prize I have tried for was the Greek which was divided between one of the Juniors and me. When the war broke out I joined the "4th Battalion of Infantry" and went down to Fort Independence expecting when drilled to go south (as a private). While at the Fort and after we were ordered up I had to patch up a Class Poem as quickly and as well as I could under the circumstances, since I had been elected to that office before going (2nd term Senior). We stayed about a month at the Fort and then I came to Boston and on Classday (a week and a half ago) I delivered my poem side by side with my friend Hallowell who was orator and who had also been at the Fort. The tendencies of the family and of myself have a strong natural bent to literature, etc., at present I am trying for a commission in one of the Massachusetts Regiments, however, and hope to go south before very long. If I survive the war I expect to study law as my profession or at least for a starting point.

(in haste)
[*signed*]
O. W. Holmes, Jr.
July 2nd, 1861.

[*and then in pencil*]

(N.B. I may say I don't believe in gushing much in these College Biog's and think a dry statement much fitter. Also I am too busy now to say more if I would).

* Note:

viz { "Autocrat of Breakfast Table" / "Professor at the do. do." } First appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.
{ "Elsie Venner" / "Currents and Counter Currents"—Poems, etc.[1] }

[1] Manuscript in the album of Harvard College Class of 1861, 329.

A new generation was about to defend what its ancestors had won.

On March 9, 1841, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to his sister:

> My Dear Ann—Last evening between eight and nine, there appeared at No. 8 Montgomery Place a little individual who may be hereafter addressed as—Holmes, Esq.; or, The Hon.—Holmes, M.C.; or His Excellency—Holmes, Pres., etc.; but who for the present is content with scratching his face and sucking his right forefinger.

A son of old culture who had come into the world just as democracy secured a new foothold with the inauguration of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too"; a son who was not born in a log cabin or brought up on hard cider, who nevertheless was to become a foremost defender of the faith of frontier America. His father was a famous doctor, professor, and poet. So great was the paternal influence on what Dr. Holmes called a "second edition" of himself that a glance at the first edition will have its rewards.

> Formez toujours les idées nettes
> Fuyez les à peu près.

was the father's constant rule. He was led at first to enter law school as a result of his ability to write forceful and lucid argument—a power illustrated in his medical essays in general and particularly in his famous paper on "Puerperal Fever." While his ambition lay in poetry more than in anything else, his ideas on religion, unorthodox throughout his work, were expressed more forcefully in his novels. Rejecting the old Calvinism with its doctrine of original sin, he refused to blame the individual for pre-natal influences

which were out of his control. His argument was always against the glosses of Christianity; although repudiating what he called the "Deity of ecclesiastical commerce," he let "Trust in God" be his anchor.

Distinctly progressive in religious thought, Dr. Holmes was quite as conservative in things political and social. In the center of militant abolitionism he withheld his active coöperation, and the movement received his sympathy only imperfectly. It was not until his son was in the midst of a struggle whose objective required widespread public support that Dr. Holmes took an interest in public affairs,[2] an interest which was maintained until the end of his life. The freedom of thought in religious matters was passed on to his son, who added a keen interest in social and public affairs without engaging in active politics.

The school-boy Wendell Holmes who went to the Reverend Mr. Sullivan's school in the basement of Park Street Church was apt to be mischievous in class. He did not, however, take a prominent part in the snow-ball fights on Boston Common between the representatives of Beacon Hill and the South End. But there is one incident connected with the Common that made a deep impression on the boy, who, as an aged gentleman, related it to the author.

Wendell and John were cousins. They went to school together and, being about the same age, were the great chums that only small boys can be. One day when they were seven or eight years old, they were walking across the Common together, and Wendell

[2] Slackerism called forth some of the very few bitter lines he ever wrote. See "The Sweet Little Man" dedicated to the "Stay-at-Home Rangers."

suddenly asked his friend whether it was ever right to tell a lie. John, like Wendell, a product of Boston's best religious instruction, indignantly replied, "Of course not!" Pointing to the path along which they were walking, Holmes said, "Suppose a man came running along here with terror in his eyes and panting for breath, and hid in this thicket," designating a clump of trees, "then the pursuers came along and asked us if we had seen him. Which would be better, to give the man away or to tell a lie?" The two young philosophers decided that it would be better to tell a lie.

A boy of that day was left to his own resources to find recreation. The wide Charles River of the fifties offered a good opportunity to sail; and before entering college Wendell rowed the fleet of skiff, dory, and shell maintained by his father, who loved the sport. But his great enjoyment was in reading and discussion. The doctor read Pope's *Homer*; the favorites of the younger generation were Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, and Macaulay.

Fortunately we have an adequate knowledge of his college life. While at Harvard he gave expression to the thoughts that had been forming during the impressionable years before. The son of a book-lover and writer, his first article for the *Harvard Magazine*, published in December, 1858, was called "Books"—marked evidence of high seriousness in this sophomore. "The highest conversation," he writes, "is the statement of conclusions, or of such facts as enable us to arrive at conclusions, on the great questions of right and wrong, and on the relations of man to God." Those having higher aspirations than the mass of their companions,

and "who in the ranks of boyish insipidity find none who meet or satisfy their desires," must as an alternative turn to books. Holmes decided that one must seek ideas in a book and not read it through just because of the name of its author. It is best to read what one likes; when not studying, one should read no longer than he remains completely engrossed in his subject. Finally, the spirit of certain great books he held to be the same whether written in one's own or a foreign tongue. Transcending the books, he philosophizes on their ideas.

"Just as one man implies eternity, so the history of the struggles of one period implies eternity." A hundred years ago men were burned for their religion; they are still ostracized for it: "Why is this so? Is it true that such ideas as this come from God? Do men own other men by God's law?" These are the questions he proposes. Shall we stop thinking in order to get away from them? No, he answers, while we are young we must prepare to have every train of thought brought before us.

His thoughts on history are attractive: "History should be the finest, in fact, the all-comprehensive study. But we do not find it so. The cause, as it seems to me, being that facts and dates are mistakenly supposed to constitute its chief part. . . . Little things—anecdotes—will often display the whole manners and customs of a period, when we should have laid down the statistics as ignorant as we took them up." It was the occasional anecdote in Herodotus that pleased Holmes. He warned of a "hot-bed operatic taste that requires a strong stimulus to excite it, and consequently

the delicacy of the noblest and calmest book becomes to us insipidity. The great secret of all delight in literature is preserving fineness of taste and Emerson understands it, and not only reads the great works of our tongue, but he studies all the great inspired books of all the great literatures." For his part, Holmes read Plato and Confucius, Buddhist and Zoroastrian sacred books; he felt it infinitely better to spend his time in really learning these than in reading "book after book of puzzling and involved commentary on a book which bears on its face that it was written for all if for any."

There are attached to Holmes's interest in Plato some revealing stories. He must have read Plato as a schoolboy and attacked him in a polemic which he gave to Emerson for criticism. The next time "Uncle Waldo," as the Holmes family called him, came to 8 Montgomery Place, the young critic asked him for an opinion on the Plato tract. Tradition has it that Emerson advised, "Wendell, when you strike at a king you must be sure to kill him." When he read Plato as an undergraduate at Harvard, he was cautioned by Emerson: "Hold him at arm's length. You must say to yourself; 'Plato, you have pleased the world for two thousand years, let us see if you can please me.'"

The account of why Plato did please him won Holmes the prize for the best article in the *University Quarterly* in 1860. In the October number he endeavored to explain the theory of ideas, the nature of Platonic love, by which he understood the faculty whereby we immediately apprehend the good, and the constructive system of Plato. The last he felt had for us no scientific value whatsoever. But "Abandoning

that exactness of science which Plato lived too early to attain, let us wonder at the profound insight into all nature, the instinct for great truth, which he displays. . . . In separating man the idea, from man the concrete, how completely Plato has anticipated the best art by dividing the accidental from the real." Holmes insists on our realizing how early Plato lived, pointing out that he could not profit by the fluctuations in philosophy because it is only in these last days that "anything like an all-comprehending science has embraced the universe, showing the unerring law prevailing in every department, generalizing and systematizing every phenomenon of physics, and every vagary of the human mind." A short year before, the publication of the *Origin of the Species* in England had been the high point of the tendencies in scientific thought abroad. Holmes may have been influenced by the anticipation of Darwinism on the part of Haldeman and Leidy, and certainly knew the interpretation of it voiced by Agassiz and Gray, who were Harvard professors at this time.

The masterful conclusion of his paper on Plato leaves no doubt concerning Holmes's deep regard for the author of the *Republic* or of his own early ability to write incisive prose:

> In quitting this subject, on which free criticism as well as praise has been used, I should wish my last words to be those of the reverence and love with which this great man and his master always fill me; it seems to me that on the subjects that are the highest, and also the most difficult, few final results are yet attained; I do not feel sure that each man's own experience is not always to be that which must ultimately settle his belief, but to see a really great and humane spirit fighting the same fight with ourselves, and always preserving an ideal faith

and a manly and heroic conduct; doubly recommended, moreover, to our hearts by the fact of his having only himself to rely upon . . . fills my heart with love and reverence at one of the grandest sights the world can boast.

Self-reliance, guided by an ideal faith, was the great lesson that Holmes learned early in life from Plato and practised throughout life. And it was his destiny to become the American embodiment of that philosopher's ideal guardian.

To the Junior in college, Albrecht Dürer was a more valued instructor than Plato or Emerson. While still a school-boy Wendell had purchased an etching set, which he loved to use. Now in the *Harvard Magazine* of October, 1860, he published some "Notes on Albert Durer," and discussed the technique of that great master as sensitively as one who has actually tried woodcutting or engraving could describe those fascinating arts. The advantages of the old technique of fewer lines are concluded thus: "besides the care and thoughtfulness thus gained, there is the advantage in these old works, that finally a man shows just what he knows, and when he is ignorant must needs confess it without any of our possible disguises of uncertainty in mystery or vagueness." The influence of Dürer's economy is everywhere discernible in Holmes's work.

The advanced stage of his religious thought even as a student is illustrated in the words: "The ideal spirit may be influenced by circumstances, but it is the great gift of humanity, not of a sect; it inspired the philosopher Plato, the artist among thinkers, as well as Christian Durer, a thinker among artists." Holmes steps off into the philosophy that was to be his lifelong course:

just as the lowest form of good art is the mere portraiture of

the single, unconnected fact, with no further view beyond, so art is great in proportion as it rises above this, and the presumption is always in favor of that picture being greatest in which the lower truth of the individual is made subservient (notice, I do not say falsified or even neglected, but made subservient) to the profounder truth of the idea.

All that Holmes has attempted has been "to hint at the combination of noble powers, coming at a thoughtful time, that have made his [Dürer's] works dearer to me and more valued instructors than any book and than any other art." When we experience the joy of reading Holmes's own later splendid expressions of powerful thought, we should recall that their foundation was in admiration for his father's "Formez toujours les idées nettes . . ." and for the masterpieces of the greatest mind that ever expressed itself in that most concise form of art.

The boy who could have such profound thoughts could not join his fellows in their common college life, and yet he was held in high esteem by his class-mates; as the class historian set it down—"and Oliver, whom also the Class honoreth,—for he speaketh in the verse that pleaseth," was elected poet.

It was not difficult for a young man of Holmes's temperament to make up his mind concerning his course of action in the turbulent spring of 1861. Although he was by nature peaceful and had little sympathy with ardent abolitionism, he believed that the Union must be preserved, that the conflict was inevitable, and that slavery had lasted long enough. Consequently, his passionate desire during these anxious months was a commission in the volunteers. And after training at Fort Independence on Castle Island in Boston Harbor, he

was rewarded with a First Lieutenancy in Company A, Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry. This regiment stood among the first half-dozen of the North for its number of casualties. Five out of eight under arms at the beginning of the war were killed or wounded.

The first test came on October 21, 1861. A Federal brigade, numbering nearly two thousand men, was thrown across the Potomac at Balls Bluff, in Maryland. The movement was lamely supported, and the Federal forces were attacked on their advance by a strong Southern contingent, and their commander killed. Lieutenant Holmes was standing in front of his men when a spent ball hit him in the stomach and knocked him to the ground, taking his wind away. A colonel told him to go to the rear, but as he crawled off a little, he began to find himself again. With the help of a sergeant he got to his feet and returned to the front. He had been there only two or three minutes when he was hit by a second ball, knocked down, and carried off. His comrades thought he was mortally wounded by a bullet through the heart.[3] Put in a boat with dying men he was ferried through the night across the Potomac. As he recovered consciousness, he heard the man alongside of him groan, and, thinking his own end was not far off, said to himself: "I suppose Sir Philip Sidney would say; 'Put that man ashore first.' I think I will let events take their course."[4]

The shot had entered just over the heart on the left side, and came out on the right side, where it was found,

[3] Taken from the description contained in a letter of Dr. Holmes to a Dr. Hunt, November 29, 1861, in John T. Morse, Jr., *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, (Boston, 1896), 24.

[4] Quoted by Miss Sergeant in *Mr. Justice Holmes*, Felix Frankfurter, Editor, (New York, 1931), 188.

a Minié ball. Fortunately it had missed the lungs, too. In a few days Holmes was able to make his way to Philadelphia. After a week's rest there, he was brought by Dr. Holmes back to Boston, where he became the cynosure of admiring eyes—as his father proudly relates. But he remained away from camp only so long as his convalescence made rest imperative.

May, 1862, found him back in the ranks in time for the fighting on the Chickahominy, and in the early days of July he took part in the furious battle of Malvern Hill as captain of Company G in the same regiment. Here the basic elements in men became apparent: he saw them in the exaltation of supreme sacrifice and the abjection of total depravity. With soldiers from all departments of life he suffered the diseases and hardships of camp; he experienced the joy of battle, and the dejection of defeat. And all this as an actual combatant.

On the morning of September 17, 1862, the Federal and Confederate armies were facing each other on the opposite sides of Antietam Creek in Maryland. Both armies were well in position ready for the enemy to make a move. It was of first importance that General McClellan should gain and hold four stone bridges, his only means of deploying Union forces on the Confederate side. That same night, the door-bell of a professor rang in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a messenger was let in. He carried this telegram:

To Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes— HAGERSTOWN 17th

Captain Holmes wounded through the neck thought not mortal at Keedysville. William G. Leduc[5]

[5] See "My Hunt After the Captain" in Holmes's *Pages from An Old Volume of Life* (New York, 1891), 16.

The young officer had lain on the battlefield neglected by the doctors as a hopeless case. When the regimental chaplain came by, he had asked the supposedly dying man: "You believe in Christianity, don't you?" Holmes, it seems, nodded affirmatively, and the chaplain said, "Well, you're all right," and went on. It was a farmer's son who found the captain and took him to a farmhouse near by.[6]

Again he was wounded, again seriously, and again fate had made the bullet miss the vital parts of the region it had entered. The danger involved was known only too well to the Doctor and he started with a trembling spirit his now famous "hunt after the captain"—a quest that was successfully concluded weeks later at Hagerstown. The meeting is classic:

> In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there saw I him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.
>
> "How are you, Boy?"
>
> "How are you, Dad?"

By the spring of 1863 he was back in the Army of the Potomac as provost-marshal at Falmouth, Virginia. The day after "Stonewall" Jackson was mortally wounded by his own men in the Battle of Chancellorsville (May 3, 1863), Holmes, who had been fighting his way from Fredericksburg to help relieve Hooker, was wounded in the heel at Marye's Heights. There followed another trip to Boston to convalesce. His father wrote: "he is in excellent spirits, not at all nervous as when he was last wounded, [he] is very reasonably tractable, avoids stimulants, smokes *not* enormous-

[6] R. L. Duffus relates this incident in the *New York Times*, January 17, 1932.

ly, feeds pretty well . . . and is . . . a quite endurable patient. . . ."

In July of the same year Holmes was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, but his regiment had lost so many men in its two years of hard fighting, that he did not serve long in that capacity. Assigned as an aide to General H. G. Wright, commander of the First Brigade, Sixth Army Corps, he served in Grant's campaign of May and June, 1864, to the south of Petersburg. The situation at the capital became alarming, and in the first week of July Holmes returned to Washington, for it was in danger to the extent of the Confederate General Early being within gunshot. "Too-Late Early" immediately retreated, and two weeks later Holmes was mustered out. Although the surrender did not come for nine months, the work was done, and there remained only the convincing of the courageous South of its defeat.

* * *

A man returned to Cambridge in September, 1864, very different from the boy who had left college for the front over three years before. His nation was no longer in jeopardy. If he was disillusioned, there is no record of it. Ready to return to the regular tasks of non-military life, his military distinction followed him. He was made Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, to date from March 13, 1865."

Holmes just missed becoming a philosopher instead of a jurist, and he did not, in fact, begin the study of law with his whole heart and soul. To the great joy of his father he entered Harvard Law School at the beginning of the autumn term of 1864. Many years

later he revealed his impressions of this period when, in 1897, he described these days to the graduating class of Brown University:

> Voices of authority warned that in the crush of that ice any craft might sink. One heard Burke saying that the law sharpens the mind by narrowing it. One heard in Thackeray of a lawyer bending all the powers of a great mind to a mean profession. . . . One doubted oneself how it could be worthy of the interest of an intelligent mind. And yet one said to oneself, law is human — it is part of man, and of one world with all the rest.[7]

The award of the degree of bachelor of laws in June, 1866, marked the end of one period in Holmes's life. At the age of twenty-five he was ready to start his career in the law and to assume his position in the work of the world. Already he had been distinguished as a student and as a soldier; but his education and battles were not over, indeed, they were only about to begin.

In the summer of 1866 he made a journey to Europe in the course of which he met distinguished men such as John Stuart Mill, with whose works he was closely acquainted. After visiting France and Germany, he went to Switzerland, where he was able to indulge his love for mountain-climbing.

One spring day in 1867 the secretary of the Harvard College class of '61 received the following card:

> O. W. Holmes, Jr.
> Counsellor at Law
> No. 4 Court Street
> Boston

[7] *Collected Legal Papers* (New York, 1920), 164.

The owner of the card had just entered on the practice of law in the office of Robert Morse. William James, a young medical student one year Holmes's junior, described him in a letter written shortly before as "perhaps too exclusively intellectual, but [he] sees things so easily and clearly and talks so admirably that it's a treat to be with him."[8] And James seized every opportunity to wrangle and discuss the cosmos with the young lawyer. They would draw the shades in Holmes's Beacon Street study overlooking the Charles River, turn the gas lamps up high, and with a whiskey bottle between them turn the conversation, in James's words, to, "the facetiously excursive, the metaphysically discursive, the personally confidential, or the jadedly *cursive* and argumentative."[9] Holmes's habit was to stand by the fireplace, with an elbow leaning upon the mantel, and to talk diffidently and as though he were thinking aloud. Whenever a disputable point arose, he would try to settle it before proceeding in the discussion. He enjoyed walking with his friends, and would always stop to settle any question. When it was decided, they would walk on a little farther until another question brought another pause. The result was that a walk of a mile and a half sometimes took an hour and a half.

Between the acquisition of a practical knowledge of the difference between *assumpsit* and *trover* and the pondering of larger ideas, Holmes worked long and diligently. James expressed the opinion, "I should think that Wendell worked too hard."[10] There is no doubt that Holmes practised early in his career the

[8] *Letters of William James*, Henry James, Editor, (Boston, 1926), 76.
[9] *Ibid.*, 125.
[10] *Letters of William James*, 154.

American habit of hard work, and continued it at capacity throughout life. Having served three years of legal apprenticeship, he accepted, in 1870, the position of instructor in the Harvard Law School, from which he received his degree four years before. Even at this early date his forte, as Artemus Ward has it, was constitutional law. And in addition to his work as an instructor, he edited the *American Law Review* from 1870 to 1873. In the spring of 1871, he was university lecturer in jurisprudence. The following year he was admitted to the firm of Chandler, Shattuck, and Taylor.

George Otis Shattuck acted as his preceptor and counted for a great deal in shaping his views. Holmes says in 1900 in a memoir honoring Shattuck:

> In short, his was so voluminous a nature, in intellect and character and heart, that if at times I have felt an inherited apprehension that in our strenuous air the temperaments of men were in danger of attenuation, when I think of him I realize that New England still can produce a man adequate in brain and muscle and nerve to all our great issues, and memory restores my courage as it recalls an unforgotten love.[11]

Again:

> I owe Mr. Shattuck more than I ever owed any one else in the world, outside my immediate family. . . . He taught me unrepeatable lessons. He did me unnumbered kindnesses. To live while still young in daily contact with his sweeping all-compelling force, his might of temperament, and his swiftness (rarely found with such might), his insight, tact, and subtlety, was to receive an imprint never to be effaced. My education would have been a thin and poor thing had I missed that great experience.[12]

[11] *Speeches* (Boston, 1913), 10.

[12] *Speeches*, 22.

For nine years, Holmes, while working with Shattuck, drove and sailed and dined with him. By the preceptor's example he polished the inherited gift of pointed brevity. He learned to be profound and far-reaching in plan, vehement in attack, stubborn in defense; in short, to be a very capable attorney. And yet he was interested in the philosophical side of the law—in England he would have been a barrister rather than a solicitor. He had little taste for the routine practice of the young lawyer.

Holmes keenly enjoyed society, and was naturally a great favorite with the ladies. His chief *devoirs* were paid at the house in Garden Street, Cambridge, of his former schoolmaster, Epes Dixwell. And in 1872 he married Fanny Bowditch Dixwell, of whom James had written "She is decidedly A 1, and (so far) the best girl I have known."[13] While they were engaged Miss Dixwell had read law in order to have a topic of conversation that would interest her future husband. Now she made the apartment in which they lived, over a drug store, home-like by her taste and exquisite needle-work. Meanwhile Holmes was preparing the twelfth edition of Kent's *Commentaries*, which was published in 1873.

There is an interesting story about this work. It was customary in Holmes's day at the Law School, as in ours, to carry one's books in a lawyer's green bag. Very often there was only a newspaper in the bag, but it was carried just the same—the habit persists to-day. Holmes devoted a special bag to his growing manuscript of Kent, took it with him each day to the law library, brought it home at night, and before he went to bed

[13] *Letters of William James*, 76.

placed the bag with its precious manuscripts by the front door. Once a month all the members of the Holmes family, including the servants, had a fire drill whose purpose was to instil in them the fact that on the first sign of fire they should rush to the front door and get that green bag out of danger before doing another thing.

These were years of hard work punctuated by philosophical disputes with William James and Henry Adams, both recently appointed to the faculty of Harvard University. That they were years of steady intellectual advancement is shown by the fact that in 1880 Holmes was selected from the entire Boston Bar to give the lectures on common law at the Lowell Institute. In 1881 he published these lectures in a book called *The Common Law.* The comment upon it by the *London Spectator* of June, 1882, is sufficient notice to take of it here:

> . . . the most original work of legal speculation which has appeared in England since the publication of Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law.* His theories have an interest for persons entirely unversed in the technicalities of law and constitute a most important contribution by one of the ablest and most philosophical of American jurists to the as yet scarcely explored history of the ideas and institutions which make up the Common Law.

Hardly had President Eliot's Annual Report for 1881 been issued, with an urgent appeal for another professor of law, when the reply came in the shape of ninety thousand dollars from a benefactor, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was selected for the new post. His services began in the spring term of 1882. He was now definitely on the way to the pole facing the

loneliness of original work, to use his own words. Four years later, he voiced thus his idea of legal pedagogy:

> The mark of a master is, that facts which before lay scattered in an inorganic mass, when he shoots through them the magnetic current of his thought, leap into organic order, and live and bear fruit. But you cannot make a master by teaching. He makes himself by the aid of his natural gifts. The purpose of a law school is to teach in the grand manner, and to make great lawyers.[14]

A single term was given to the young professor to put into practice his ideas, when out to Cambridge came his law partner, Shattuck, to say that the Governor would submit his name to the council for a Judgeship in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. "It was a stroke of lightning which changed the whole course of my life." The professor consented to be judge and filled that office for eighteen busy years until 1899, when he was made that court's Chief-Justice. His comment on that long stewardship at its end is indicative of his philosophy of life.

> I look into my book in which I keep a docket of the decisions of the full court which fall to me to write, and find about a thousand cases. A thousand cases, many of them upon trifling or transitory matters, to represent nearly a lifetime! A thousand cases when one would like to say his say on every question the law ever has presented, and then go on and invent new problems which would be the test of the doctrine, and then to generalize it all and write it in continuous, logical, philosophical exposition, setting forth the whole corpus with its roots in history and its justifications or experience, real or supposed![15]

Omitting a consideration of his important work on the Massachusetts Bench, let us notice the intellectual

[14] *Speeches*, 29.
[15] *Speeches*, 83.

forces that influenced him prior to and during that period. By the time a man has reached sixty years of age he sees things steadily and he sees them whole—if he is ever to attain such a vision. At this station in Holmes's life he had climbed above the mists and shadows in the valley and could see things in their proper perspective. The picture that presented itself was a synthesis of salient impressions received in the course of the journey.

Holmes was influenced in the main by three philosophers, Plato, Emerson, and James. To their principles he had to refer the great questions that troubled nineteenth-century America. Was man created or was he derived from lower animals? Should the negro be free or enslaved? Should the Union stand or fall? Should our government be a malleable system or inflexible? Such were a few of the problems to be solved.

When Dr. Holmes heard Emerson deliver the famous *American Scholar* address at the Phi Beta Kappa exercises of Harvard University in 1837, he commented, "here is our intellectual declaration of independence." The American scholar, one recalls, was the thinking man who had been trained by studying nature and books and acting with self-reliance. Wendell Holmes's article on books, written while a college student, was distinctly Emersonian. For Emerson (and the same may be said of Holmes) law as law was not paramount. Mere scientific formulæ were not enough. In Professor Riley's words, "He declared that we must seek for a higher end and purpose, a spiritual principle running through all phenomena. . . . By discipline is the unspeakable but intelligible meaning of the world conveyed to man, the mortal pupil, in every object of

sense." Plato was the master of Emerson,[16] and Holmes qualified all he said about Plato by not feeling sure that each man's own experience is not always to be that which must ultimately settle his belief. This tends in the direction of William James.

Pragmatism, A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking, published in 1907, was dedicated to John Stuart Mill because James felt that he would have been the leader of the movement if he had been alive. Holmes had great admiration for Mill and was, of course, a close friend of James whom he influenced in all probability, as much as James influenced him. The philosophy of practicality, the gospel of energy, the prime criterion of which was success, appealed to Holmes. It is particularly important in understanding his conception of truth. James believed that truth is made by society, and is only a collective name for verification. It is not a fixed standard, but a flying goal. According to transcendentalism, truth is received from on high; according to pragmatism, it acquires validity by events. Plato holds that ideas are true only if they are shadows of eternal and absolute forms of truth; whereas the pragmatist contends that truths are consistencies always in the making. The latter has been a cardinal principle with Holmes, who explained law in terms of the convenience it represents. But if this was the entire extent of his conception of law, his achievements would have been few and unimportant.

He went farther, however, and considered law *sub specie æternitatis*. Each small statute and trivial case was significant to him as he referred it to the vast pat-

[16] Emerson says somewhere in *Representative Men*: . . . "transcendental truths have a kind of filial retrospect to Plato and the Greek."

tern of events. To use a phrase that he employed time and again, he made gossip philosophy by reference to the universal. Emerson, and through him, Plato, taught Holmes the method of self-reliance and ideal faith to which James added the practical pessimism of reality. The result of these influences was an idealistic realist who recognized not only the value of existing working institutions, but also the fact that they are subject to improvement.

Such was the man who found relaxation in regarding the summer sea break along the Massachusetts shore in the August of 1902. The Judge was spending his summer at Beverley, Massachusetts, as he had spent most of the summers of his life, in voracious reading, walks along the shore, and rides in his carriage. This was the time of the year when he stored up energy for the hard work of the court term. But this year the vacation was brought to an early close as he turned another corner in his career.

The political speculation arising from the retirement of United States Supreme Court Justice Horace Gray was short-lived. The prominent candidates for the position were Judge Samuel Hoar, nephew of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, and Holmes, who had attracted nation-wide attention as the liberal Chief-Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Even Senator Hoar would not support his nephew against Judge Holmes, and it did not take long for the President to select a man who seemed to have views so very like Roosevelt's own, and whose ability was, to say the least, exceptional. It was, therefore, with no great surprise that Holmes learned of the duty and honor conferred

upon him by the President. He was completely prepared to take his place on the country's highest tribunal when it convened on December 4, 1902. His attitude is best expressed in part of an address delivered in November at a farewell dinner tendered by his colleagues of the Bench and Bar. It is somewhat in the nature of a "platform." Besides being a stylistic masterpiece it is a fitting conclusion to the years of preparation that preceded it.

Goethe said that two wise men could tell each other all that they knew in a couple of days. I have been telling you what I think for twenty years, and it would be hopeless to try to surprise you now. I can only say a few words of provisional goodbye.

This month sees the end of the happiest twenty years of my life, and the happiest of those years have been the last. I am associated on the Bench with men everyone of whom is my personal friend . . . in the consultation room all is affectionate and free. It is a good deal of a wrench to leave old friends. . . . I had one glimpse of the Supreme Court when I went on to argue a case before it, which is already ancient history. I remember thinking that it needed only a black boy with gold bangles, holding a leash of greyhounds at one end of the bench, to be a living picture of Paul Veronese. The capital with its asphalt pavements is not quite unknown to me. But my notion of Washington is still the notion of wartimes, where mule teams sank to their knees in mud, where at every other door one saw signs bearing the words, "Embalming the Dead," with an occasional alleviation in the form of "Sample-room in the Rear."

I have tried to see the law as an organic whole. I also have tried to see it as a reaction between traditions on the one side and the changing desires and needs of the community on the other. I have studied tradition in order that I might understand how it came to be what it is, and to estimate its worth with regard to its present needs; and my reference to the year

books often had a sceptical end. I have considered the present tendencies and desires of society and have tried to realize that its different portions wanted different things, and that my business was to express not my personal wish, but the resultant, as nearly as I could guess, of the pressure of the past and the conflicting wills of the present. I have considered the economic and social postulates on which we frame the conceptions of our needs, and I have tried to see them in a dry light. It has seemed to me that certainty is an illusion . . . that the wisest are but blind guides.

But we have a great body of law which has at least this sanction that it exists. . . . Precisely my scepticism, my doubt as to the absolute worth of a large part of the system we administer, or of any other system makes me unwilling to increase the doubt of what the court will do. . . . No man can go far who never sets down his foot until he knows the sidewalk is under it. But gentlemen it is a great adventure, and that brings with it a mighty joy. To have the chance to do one's share in shaping the laws of the whole country spreads over one the hush that one used to feel when one was awaiting the beginning of a battle. One does not forget the danger, but if victory should come! Victory shall come—with that thought the personal apprehension grows dim. The forces of one's soul rally and gather to a point. One looks down the line and catches the eye of a friend—he waves his sword—it may be the last time for him or them—but the advance is about to begin. The troops are deployed. They will follow their leader. We will not falter; we will not fail. We will reach the earthworks if we live, and if we fail we will leave our spirit in those who follow, and they will not turn back. All is ready.

BUGLER, BLOW THE CHARGE!

RELIGION, FINANCE, AND DEMOCRACY IN MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN C. MILLER

IN comparison with the feverish changes of our own day, the eighteenth century in New England followed a singularly steady and quiet development during its first three quarters. But beneath this outward calm the stage was being set for revolution, and when the curtain rises for a moment, in 1740, we catch a glimpse of the social unrest and political tumult that marked Shays's Rebellion and the nineteenth-century populist revolts. As the curtain goes up on this period of New England's history, conservatives were getting the worst fright they received between Anne Hutchinson and Sam Adams. The rift between rich and poor was steadily widening; "Mutiny, Sedition, and Riots" seemed imminent;[1] and the popular branch of the government was in the hands of a formidable party bent upon overthrowing the existing regime. Instead of damning the Devil for their misfortunes, New Englanders were damning the rich merchants and gentry of Boston and demanding sweeping changes in government and finance. But just as the factions appeared about to come to open blows in Massachusetts, a religious revival swept through the country, and the people were soon whooping hallelujahs and tumbling in Puri-

[1] *Colonial Currency Reprints*, Andrew McFarland Davis, Editor, *Publications*, Prince Society (Boston, 1911), IV, 78.

tan meeting-houses. The political turmoil in Massachusetts was suddenly brought to an end and the threat of revolution in the state faded away. Yet the revolutionary spirit remained in New England, and after five years of religious turbulence the Congregational Church was shattered by the "mad Frolicks of the Rabble"[2] and its ministers became a "hissing to the People."[3]

What caused the Great Awakening to split up the Congregational Church and cut a swath between rich and poor, stimulating the hostility that already divided them? Because the Great Awakening burst upon New England at a time of social conflict, it is impossible to answer these questions satisfactorily without taking its environment into account. When social unrest and a religious revival are contemporary, they do not remain in water-tight compartments; the Great Awakening and the Land Bank ferment must be viewed together in order to explain the outburst of hatred and the uprising of democracy which brought Massachusetts close to insurrection.

In 1740 Massachusetts was nearing the crisis of a business depression caused primarily by the financial chaos in the colony. The scarcity of a stable currency made the burden of payment unbearable to debtors; the province was drained of its hard money, and its paper money was so debased as to be almost unfit for the purposes of trade. This jumble gave the poor a common grievance and rallying-cry, for both town artisans and

[2] Reverend William Hooper, *The Apostles neither Imposters nor Enthusiasts* (Boston, 1742).

[3] *Boston Evening Post*, December 17, 1744.

farmers were in a "pretty Pickle" and many were desperately in debt.[4] When the depression was at its worst, a scheme was set on foot in Massachusetts to form a Land Bank, which would issue enough paper money to satisfy the business needs of the province. The promoters of the Land Bank held out to the ignorant debtor class an easy way of escaping from poverty: cheap Land Bank money would bring back prosperity and at the same time break the Boston merchants' grip on the colony's finances. This mixture of rosy promises and hard times formed a leaven which puffed the Land Bank faction to portentous dimensions. The bulk of the party was composed of the lower classes: "the needy part of the Province," "the Mobility," "the Idle and Extravagant."[5] Out of these materials the Land Bank leaders built a powerful political machine designed to "humble the proud Merchants" and bring the government within the grasp of the common people.[6] Over a large part of Massachusetts elections were controlled by the "numerous swarm of the village" and by "gangs . . . at the beck of the Land Bank."[7] Boston itself was under the thumb of the "Boston Chaps who rule the roast" and the Land Bankers piled up a large majority in the House of Representatives.[8] It was very evident

[4] *Boston Gazette*, January 28, 1740; Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 223.

[5] Thomas Hutchinson; *History of Massachusetts-Bay* (Boston, 1764), II, 394; Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, II, 46.

[6] Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, II, 78.

[7] *Diaries of Benjamin Lynde and of Benjamin Lynde, Junior* (Boston, 1880), 104.

[8] *Belcher Papers: Collections*, Massachusetts Historical Society (Boston, 1894), II, 222; Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 257-258 and 305.

to the uneasy gentlemen of Boston that the question which lay at the root of the struggle was whether the common people or the wealthy families of the town should control the political life of the colony; the balance trembled between the "Idle and Extravagant who want to borrow money at any bad Lay" and "our considerable Foreign traders and rich Men."[9]

The merchants fought the proposed Land Bank tooth and nail, for they saw in it nothing more than a scheme of "fraudulent Debtors" to cheat their creditors and overturn the existing political order.[10] They were in a flutter of apprehension at the prospect of seeing Massachusetts flooded with "weak bottom'd" Land Bank currency and "desperate and fraudulent" debtors firmly seated in the political saddle. With these bugbears to spur them on, the merchants were not lax in attempting to throttle the plan, and Governor Belcher in particular "exerted himself to blast this fraudulent undertaking."[11] In spite of these efforts, the Land Bank made steady headway, and the rising tide of radicalism in Massachusetts seemed more and more likely to swamp the aristocracy. Faced with this growing menace, the merchants and Crown officials looked to the British Parliament as the last remaining bulwark against the colonial radicals. The Land Bankers were gathering up the threads of power so rapidly in Massachusetts that parliamentary intervention seemed to be the only way of curbing them; "I question," wrote Governor Belcher,

[9] Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 59 and 60.
[10] *Belcher Papers*, II, 364; Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 59.
[11] Hutchinson, *History of Massachusetts-Bay*, II, 395.

"whether anything less than an act of Parliament will be sufficient to stop the progress" of the Land Bank scheme and prevent the "ruin of government and people."[12] But for the moment, the merchants' efforts to crush the Land Bank through parliamentary interference succeeded only in bringing the bad blood to a boiling point. The Land Bankers assumed the name of the "Patriot Party" and attacked the merchants in language similar to that later used by the "Sons of Liberty" against the tories. They were denounced as "griping and merciless usurers" who "heaped up vast Estates" and made themselves "Lords of Mannors" by bringing ruin and poverty upon the common people.[13] They plunged the people into debt until "Hundreds of Thousands are due to them" and they made the paper money worthless by sending all the hard currency abroad to pay their debts.[14] In a short time, it was said by the Land Bankers, one merchant would "swallow up thousands of Families;" if the merchants continued to dominate Massachusetts, yeomen would be forced into the degradation of "Husbandmen, Laborers and Tenants."[15] Even a French invasion was pictured as preferable to remaining as the "Slaves and Vassals" of the mercantile overlords.[16]

It was in this thick atmosphere of fear and rancor that George Whitefield attempted to revive Puritanic

[12] *Belcher Papers*, II, 349 and 388.

[13] *New England Weekly Journal*, September 23, 1740, and August 19, 1740; *Boston Evening Post*, September 22, 1740.

[14] *Boston Evening Post*, September 22, 1740.

[15] Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 42.

[16] *Ibid.*, IV, 79.

fervor. But in spite of the efforts made by his friends to put him in the spotlight as "an Angel sent from God," he became the object, even before he reached the country, of bitter attacks which reflected the prevailing uneasiness and distrust. Many feared that Whitefield was a sort of Jack Cade in a cassock. It was known in Massachusetts that his preaching in other colonies had "produc'd Disorder and Confusion among the People, and possess'd the Minds of many of the Populace with Notions dangerous to the well being of the Constitution both in Church and State."[17] To allay this alarm, Benjamin Franklin published several articles in which he represented Whitefield as urging people "to submit themselves to all their Governors, Teachers, Spiritual Pastors, Masters, etc."[18] Nevertheless, the more timid or conservative continued to look upon Whitefield with suspicion. Massachusetts offered such fertile soil for the growth of radicalism that the merchants had qualms whenever they considered what would happen if some ranting demagogue, such as Whitefield was thought to be, should come into the colony. "Vast Confusions" seemed to be in store for New England, and even the local brand of agitator was too much for the merchants to handle. If demagoguery and levellism got into the pulpits, the work of "knaves upon fools" would begin in earnest. The merchants were already in a cold sweat lest the Land Bankers ride into power on the crest of the wave of popular unrest and turn "this Province noted for Trade" into "a Habitation of Rude Rus-

[17] Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 345-6.

[18] *New England Weekly Journal*, January 8, 1740. Reprinted from the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, December 13, 1739.

ticks."[19] To let loose a religious fanatic in the colony would simply be throwing fuel on a fire that seemed only too likely to scorch both gentry and merchants.

This fear of the effects of Whitefield's pulpit-pounding was not altogether unfounded. But Whitefield was no leveller of distinctions in the State. He did not mix his revivalism with political democracy, nor did he attempt to set class against class. He preached a hot gospel, but it was not the gospel of discontent. Whitefield set out to destroy "all that Bigotry and Party Zeal that has divided Christians"[20] and largely as a result of his efforts to unite rich and poor in the "Work of God." The Great Awakening momentarily salved the wounds which the Land Bank fracas had given to class relations in Massachusetts. Rich and poor left off wrangling to join in the exhilarating work of casting the Devil out of New England. Merchants regularly closed shop in order that they and their assistants might hear Whitefield preach. Rubbing shoulders in crowds and experiencing the emotions of a common religious exaltation, proved to be a good antidote for the exacerbating effects of the financial and political struggle that had set New Englanders by the ears. The clergy began to feel that Whitefield had succeeded in shelving the Land Bank question and that a new Puritan Age was just around the corner. "Old and Young, Parents and Children, Masters and Servants, High and Low, Rich and Poor together," said the Reverend Benjamin Colman, "gather in the Streets, and as Doves on the Wing in Flocks flying to the Doors and Windows of our Places of Wor-

[19] Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 78.

[20] *The Christian History for the Year 1744*, Thomas Prince, Junior, Editor, (Boston, 1745), 363.

ship; and hovering about the same, those that could not get in."[21]

However earnest Whitefield may have been in urging New Englanders to erase old scores and unite in furthering the revival, he remained in New England for only a few weeks and he was able to give merely a temporary respite to the Land Bank furor. The man he selected to succeed him in "crowning Christ anew" in Boston was scarcely of the temperament necessary to bring about an era of good feeling. The Reverend Gilbert Tennent had been educated in the Jersey backwoods at his father's "Log College," and his style of pulpit-thwacking and thundering earned him the name among the delighted yokels of the "Son of Thunder." It was said that Tennent's "beastly Brayings" seemed to have a "particular quarrel with Reason, Learning and Morality; he seldom finished a Sermon without saying something against them."[22] Both Whitefield and Tennent emphasized the doctrine that the real danger to salvation lay not in ignorance but in learning. Education was liable to clog the spiritual passages with the rubbish of books; the soul must be free to soar, and education was so much ballast. They preached that the people should follow their "inward impressions" and "whisperings of the Spirit" for these were the voice of God. Consequently, from the beginning, the Great Awakening was spiced with a good deal of contempt for "wordly learning," and each successive leader of the revival threw in larger and larger quantities of this

[21] "Souls Flying to Christ," by the Reverend Benjamin Colman; printed in the *Christian History*, II, 382.

[22] Quoted in Whitefield's *Vindication and Confirmation of the remarkable Work of God in New England* (London, 1742), 9.

seasoning. This aspect of the awakening had not been evident while Whitefield was in New England, but Tennent's preaching soon made it apparent that beneath a superficial renewal of Puritan fervor, the Great Awakening carried a threat to the most enduring of Puritan traditions—that of an educated clergy.

The open hostility of the revivalists to education was one of the first causes which drew the upper classes away from the movement. The wealthy and educated could have little sympathy for men who made deprecating comparisons between the "carnal Colleges" of England and America and the New Jersey Log College which Whitefield thought to resemble "the Schools of the old Prophets."[23] But Whitefield and Tennent did not let the matter rest here. By playing up this scorn of education they attempted to oust many of the Congregational clergy from their pulpits. When Whitefield was called upon to revive Puritanism in New England, he began by demanding first of all a "purification of the pulpits"—a weeding out of the ministers who had slipped into the error of spending their time in libraries. "I am fully persuaded," Whitefield wrote in his Journal, "the generality of Preachers (in New England) talk of an unknown, unfelt Christ. . . . How can dead Men beget living Children?"[24] The only right course for New England was to rid itself of the "Formalists" that cluttered up the pulpits and put in preachers who "knew" Christ and were able to give the people

[23] *George Whitefield, The Two First Parts of His Life with His Journals. Revised, corrected, and abridged.* (London, 1756), 281.

[24] *A Continuation of Mr. Whitefield's Journal From a few Days after his Return to Georgia to his arrival at Falmouth. The Seventh Journal.* (London, 1741), 38.

some really "rousing" gospelling. When Tennent came to Boston, he proposed to "water the Seed sown by Mr. Whitefield"[25]—which meant spattering the "unregenerate clergy" with the exceedingly muddy water that Tennent used in his pious gardening. In scurrility and bluster, the evangelists left the Land Bank rabble-rousers far behind: nothing would content them but "harrying" out the ministers who had sinned on the side of education. The people themselves were to be the ultimate judges of the spiritual state of their ministers; both Whitefield and Tennent taught that ordinary individuals might follow the "whisperings of the Spirit" that came to them in determining whether a preacher spoke of a "felt" or "unfelt" Christ. Making this "inner light" the primary test in affairs of Church and State opened wide the door to the spread of new-fangled notions. When the evangelists began haranguing crowds about the sanctity of whispers, the levellism of the Great Awakening was well on its way.

Many people listened to these "unjust and hard Speeches belch'd out against their own proper Pastors not only with Patience but with Pleasure."[26] But a considerable number of those who had distrusted the Great Awakening from the beginning regarded these insults heaped by the revivalists upon the regular clergy as ominous proof of the necessity of stopping the revival before it got out of hand. The appearance of the "Opposers" or "Old Lights," led by Charles Chauncy and a group of conservative ministers, marks the end of New England's religious unity and the adding of sec-

[25] *Boston Gazette*, April 13, 1741.

[26] *Boston Evening Post*, August 2, 1742.

tarian bitterness to the financial and political struggle that was taking place in Massachusetts.

While Tennent was railing against the "unsanctified ministers and Opposers," and the first cracks were beginning to appear in the Congregational Church, economic conditions in Massachusetts were going from bad to worse. The widespread distress worked in favor of the Land Bank party and increased the fear of the upper classes that the leaders of the "Patriot Party" would get the upper hand. The winter was unusually severe and the colony seemed to be upon the brink of a serious food shortage; "there is at present," wrote Governor Belcher early in 1741, "a great scarcity of all kinds of grain, beyond what I can remember for forty years past."[27] In Boston, the "quarrelsome, mobish Spirit and Impatience under Government that has so long been growing,"[28] gave rise to fears of mob-rule and outright insurrection. The House of Representatives reflected the popular unrest by going completely out of control and treating the Crown with "all possible rudeness and ill-Manners."[29] It flatly ignored the royal instructions concerning the issuance of paper money and seemed inclined to pull the royal beard so lustily that Belcher doubted whether it would "leave Jupiter a hair upon his face, but will bid defyance to his imperial resentment."[30] The Land Bankers' determination to put an end to the regime of merchants and gentry was strengthened by the huzzas of yokels and

[27] *Belcher Papers*, II, 387.

[28] The Reverend William Williams to Benjamin Colman, July 1, 1740: original in the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[29] *Belcher Papers*, II, 386-387.

[30] *Ibid.*, II, 302.

town laborers who believed that they could do as they pleased since the colony was "pretty much out of the reach of the government at home."[31] Massachusetts was filled with "Clamours and Threatenings," and the friendship between social classes that the Great Awakening had ushered in was forgotten as the Land Bankers prepared to play their trump cards in a desperate effort to make the colony "ripe for a smarter sort of government."[32]

In May, 1741, the Land Bank party reached the "height of its Malignity."[33] The clergy were still dreaming of a new Puritan Age, but there was little in the temper of the people to remind one of the days of Cotton and Winthrop. "They are grown so brassy and hardy," wrote Governor Belcher, "as to be now combining in a body to raise a rebellion."[34] For election day there was planned a march of thousands of farmers on Boston to join forces with the town laborers. The embattled farmers, assisted by their urban allies, would then "force the currency of the Land Bank Bills"[35] and demand grain from the merchants; "if corn was there and the merchants would not let them have it they would throw them into the dock."[36]

What might have gone down in history as the Great Massachusetts Rebellion, was nipped in the bud. Governor Belcher was too busy ferreting out radicals not to

[31] *Belcher Papers*, II, 388.
[32] *Ibid.*
[33] Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 305.
[34] *Belcher Papers*, II, 388.
[35] *Publications*, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, IV, 19.
[36] *Ibid.*, 20.

have learned of this plan of certain extremists among the Land Bankers to risk all at a single throw. He had been prophesying that such an outbreak would take place, and he and his agents were prepared to act if the "madness and infatuation of this great Province" should lead to open revolt.[37] Belcher struck quickly and hard. The leading conspirators were rounded up and jailed. Election day came, and the province remained outwardly calm. But the vote was overwhelmingly in favor of the Land Bankers; so complete was their victory that they gained control of the Council, normally the bulwark of conservatism in the colony. Yet it proved to be a short-lived triumph. Just as the Land Bank party was taking the reins of government in Massachusetts, it was learned that Parliament had responded to the pleas of Belcher and the Boston merchants by extending the Bubble Act to the colonies. This was the death-warrant for the Land Bank; the disgruntled patriots were forced to dissolve their party and bring the political turmoil to an end. Parliament's belated action in clamping the lid on colonial radicalism saved Massachusetts from passing under the control of the common people, but it did not extinguish the democracy or ill-feeling between rich and poor that had flared up so luridly during the Land Bank crisis. The subsequent history of the Great Awakening shows how this pent-up discontent passed from secular to ecclesiastical affairs and at last succeeded in wrecking the Congregational Church.

Thus far the Great Awakening had lacked the kind of leadership that would make it an out-and-out crusade

[37] *Belcher Papers*, II, 388 and 407.

against the established order. Whitefield and Tennent had smoothed the way for a genuine demagogue to lead the revival, but it was not until the Reverend James Davenport appeared in New England that levellism and hatred between social classes became one of the "distinguishing Marks" of what Jonathan Edwards called "this Work of God." In the spring of 1742, Davenport's work in Connecticut began to send chills down the spines of conservative New Englanders; "we rejoice with Fear and Trembling,"[38] wrote the Reverend Benjamin Colman as he anxiously watched the storm brewing in the neighboring province. In his native Southold, Long Island, Davenport had received a sudden impression that the "Glory of the Lord was about to fill the whole World" and that he was to be an "eminent Instrument" in the work of conversion.[39] This impression was so overpowering that Davenport set off in the middle of winter to bring Connecticut to glory. When he began to whoop and sing in the fields and meeting-houses, the common people responded in a manner which further disgusted the upper classes with the antics of the "giddy-head'd Rabble." All the hysteria—the tumbling, groaning and wailing—of backwoods hot-gospelling flared up in the colony. At Groton over a thousand rustics assembled to quake, shout, and pray with "sweet Mr. Davenport." The meeting was protracted until two o'clock in the morning, when, after much spiritual wrestling and devout tumbling, the worshippers fell asleep in the meeting-house and yard.

[38] Colman to Willison of Dundee: *Proceedings*, Massachusetts Historical Society, LIII, 213.

[39] Charles Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New England* (Boston, 1743), 184.

It was true that Davenport's preaching was "without form or Comelyness . . . all meer confused Medley,"[40] but he had "a knack at raising the Passions, by a violent straining of his Lungs."[41] Davenport's haranguing swept the people completely off their feet and Connecticut began to taste true-blue revivalism.

Wherever Davenport preached, disorder broke out—as the people were seized with paroxysms of devotion or were pricked by his oratory into hatred of the upper classes. Davenport gave his audiences a mixture of brimstone pulpit-pounding and social levellism. He condemned ministers as "unsanctified" at a glance and urged a virtual mobilization of the countryside against those who had fallen under his strictures. Magistrates fared no better at his hands, for Davenport damned both magistrates and ministers in the same breath. He preached that all laws of government which restrained the revival "ought to be disregarded and were against the laws of God."[42] This was too much for the land of steady habits; even some of the New Lights urged that "all who fear God should rise up and labour to crush the enthusiastical Cockatrice in the Egg."[43] Davenport was accused of inciting the people into "indecencies" and haled before the Connecticut Assembly, where he was found guilty on the grounds that his doctrines and preaching had "a natural tendency to disturb and destroy the peace and order of this government."[44]

[40] *Diary of Joshua Hempstead* (New London, Connecticut, 1901); *Publications*, New London County Historical Society, I, 380.

[41] *Boston Evening Post*, July 5, 1742.

[42] *Boston News-Letter*, June 24, 1742.

[43] *Boston Evening Post*, May 3, 1742.

[44] *Boston News-Letter*, June 24, 1742.

Leniency was recommended, however, because it was apparent that he was mentally deranged and "therefore to be pittied and compassionated, and not to be treated as otherwise he might be."[45] He was ordered to be transported to Southold to his own congregation, and all precautions were taken lest this sentence should lead to an uprising of his adherents. The evangelist was marched down to the Connecticut river between "two files of musketiers" and put aboard a sloop.[46] The crowds that lined the way were restive but they were overawed by the militia, and no attempt was made to free Davenport. In this summary manner, Connecticut wiped her hands of Davenport and his levellism. Conservatives saw the end of Davenport's "mad Career" in this action taken by the Assembly;[47] in Boston in particular there was a general feeling of relief when it became known that the self-appointed Apostle to New England was safely stowed away and on his way to Long Island. But while the upper classes were beginning to breathe more easily after the fright Davenport's activities had given them, it was learned that instead of sailing home, the revivalist was on his way to Boston to bring "many Sons and Daughters to Glory there."[48]

Surrounded by a "Rabble of Men, Women, and Children," Davenport landed at New Boston "near the Causeway" on June 22, 1742.[49] Immediately the evangelist and his followers began to sing praises of King Jesus and set off through the streets bawling for

[45] *Boston News-Letter*, June 24, 1742.

[46] *Ibid.*

[47] Daniel Wadsworth, *Diary* (Hartford, Connecticut, 1894), 86.

[48] *Boston Post-Boy*, October 5, 1741.

[49] *Boston Evening Post*, July 5, 1742.

sinners to take heart because Davenport would convert them and save them from hell-fire. Davenport himself was a lusty singer and usually led the street-singing; he saw no reason to boggle over such a slight breach of the proprieties, for he was convinced that his arrival in New England marked the beginning of the new Apostolic Age. Davenport's purpose was to prepare New England for the impending visit of Christ; in the meanwhile, whooping and singing about Christ was sanctioned, for "since King Jesus is now riding in Triumph over his Enemies in a Glorious Manner, we may well sing Hosannas to him even in the Streets, as they did of Old."[50]

The Boston clergy banged their pulpits shut and issued a public "Declaration" in which Davenport was pronounced to be "deeply tinctur'd with the Spirit of Enthusiasm" and his preaching "big with Errors, Irregularities, and Mischief."[51] The declaration urged that the people stand behind their ministers and have nothing to do with the "Enthusiasts" who were making the Great Awakening a rough-and-tumble affair of shrieks and jerks. But much to the ministers' surprise, their declaration—"faithful and wise, soft and tender"[52]—did little more than arouse the people's resentment against their own pastors. Instead of quashing Davenport, the clergy simply brought him into the limelight

[50] *Boston Post-Boy*, October 5, 1741.

[51] *Declaration of a Number of the Associated Pastors of Boston and Charlestown Relating to the Reverend Mr. James Davenport and his Conduct* (Boston, 1742).

[52] Benjamin Colman, *A Letter from the Reverend Mr. Colman of Boston, to the Reverend Mr. Solomon Williams of Lebanon Upon reading the Confession and Retractations of the Reverend Mr. James Davenport* (Boston, August 14, 1744).

and his popularity among the common people skyrocketed. It was a certain sign that the leadership of the Great Awakening was slipping out of the regular clergy's hands when it became apparent that "many of the good People of Boston . . . were so much offended" at the declaration against Davenport.[53] The Boston ministers had been holding a bridle upon the revival, and anything that savored of impropriety was ruled out as long as they held the reins. They had pictured the Great Awakening as a re-birth of Puritanism under their leadership, but on the first day that Davenport preached in Boston it was evident that they no longer controlled the revival. Ignoring the ministers' advice, the crowd swarmed to the Common several thousand strong. Many came out of curiosity, but a large part of the audience was composed of the "rabble," "those of the lowest Rank," "idle and ignorant Persons"[54] who saw in Davenport a martyr persecuted by an oppressive Church and State. The Great Awakening had passed into their hands, and it was among them that Davenport began the work of bringing about the fall of the hated educated clergy.

Davenport's mannerisms in preaching were highly theatrical, "his Voice Tumultuous, his whole Speech and Behaviour discovering the Freaks of Madness, and Wilds of Enthusiasm;"[55] "were you to see him in his most violent Agitations," said Thomas Fleet, "you would be apt to think, that he was a Madman just broke

[53] Colman, *A Letter from the Reverend Mr. Colman.*

[54] *Boston Evening Post*, August 2, 1742.

[55] *Ibid.*

from his Chains."[56] This was a new kind of brimstone spell-binding which had the effect of turning the meeting into an uproar of shrieks and moans; it seemed as if bedlam had broken loose when Davenport screamed that all were "damned, damned, damned—damned to Hell, damned to Hell," and then began to enact the sufferings of Christ upon the Cross.[57] Finally he brought his harangue to an end and returned to his lodgings with a large mob singing and howling at his heels, looking "more like a Company of Bacchanalians after a mad Frolick, than sober Christians who had been worshipping God."[58]

Davenport soon repaid with interest the rebuff the Boston ministers had given him by closing their pulpits and warning the people to beware of his fanaticism. Following in the footsteps of Whitefield, he began to purify the Congregational Church by damning the clergy. He set himself up as an inquisitor and made the rounds of the Boston ministers in order that he might scrutinize their souls and decide whether they were fit to preach. After this preliminary catechism, although most of the ministers had slammed their doors in Davenport's face, he fell to the task of weeding out the "unregenerate." By the number of clergymen he classified under that heading it was apparent that he would be satisfied with nothing less than the wholesale eviction of the Boston ministry. They were all damned, he exclaimed, and to hear them preach was as ruinous to the peoples' souls as "swallowing Rats-bane or Bowls

[56] *Boston Evening Post*, August 2, 1742.
[57] *Ibid.*
[58] *Ibid.*

of Poison was to their Bodies."[59] These "carnal and unconverted Men" were "destroying and murdering Souls by thousands" and were leading their congregations down to hell by the shortest route.[60] The only way for the people to escape this danger was to set up separatist meetings and even laymen would be preferable to the regular clergy. The Boston ministers, declared Davenport, "knew nothing of Jesus Christ" and so were to be shunned like the Devil. When he was not terrifying the people with threats of hell-fire, Davenport worked to bring them to a pitch of passion against their ministers. "Pull them down, turn them out, and put others in their Places," he screamed, and there was a surging among the crowd at his words which might well have disturbed the guardians of order and authority in the Church.[61]

The result of Davenport's fulminations against the clergy was to divide social classes much as during the Land Bank furor. The Opposers were joined by more and more of the wealthy and educated as Davenport carried the Great Awakening down to a lower stratum and preached the gospel of discontent and levellism. Under such stimulation, to hate an Opposer became one of the tests of salvation; if Opposers were tolerated, one had no more chance of getting into heaven than if one were on friendly terms with "the Devil and his works." Davenport gave such emphasis to this idea that many people in Boston became uneasy at the ugly

[59] *Presentment against the Reverend Mr. James Davenport* (Boston, 1742). Quoted by Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, 164.

[60] *Ibid.*, 165.

[61] Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, 98 and 167.

mood and "menacing Speech" of his followers; it was said that many of Davenport's converts would "make Nothing to kill Opposers, and in so doing, think they did God Service."[62] If an Opposer was so hardy as to attempt to restrain the people, he was lucky to escape with a whole skin; no interference was permitted, for the Great Awakening was a "Work of God" and the lower classes had now come to regard themselves as its chosen guardians. This conviction among the common people that they had been singled out by God for salvation and that the Opposers—the upper classes—were for the most part damned gave class feeling a new twist in Massachusetts. Whereas during the Land Bank controversy, hatred had been justified upon economic grounds it now began to take on a religious tinge. The aristocracy that had lately quashed the Land Bankers and had been denounced as usurious blood-suckers became in 1742 "Carnal Wretches, Hypocrites, Fighters against God, Children of the Devil, cursed Pharisees."[63] The Land Bank had fallen flat as a pancake. But what would be the outcome of this new crusade of town laborers and farmers that drew its strength not from economic grievances but from religious exaltation? "The Times are dangerous we live in," wrote Gilbert Tennent in a letter of repentance and self-condemnation, "perhaps the Revival of God's Work in diverse Places is but a prelude to a storm."[64]

[62] *Boston Evening Post*, August 2, 1742.

[63] Charles Chauncy, *The late Religious Commotions in New England Considered* (Boston, 1743), 13.

[64] *Boston Evening Post*, May 3, 1742.

In some respects, this threat to law and order seemed even more formidable than that of the Land Bankers. The reverberations of Davenport's preaching quickly spread over New England, and a "Swarm of Exhorters" swept down upon the country. In Boston, the "loud and boisterous Buel," "the famous and crafty Parsons," "the restless and troublesome Bliss"—"these mighty Pillars" who supported "a Tower of Babel in the World"—were followed by the lower classes as prophets and messiahs.[65] Many of these unlettered saints became exhorters and itinerants from motives that were anything but spiritual—there was undoubtedly a good deal of itching "to come out of Obscurity" and hankering to hear the "Hosannas of the Multitude."[66] In any event, Boston became the focus towards which all the stray gospellers and haranguers were drawn. The town was glutted with them: Davenport, Woodberry, Buel, and Bliss were simply the most active and conspicuous of a "Swarm." However different their interpretation of minor details of religious doctrine might be, they were treading on common ground when it came to education. Since most of them were "meer Candidates for the Ministry; yea, illiterate Exhorters, raw, weak, young Men or Lads,"[67] they had to fall back upon the use of impressions and whispers in order to awe the crowds. They railed against "Seminaries of Literature" as a bane to true religion and heaped contempt upon ministers whose sermons smacked of learning.[68] Some of

[65] *Ibid.*, August 2, 1744.

[66] Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, 56-57.

[67] *Ibid.*, 51.

[68] Chauncy, *Religious Commotions in New England*, 18, Preface.

the extremists among the exhorters began to include the Bible in their attacks upon education, comparing it with an old almanac which should not be touched under any circumstances by those "under concern." To do so was to lay oneself open to the worst sort of advice that could be given—it was as bad as though it came from the Devil.[69] It was no wonder that the Great Awakening became anathema to "Christians of Solidity" and that even many of the New Lights were driven to admit that "some Delusions of Satan may be intermix'd with the Work."[70]

Massachusetts was being so thoroughly drenched by this flood of fanaticism that it was determined to get rid of Davenport before the last shreds of tradition had been swept away. To bring about his eviction from the colony, the secular government came to the aid of the hard-pressed Church. A "Presentment" against Davenport was issued in which he was accused of maliciously slandering and reviling the ministers. The magistrates were unwilling to imprison the evangelist, but because he refused to give bail and showed such obstinate determination to be a martyr for "sweet Jesus's Sake," it was found necessary to put him in the Suffolk jail. At his trial, Davenport was found guilty on every count, and the recommendation of the Grand Jury of Suffolk was similar to that of the Connecticut Assembly: no punishment should be inflicted, for he was obviously insane. This verdict was hotly resented by the lower classes, and their anger was further inflamed by a rumor

[69] Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, 264.

[70] Jonathan Edwards: quoted in Chauncy, *Religious Commotions in New England*, 19.

spread by Davenport's henchmen that the Suffolk jury had been chosen from among the evangelist's known enemies.[71] Indeed, from the "many hard and unjust Censures, plentifuly bestow'd on the Grand Jury, and Witnesses concerned in that Prosecution,"[72] it began to appear that the Opposers had drawn a storm down upon their heads. To get Davenport out of the province it had been necessary to throw fresh fuel on the ill-feeling that smoldered between Opposers and New Lights; the flare-up of hatred which followed showed vividly that the Great Awakening had become a lower class movement that was liable to scorch the fingers of those who dared to meddle with it.

If the Opposers looked forward to a speedy end of the revival after they had rid New England of Davenport, their hopes were rudely jolted. The country still swarmed with exhorters and lesser imitators of "dear, good Davenport." In "spiriting People to Schism and Faction"[73] these men proved to be nearly as adept as Davenport himself. Their fury against the Congregational clergy was doubled by the part the ministers had played in bringing about Davenport's downfall; they worked upon the animosity the common people felt towards the Opposers and did their best to salt the sores which the Land Bank had left behind. As a result of their haranguing, impressions and whispers took on more and more importance; "it is certainly an exceeding difficult gloomy time with us," wrote Charles Chauncy, "Such an enthusiastic, factious, censorious

[71] Quoted in Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, 163.
[72] *Ibid.*, 162.
[73] *Ibid.*, 250.

Spirit was never known here. . . . Every low-bred illiterate Person can resolve Cases of Conscience and settle the most difficult Points of Divinity better than the most learned Divines."[74] Any one could set himself up as a judge of the spiritual state of others; mechanics could now pass upon the merchants' and preachers' chances of salvation and even damn them by anticipation. It was not necessary to give any reason for such condemnation other than a "whisper of the Spirit"—an impression settled the matter beyond dispute and sent the Opposers straightway to hell. There was no limit to the extremes to which this doctrine of the inner light could be carried, and it was particularly effective when used against ministers suspected of being "Pharisees and carnal Men."[75] Many of the exhorters were inspired to preach and convert by some impression which led them to believe that they had a divine mission. Samuel Green, a "proper Vagabound," became an exhorter and drew a following by asserting that he was an "Emblem and Type of the Son of God, that with his Breath he could blow away false Prophets as easily as the Holy Spirit did, and that he was as much inspired to preach as any of the Apostles."[76] Exhorters and freak religions appeared in Massachusetts as "mushrooms sprung up in a Night."[77] The self-styled prophets frequently hankered after impressive rites in order to give their particular brand of religion the odor of sanctity. A separatist

[74] Chauncy, *Religious Commotions in New England*, Preface, 18.

[75] *Ibid.*, 17.

[76] "The Warrant of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace in the Town of Boston for Apprehending one Samuel Green," *Boston Evening Post*, July 12, 1742.

[77] Colman, *Letter from the Reverend Mr. Colman.*

from Thomas Prince's congregation got five women as disciples who were "dipped" with great ceremony.[78] Nathaniel Wardell, a hay-weigher of Boston, publicly announced that God had directed him to baptize two women in the ocean at high tide near South Boston. The immersion took place, but one of the women "suffered pretty much by the Unskilfulness of the Administration."[79]

The outcome of the work of the exhorters was that the Congregational Church was split wide open. "We are crumbling into Sects which Time was must find a Name for," was the judgment of the Congregational clergy as they looked upon the "Rents and Divisions" left by Davenport and his successors.[80] "It was indeed a lamentable Time," wrote Thomas Prince of these latter days of the Great Awakening, "wherein we seem'd to fall into such a Case as the Christian Church of Corinth in the Apostles' Days."[81] The worst fears of the Opposers were realized; what had begun as a specious revival of Puritanism ended, as the Opposers pointed out, in an outburst of the most virulent kind of Antimonianism.[82] "Fiery Zeal and violent Contests" were rampant in the colony and even

> The Civil Power was treated with Contempt
> And from God's Laws Enthusiasts were exempt,
> Thus Tribute was refus'd to whom 'twas due.[83]

[78] *Christian History*, II, 411.

[79] *Boston Evening Post*, March 21, 1743.

[80] Chauncy, *Religious Commotions in New England*, Preface, 18.

[81] *Christian History*, II, 408.

[82] Chauncy, *Seasonable Thoughts*, Preface, iii, and 350; Chauncy, *Religious Commotions in New England*, 1.

[83] *Boston Evening Post*, October 8, 1744, "Poem to Charles Chauncy."

Some Opposers prone to view with alarm believed that if one scratched an "Enthusiast" one found a rebel who plotted to overthrow the State as well as the Church.[84] But in reality the danger to the secular government was negligible when compared with the actual work of destruction that was going on within the Congregational Church. The "Spirit of Envying and Strife" that had broken out among the common people during the days of the Land Bank seemed to have been side-tracked into the Church. The "giddy-headed Multitude" that had frightened the merchants into running behind the skirts of Parliament now had its fling by breaking up the established order in ecclesiastical affairs. What the clergy at first thought to be Puritanism Revived proved to be merely a turbulent religious revival in which restraint and order were thrown overboard as so much dead weight in the way of spiritual expression. After 1744, instead of attempting to bring back Puritanism, the clergy were working frantically to keep the Congregational Church from being swamped by the New Light deluge.

* * *

Although the expedition against Louisbourg in 1745 gave a momentary respite to this disintegrating process within the Church by bringing together Protestants of all ranks in a crusade against the "Papists," the ground swell of discontent and class hostility never completely died down while Massachusetts remained a colony. In 1748, the cry of the common people against the mercantile aristocracy was still the familiar chant of "O wretched Members of Society, who shall

[84] *Boston Evening Post*, July 19, 1742.

deliver us from them?"[85] Even though economic grievances might subside for the moment, there remained the undercurrent of ill-feeling which drew its source from differences in religious outlook. The Great Awakening gave these religious differences an institutional basis; as a consequence, Massachusetts was racked by the almost incessant wrangling of sects that were divided to a large extent upon class lines. In this manner, hostility between rich and poor took on a pungent religious flavoring, and the enmity that the Land Bank had stirred up was carried by the Great Awakening deep into the lives of the common people.

The patriot party that emerged from the Land Bank ferment had been crushed just as it was about to taste the sweets of political power. With the aid of Parliament the rise of democracy in Massachusetts was staved off for a generation. But it was impossible to overlook the fact that it was only the alliance of the colonial aristocracy with the British Parliament that saved Massachusetts from passing into the hands of the popular party. From the bitter experience of 1741, radical leaders in the colony learned that it was futile to kick against the pricks of the mercantile overlords as long as Parliament stood ready to strike down the democrats whenever they seemed to menace the merchants' interests. Yet this alliance of merchants and Parliament —so effective in putting a bridle upon the radicals— proved to be merely a brief honeymoon. The Stamp and Sugar Acts wiped out the gratitude the merchants felt towards Parliament and drove many of them to join hands with the patriots. This put an entirely new

[85] Davis, *Colonial Currency Reprints*, IV, 365.

complexion upon the popular party. Whereas the patriot party of 1740 had met with the determined opposition of the upper classes, that of 1765 was bolstered by a good measure of support from the aristocracy. Revolution was made possible by the leadership of men who had resisted the threatened uprising of workingmen and farmers in the days of the Land Bank. Religious excitement had momentarily brought rich and poor together during the Great Awakening; they again rubbed shoulders when Parliament's policy began to raise a sense of insecurity and alarm among the people. Patriotism was diverted into a new channel when Parliament entered colonial affairs with commercial and taxation schemes which seemed to spell ruin not simply for part of the population but for merchants, farmers, and artisans alike.

* * *

As the flood of religious enthusiasm of the Great Awakening receded, it left behind the wreckage of churches over a good part of the American colonies. The results of the Great Awakening in Massachusetts had their counterpart elsewhere: churches were split by the secession of New Lights and democratic tendencies were strengthened by being linked with religious fervor. In a sense, the Great Awakening was a nation-wide movement before a nation had been formed and its contribution towards making the nation that later came into being is perhaps not the least of its influences. The eruption of New Light churches over the colonies produced hundreds of itinerants who worked to bring the common people into spiritual contact with the separatist congregations of other provinces. Persecution

likewise helped the New Lights scattered along the Atlantic seaboard and backwoods to learn their common identity and to spur them into hatred of the ruling class. And arbitrary rule, whether from Parliament or from the local aristocracy, pressed heavily upon men who believed themselves singled out for salvation and who held the militant faith to which the Great Awakening had given rise.

TWO FORGOTTEN NEW ENGLAND REFORMERS

BERTHA-MONICA STEARNS

MRS. Mary Gove Nichols and Dr. Thomas L. Nichols were well known throughout the United States during the decades that immediately preceded the Civil War. After 1861 they became almost equally well known in England. To-day their names are recognized only by an occasional student, whose interest in the reform movements of the nineteenth century leads him into the bypaths of literature and history. Chroniclers of American affairs have bestowed scant attention upon these two stormy petrels from New England who departed from an unsatisfactory native land and completed their careers abroad. Once out of sight, they were promptly forgotten by contemporaries accustomed to the vagaries of reformers. Their highly-colored endeavors to find the life-more-abundant for themselves and their fellow-men faded with the passing of years into drab obscurity. The radical publications in which they had voiced their various doctrines gathered dust on unfrequented shelves. Yet these two unusual individuals, who were everything by turn and only a few things for long, do not deserve complete oblivion. Many of their writings still merit attention, and the story of their lives supplies a revealing chapter in any account of the ferment that characterized the eighteen forties and fifties.

Both these ardent experimenters with life were descendants of early English settlers in the Massachusetts-Bay Colony, and both were born in New Hampshire, but not until 1847 did their paths cross and their activities become united. Before that time they pursued their separate ways, unknown to each other.

Mary Gove Nichols, as she was known to her contemporaries, was born in Goffstown, in 1810, the daughter of William and Rebecca Neal. She was a cousin of John Neal, but does not seem to have had any close acquaintance with him. From earliest girlhood she was a seeker for a better way of life. As a delicate and sickly child, she found herself an alien in the active world about her, and straightway began to dream of a Utopia in which all wrongs should be set right. She read much, greatly to her practical mother's displeasure, and began to think of herself as one set apart for some special mission. She recorded her ideals in a journal, wrote poetry, and reflected seriously upon religion. Her father was a "free-thinker" who dearly loved an argument; her mother was strong in the Calvinistic faith. Unable to accept the views of either parent, and much troubled in spirit, the girl tried to find consolation in such religious treatises as her little community afforded. When she was about fifteen, a book on Quakerism fell into her hands. The doctrine of the inner light made an immediate appeal to her imagination, and she at once allied herself with the Friends. Soon afterwards, in her omnivorous reading, she came upon another book that influenced her even more—a copy of Bell's *Anatomy*. An ardent zeal for knowledge of the human body at once possessed her. She borrowed medical works,

and in spite of the reprobation of her family insisted upon studying them. Here, she felt, was the light she had been seeking.[1] Health for the body would make possible the life of the spirit. She resolved to free herself from the tyranny of ill health, so passively accepted by many women of the time, and in no way to be bound by the opinions of others. By meditation and reflection she would find a way of life for herself. One night she had a revelation of the future. A great scroll unrolled before her, inscribed with prophecies of notable events in which she was to have a part.[2]

In the midst of her dreams a matter-of-fact family took a hand. It was time, they insisted, that she give her attention to practical matters. Let her turn her love for reading to account by teaching the village school. Soon she was instructing the children of the neighborhood and finding the work congenial. In her leisure hours, however, she continued to write little poems and stories and to think of a future career of authorship. When vacation time came, she went to visit at her uncle's farm in another part of the state. Very promptly the obliging uncle produced a suitor for her hand—one of his own friends, a thoroughly conventional man, ready to settle down into quiet domesticity and assume the overlordship of a wife. Family pressure was strong in favor of the match. The proper thing for a visionary young woman was a home of her own to absorb her surplus energy. A wedding day was set, and on March

[1] Mary Gove Nichols, *Experience in Water-Cure* (New York, 1850), 21.

[2] Obituary notice in the *Dietetic Reformer and Vegetarian Messenger* of London (July, 1884). A file of this periodical in the British Museum has frequent references to the work of Thomas and Mary Gove Nichols.

5, 1831, Mary Neal became Mrs. Hiram Gove, and accompanied her husband to his home in Weare.

The marriage was a miserably unhappy one from the first. Instead of the freedom she had once dreamed of, the young wife found herself circumscribed on every hand. Her husband had very decided ideas as to the proper sphere of women. Both he and his friends disapproved of her efforts to write, and thought her interest in physiology and matters of health indecent.[3] Nevertheless, she continued to read and study thoughtfully such books as she could borrow from neighboring physicians. One of these, an explanation of the Water Cure treatment as it was being practised in Europe, aroused her enthusiasm. After the birth of a daughter in 1832, she began to treat both the child and herself by the methods prescribed in this work, and to advocate Water Cure whenever opportunity offered.[4] In 1837, her husband, whose business had not prospered in Weare, decided to move to Lynn. There, since he was in financial straits, he permitted her to open a school, but insisted that all receipts from it be paid into his hands. Before many months her work began to attract favorable attention. She was invited to deliver before a group of women the talks she had been giving to her students on anatomy and physiology.[5] Local physicians approved of her lectures, lent her books, and one went so far as to call on her, bringing with him a literary friend. Such publicity her husband sternly refused to counte-

[3] Thomas L. Nichols and Mary Gove Nichols, *Marriage* (Cincinnati, 1854). Part II of this work, by Mrs. Nichols, contains much autobiographical information.

[4] Mary Gove Nichols, *Experience in Water-Cure*, 22.

[5] *Ibid.*, 23.

nance even though it was remunerative. In this crisis she began to talk of a separation and of the desirability of ending a relationship that brought constant unhappiness. Consternation greeted this proposal. She was warned by family and friends that public opinion would blast her good name and that her child would be taken from her.

The following year she determined to free herself from bondage in spite of convention. She lectured on sanitary education to women in different parts of New England, and even dared to speak and write against marriages that destroyed the health and usefulness of women. Taking her child with her, she left her husband's house, resolved to devote herself to the work of hygienic reform, which, she believed, was the mission she was especially designed to fulfil. This bold step brought upon her the criticism of newspapers that had formerly been friendly toward both her lectures and writings. Several of them refused even to continue printing the poems and short tales she contributed. During this unhappy period of her life she met an English reformer who had been the patient and pupil of Priessnitz, founder of the Water Cure treatment in Europe. He was an ardent believer in individual freedom, a disciple of Swedenborg, and of Sylvester Graham, the vegetarian and food reformer. She felt in him the understanding spirit she had dreamed of meeting. He talked to her about mesmerism, about psychic phenomena, and about the beauty life might have if its votaries would only be true to their inner visions. She was irresistibly attracted to doctrines so completely in harmony with her own early ideals. Life began to have a new interest

for her, and with all the fervor of an apostle she determined to devote herself to the elevation of her countrywomen.[6]

She resumed her lecturing, speaking plainly on matters of health, and urging her hearers to consider carefully the vegetarian principles of Sylvester Graham, which she had whole-heartedly adopted. Just at this time a *Health Journal and Advocate of Physiological Reform* was established in Worcester, Massachusetts, to set forth the dangers of improper food, and to urge the doctrines that Graham had been busily inculcating. This journal she undertook to edit in 1840,[7] but after devoting several months to it, she decided to return to her lectures and to the writing of fiction, for which she was finding a market in *Godey's Lady's Book* and other periodicals. Her stories and "literary" articles bore the signature "Mary Orne," and were thus definitely distinguished from her works on hygienic subjects.[8] But her chief interest continued to lie in medicine, which she studied with a consuming passion. Her health, always delicate, began to give way under the strain she imposed upon herself. With undaunted courage she determined to treat her own illness, and to prove by her own case that she was competent to treat others. She believed that she had some unusual powers of healing, purely mental, and that this gift, strengthened by

[6] Mary Gove Nichols, *Mary Lyndon: or the Revelations of a Life* (New York, 1855). This novel, with its sub-title "an autobiography," gives a picture, somewhat overdrawn, perhaps, of this period of the author's life.

[7] A partial file of this journal is in the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts.

[8] Edgar Allan Poe, "The Literati of New York City," in *Godey's Lady's Book*, July, 1846.

knowledge, would enable her to perform unusual cures. Partly for the purpose of resting and partly in order to observe the methods used, she spent a number of months in a hydropathic institute in Brattleboro, Vermont. With returning strength she began to give lectures there, and soon afterwards, in 1844, was invited to come to a Water-Cure establishment in Lebanon Springs, New York, as resident physician.[9]

Her lessons to ladies on the laws of health were by this time becoming mildly famous. Her contributions were no longer declined by timid editors. By 1845 she had published at least two novels—*Uncle John* and *Agnes Norris*—besides a substantial amount of magazine material.[10] The newly founded *Water-Cure Journal and Herald of Reforms*,[11] published in New York, sought her aid, and with the prospect of writing for it and of carrying on a practice in a wider field, she removed to that city. There she took a house on Tenth Street, and announced that she would give lessons on health to ladies, demonstrate with a manikin the structure of the body, and treat the sick without resorting to drugs of any kind. In 1846 she published a volume called *Lectures to Women on Anatomy and Physiology, with an Appendix on Water-Cure*.[12] She reiterated in this her belief that women would never become free to live rich lives until they understood the care and treatment of their own bodies. It was during this same year

[9] *Experience in Water-Cure*, 30.

[10] Sarah Josepha Hale, *Woman's Record* (New York, 1874), 757.

[11] First as Mrs. Gove, later as Mrs. Nichols, she contributed to this journal from 1845 to 1853.

[12] This volume, published by Harper and Brothers, contains considerable autobiographical material.

that Edgar Allan Poe wrote of her in the July number of *Godey's*, pointing out her tendency to mysticism, and her great interest in the phenomena of mesmerism.

During the years that immediately followed her removal to New York, she found pleasant and exciting companionship among the ardent radicals who were espousing the views of Fourier. She very promptly began advocating the same doctrines, for, as she later said of herself, "I could never willingly know a truth without living and teaching it." Her bohemian friends, with their literary and philosophical talk, their plans for reconstructing the universe, and their refusal to submit to the prose of existence, created a new and vivid world for her. Art and music began to play a large part in her life. She longed to lead all circumscribed human beings into the wide realm of individual freedom. On Christmas eve, 1847, a group of congenial spirits gathered together to celebrate the occasion. One of her friends introduced a handsome stranger. He knew of her work. She had heard of his journalistic endeavors. They talked together of their interests and discovered that they were the same. She soon realized that life with its new freedom would mean little to her without the companionship of this enthusiastic and adventurous free-lance, who had such complete sympathy with her beliefs and ideals. But she was not quite ready to accept in their completeness his doctrines of individual freedom. The law still pronounced her the wife of another man, and the force of convention was stronger than she had realized. After a period of temporizing, she agreed to follow her principles and live, as a wife, with the man she loved. It so happened, however,

that Mr. Gove was himself desirous of remarrying, and in a short time secured the legal right to do so. Immediately afterwards Mary Neal Gove became the wife of Thomas Low Nichols, and his partner in the varied undertakings that marked the remaining years of their lives.

Thomas Nichols had from boyhood taken a lively pleasure in experimenting with the world about him. He spent his early years in his native village of Orford, New Hampshire, where, in good New England fashion, he began attending the district school at the age of four.[13] Occasional visits to Boston stirred his imagination. The bustle of a city delighted him, and he longed to have a part in its excitement. Practical experience in a printing office and some further education in a country academy prepared him for Dartmouth College, in which he registered as a medical student in 1834, at the age of nineteen. Sometime during the year he attended a lecture by the much talked of Sylvester Graham on vegetarianism. With characteristic impetuosity, the young man at once accepted Graham's doctrines and became an ardent advocate of food reform.[14] The following year he did not return to Dartmouth for the medical degree which he could then have taken,[15] but turned his attention instead to journalism. After brief sojourns in Lowell and Boston printing offices, he decided to try his fortunes in New York. There he promptly secured a place on the *Herald*, and wrote, he later declared, a

[13] Thomas L. Nichols, *Forty Years of American Life* (London, 1864), 59.

[14] *The Herald of Health*, July, 1884. A file of this London publication is in the British Museum.

[15] Dartmouth College Records.

vast deal of "sad trash." He found that he could imitate Bennett's vivacious, gossipy style so successfully that what he wrote readily passed for the popular editor's work.[16] But soon other adventures beckoned. The world was an interesting place to a youth of twenty-one, and he longed to see more of it.

The year 1837 found him in Buffalo writing for the *Commercial Advertiser*. This, he soon felt, did not allow his literary talents sufficiently wide scope. A paper of his own would give him greater freedom. Moreover, political corruption was flourishing unrebuked in this frontier city, and he felt a great urge to set things right. Before many months had passed he managed, somehow, to establish a little tri-weekly paper called the *Buffalonian*, and in this began a vigorous attack upon the political ring that was dominating local affairs. Threats greeted his activities; when he paid no attention to these, a crowd of ruffians completely demolished his printing office. He refused to be silenced, returned to the attack, and, as a result, found himself sentenced to four months in the Erie County jail for libel. He made use of this enforced leisure to write his first book — *A Journal in Jail* —[17] a lively, boastful, egotistical account of the whole affair, concluding with a description of the benefit tendered him at the local theatre on his release. After a trip by steamboat to a number of the lake cities, he returned to New York, and resumed his work as a journalist.

Authorship in some form, he decided, was to be his life work, for writing had grown to be a habit. He

[16] *Forty Years of American Life*, 264.

[17] *A Journal in Jail* (Buffalo, 1840).

served on several newspapers, and meantime tried a variety of experiments of his own. In 1842 he edited, for a brief time, a *Pictorial Wag*.[18] In 1843 he tried his hand at what he called "a cheap novel," and produced *Ellen Ramsey*, a tale designed to enforce "sentiment as pure as ever found residence in bosom of mortal."[19] The following year he published *The Lady in Black: a Story of New York Life, Morals and Manners*. But literature alone did not prove satisfying. Politics and the social problems of the day increasingly engrossed him. His desire to advance the Democratic cause and the prospects of Polk for President led him to establish the *Young Hickory Banner* in 1844. He wrote almost every article in the paper, a weekly, which ran from August 10 until the election in November, indiscriminately turning out campaign songs, brief biographies of the Democratic candidates, comments on the tariff, and sensational articles concerning conditions among factory operatives in Dover and Lowell.[20] He also found time to make speeches on a variety of subjects. His lecture on immigration and the rights of naturalization received warm commendation in Poe's *Broadway Journal*.[21]

More and more after 1845 he became absorbed in the social theories of Fourier, of Josiah Warren, and of the Reverend J. H. Noyes. His vegetarian principles had strengthened with the years; but he had not discarded his interest in medicine, so far as that could

[18] Frank Luther Mott, *A History of American Magazines* (New York, 1930), 425.

[19] *The Lady in Black* (New York, 1844), Preface.

[20] *The Young Hickory Banner*, August 10, 1844—August 31 in Boston Public Library.

[21] The *Broadway Journal*, March 15, 1845.

aid human beings in attaining a greater perfection. Like Warren, he did not doubt that the emancipation of mankind was possible on the basis of complete individual liberty. But he believed that bodily health was essential to those who would think clearly. The new Water-Cure advocates talked much sound doctrine, he thought, and exemplified in their own lives the freedom from convention he so greatly admired. He was an especially vigorous champion of the rights of women to "individual sovereignty," for in the submission demanded of wives he saw slavery and degradation. With all of these views he found Mrs. Gove in complete sympathy. Like him, too, she had come to believe that literary talent should be made to serve social causes. In complete accord, therefore, they joined forces, and together devoted themselves to a world much in need of improvement.

The *Water-Cure Journal and Herald of Reforms* was the first of the projects on which the two reformers worked together. It absorbed much of their energy until 1853, after which it knew them no more. In its columns Mrs. Nichols published her *Experience in Water-Cure*, later offered to the public in book form, with the dedication: "To my husband, who has a mind to understand the work of human elevation, a heart to love it, and energy to labor for it." In this work she recounted much of her early history, explained her theories of health, and urged her readers to use the methods she had found successful in combating disease —proper diet, fresh air, cleanliness, exercise, and absence of hurry. Repeatedly she argued that women were especially fitted to be physicians, and even though

they could not receive diplomas in established institutions, they might practise successfully if they would but study diligently and make some use of water-cure methods. Mr. Nichols regularly contributed articles on diet and health to the journal, notably an extended series called "Illustrations of Physiology." After 1850 he was properly known as Dr. Nichols, for in that year he received the M.D. degree from New York University.[22]

Doubtless he was moved to complete his medical training in order to add prestige to an enterprise which he and his wife engaged upon in 1851. After his marriage, he had promptly begun to assist in the work of spreading the water-cure doctrines throughout New York. He lectured on the laws of health, advocated mesmerism, and at all times and in all places urged the practice of vegetarianism. After the *American Vegetarian and Health Journal* was established in 1850, he wrote freely for it, and at meetings of the Vegetarian Society, of which he was vice-president, eloquently voiced the ideals of the organization — universal brotherhood, and abstinence from flesh. By 1851, therefore, he was ready to launch an ambitious project. The *Water-Cure Journal* began to carry advertisements of an American Hydropathic Institute, "the first medical school established for the purpose of teaching the principles of water-cure." Here Dr. Nichols proposed to lecture on "chemistry, anatomy, physiology, pathology, the theory and practice of medicine and surgery." Mrs. Nichols offered instruction "on special subjects in physiology, and the diseases of women and children." Properly qualified persons of both sexes were invited to

[22] New York University Records.

join their instructors in one united family, and learn the art of healing.[23]

The school opened with twenty-five students, from nine states. By the following year it seemed successful enough to warrant its removal to more commodious quarters. A "country estate at Prospect Hill, Port Chester" was secured, and there Dr. and Mrs. Nichols proposed not only to give medical instruction, but to show how beautifully true life might be lived.[24] The basis for such a life, they maintained, must be complete individual liberty. Uncongenial natures could not develop harmoniously together, and therefore whenever restraining ties hampered the growth of the spirit, such ties should be broken. Dr. Nichols in a book entitled *Women in All Ages and Nations*[25] made clear the necessity for courage on the part of all who would live unshackled. Unhygienic habits and "Christian marriage" he regarded as devastating forces that had too often prevented the human spirit from soaring into higher realms. Mrs. Nichols echoed his ideas and offered the experiences of her life as testimony to their truth. From the spirit world, upon which she increasingly depended, she received guidance and direction. Inspired by this, she hoped to lead many women into paths of light and truth.

Before the two reformers had time to change the lives of many human beings by means of the Institute, their enthusiasm was diverted into another channel. On Long Island, forty miles from New York, Josiah Warren and a motley array of believers in the doctrine of

[23] The *Water-Cure Journal*, April, 1851.

[24] *Ibid.*, March, 1852.

[25] *Women in all Ages* (New York, 1849).

"Individual Sovereignty" were establishing a village called Modern Times.[26] Here every seeker for freedom was to be allowed complete liberty of self expression. With this community Dr. and Mrs. Nichols felt impelled to unite their fortunes. Throughout the year 1853 they devoted themselves to spreading among the Individual Sovereigns the doctrine of spiritual affinity, commonly known to the general public of the time as Free Love. Dr. Nichols published *Esoteric Anthropology*[27] in support of his beliefs, and during the following year a second work called *Marriage: Its History, Character, and Results.* To this volume Mrs. Nichols contributed one section, drawing upon her experience as a physician for illustrations of the destruction caused by unhappy unions. They announced for the further promulgation of their doctrines a School of Life, or Institute of Desarrollo, but no disciples appearing, they were forced to turn their attention to other modes of expression.[28] At this point in their career they determined to found a periodical of their own in which they might speak freely to a national audience. The result was an engaging publication called *Nichols' Journal of Health, Water-Cure, and Human Progress.*

Nichols' Journal seems to have begun life as a monthly magazine sometime in the spring of 1853, but by January, 1854, it had become a "weekly newspaper, devoted to Health, Intelligence, Freedom, Individual

[26] William Bailie, *Josiah Warren, the First American Anarchist* (Boston, 1906), VIII.

[27] *Esoteric Anthropology* (New York, 1853).

[28] The Appendix in *Marriage* (Cincinnati, 1854) contains an article, originally published in *Nichols' Journal*, October, 1853, describing the proposed Institute of Desarrollo.

Sovereignty, and Social Harmony." By August of the same year the proprietors were advertising it in various forms. It was to be had as a weekly of sixteen pages, a monthly of forty-eight, or a quarterly of one hundred and forty-four pages, and whatever its size, was always to be "absolutely radical and independent." Unfortunately for the edification of the present world, no copies of these issues seem to have survived. Only advertisements remain, with their alluring statements that the paper was "opposed to all existing forms of government and all religious sects; to the prevailing systems of Finance, Commerce, Law, and Industry; to the institutions of Marriage, Slavery, and all forms of oppression and plunder."[29]

An outstanding feature of the 1854 volume was a serial by Mrs. Nichols, entitled *Mary Lyndon; or, the Revelations of a Life*,[30] a frankly autobiographical novel, which, when it was later published in book form, brought forth a storm of disapproval.[31] Among the characters of the story Edgar Allan Poe momentarily appears. Some eight years before, Mrs. Nichols had been a helpful friend to the poet in a time of adversity. Through her appeals the last days of his young wife had been made comfortable, and the pressing needs of the little family at Fordham supplied. The character sketch of Poe in *Mary Lyndon* is written with understanding:

[29] New York *Tribune*, August 10, 1854.

[30] *Ibid.*, January 4, 1854.

[31] *Nichols' Monthly*, May, 1856, contains the statement, "This work has been virtually (or virtuously) suppressed by the New York publishers in consequence of the onslaughts of Greeley, Raymond and Company, and the conservative press."

He had no conscience, but his taste, his perception of beauty and the order of true harmonic relations was telescopic and microscopic, and he wished much to report all he saw truly, as a just critic. But prophets and critics have a tenacity of life—as the phrenologists say, their vitativeness is large—and when asked to prophesy smooth things bread is a powerful argument. A poet and critic in poverty, starving with cold and hunger, by the side of a pale fading flower of a wife, may be excused if he sells his poetry to swell another's fame, severing his own name from it forever; or if he indorses in his character of critic, the worthless notes of pretenders to property on Parnassus.

After recounting the unhappy events that preceded the death of Virginia Poe, Mrs. Nichols concluded her sketch with a comment based upon her own ardently held doctrines:

That he loved her [his wife], and sorrowed for her, as few can love and sorrow, I *know*. That he loved other beautiful and lovely spirits also, will be his honor, and not his condemnation, when our race becomes *human*. Till then, his memory can wait. The gangrene of a false and sensual moralism can never destroy the gold of genius—the immortality of a true love.[32]

The belief in an "inner life of order," growing out of "love, free and harmonic," led to the establishment, sometime during the year 1854, of a Progressive Union, "instituted by the advice and direction of a Spiritual Society."[33] This Union in its pursuit of happiness and true social harmony found in *Nichols' Journal* a loyal champion, and in Dr. and Mrs. Nichols enthusiastic leaders. To further the cause of this organization they removed from New York to Cincinnati, Ohio, and there

[32] *Mary Lyndon* (New York, 1855), 342-343.

[33] The Appendix in *Marriage*, and *Religions of the World* (Cincinnati, 1855), 124-125, contain accounts of "The Progressive Union, a Society for Mutual Protection in Right."

in the columns of their magazine, now renamed *Nichols' Monthly*,[34] carried on the campaign for Universal Freedom, and Mutual Protection in Right. Dr. Nichols during the next two years lectured on Spiritualism and Socialism, and preached his doctrines of the Harmonic Life wherever audiences could be assembled. He published a book of *Medical Miscellanies*, a volume on the *Religions of the World*, and an *Illustrated Manners Book*, designed for those "who wish to pay some attention to the external graces of life, the principles and practices of good behavior, and the accomplishments which fit men and women for a refined society." Meantime he and Mrs. Nichols edited the *Monthly*, and wrote almost its entire contents. Stories, poems, and essays, as well as propaganda for the Progressive Union were included in the paper. But the editors never for a moment permitted readers to forget the main purpose of the publication. In the volume for 1856 they declared:

> It is right to state frankly that the Principles of the Progressive Union, and of this its central organ, are of the most radical character. The Progressive Union is a society of men and women; Progressive, as fixing no arbitrary limits to the development, freedom, and aspirations of the Human Soul; a Union of harmony of congenial natures, working together for the highest good and greatest happiness of man; and demanding the rights of "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" liberty from all ownership, bondage, restraint or burthen, all forms of force; all despotisms of custom, law, institutions, creeds, opinions, or forms of social or religious dogmatism.

[34] Volumes II and III (in the University of Illinois Library) contain much interesting biographical material for the year 1856.

Their own position at this time is summed up in the same volume. The editors of the paper, a statement ran, are "socialists of the school of Fourier, but accepting the law of growth, and individual purification and harmonization, as prerequisites to the formation of a true society. They are also Spiritualists, and the organs or mediums of a Spiritual Society of advanced Reformers, who are endeavoring through their teachings and efforts to form a Harmonic Society on the earth." More speedily to bring about such a Society was the dream of their lives, and in 1856 this desire took concrete form in Memnonia Institute.

The February number of the *Monthly* carried to its readers the joyful tidings of this new experiment in community living. In the village of Yellow Springs, about seventy miles north-east of Cincinnati, Dr. and Mrs. Nichols had leased "a spacious and beautifully situated Water-Cure." There they planned to bring together "a germinal group—a vital center—so strong, so united, so *harmonious* that hundreds and thousands may cluster around us, and be absorbed into the unity of our life." It was the intention of the founders of Memnonia to give thorough courses of lectures "on subjects not taught in the schools," to emphasize the "arts of expression," and in every way to aid the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of their companions. By means of a serial, entitled *Esperanza*, "the land of hope," Dr. Nichols illustrated the Utopian charms that dwellers in such a community might hope to realize.[35]

[35] An interesting review of this work, with comments on the Yellow Springs community, appeared in the Cincinnati *Dial*, May, 1860, 326.

The opening chapter in the history of Memnonia was far from harmonious. President Horace Mann of Antioch College did not relish the idea of having as his neighbor in Yellow Springs a "Free Love" colony. His violent denunciation of the project stirred the local citizenry to action, and not until July were the dreamers and theorists permitted to gather peacefully in their country home.[36] Dr. Nichols met the opposition by lecturing on "Free Love: a Doctrine of Spiritualism," pouring scorn upon the ignorant who understood the freedom of love to mean unrestrained licentiousness. By August a little group consisting of "a few patients and some students" had come together, ready to live under the "provisional despotism" prescribed by the two leaders of the community, and to take a pledge of consecration that bound each member to be "pure in spirit, pure in person, and in diet." Asceticism, not license, prevailed at Memnonia. Fast days were observed that the mind might be free to comprehend the ideals of true living. Penances were imposed when they could be of aid to the spirit. Mrs. Nichols, more and more of a mystic as she grew older, received visions from the spirit world and submitted herself to their direction. Gradually, religious feeling took the place of social theorizing among the disciples of harmonic living. The serenity they sought, the leaders came to believe, required a surrender to authority. Dissension on this point, aided by financial difficulties, ended the little experiment, and sometime during the year 1857, eight members of the

[36] *Nichols' Monthly*, April-August, 1856, contains an account of this controversy.

group were received into the Roman Catholic Church, among them Thomas and Mary Nichols.[37]

The next two years of their lives these enthusiasts spent on a "health mission" to various Catholic institutions in the Mississippi Valley and Gulf States. Dr. Nichols lectured in public, and Mrs. Nichols gave instruction in convent schools and hospitals.[38] To raise the standard of health and thus increase the sum total of human happiness became their dearest desire, and from this purpose they never afterwards departed. The year 1860 saw them again in New York, planning to publish a weekly paper devoted to "sanitary and social science." But before they could carry out this purpose, the Civil War came to change the entire current of their existence.[39]

Still true to their theories of individual freedom, they did not believe that one part of the country had a right to compel another to remain in a union it no longer desired. "Be my brother or I will kill you," Dr. Nichols declared, was not a doctrine to which he could ever subscribe.[40] Despising war as barbarous and unintelligent, he could not take part with either side. The duty of mankind, as he saw it, was to live life beautifully. There seemed little place for such an ideal in a country preparing for wholesale murder. As a result he and Mrs. Nichols turned their thoughts hopefully to another land. Like the earlier Americans from whom they were descended, they hoped to find freedom for their own way

[37] The *Dial*, Cincinnati, May, 1860, 326.

[38] Thomas L. Nichols, *Nichols' Health Manual* (London, 1887).

[39] *Forty Years of American Life*, 348.

[40] *Ibid.*, 3.

of life and greater financial rewards by putting an ocean between them and what they regarded as tyranny.[41] With only a few dollars in their purse, they boarded a sailing vessel and thirty days later landed in east London.

Through Cardinal Wiseman, to whom they had a letter of introduction, they were enabled to meet editors and publishers. Soon they were both contributing to English periodicals. Dr. Nichols' journalistic instinct prompted him to capitalize the interest in America aroused by the war, and he dashed off an entertaining work called *Forty Years of American Life*. This book, published in 1864 in two volumes, is still interesting to any student of social history. The writer gives a vivid and always lively account of his native land, commenting upon outstanding persons, places, and events with a sure eye to dramatic effect. He describes New England life during his boyhood and discusses his travels on the Great Lakes. He flashes before the reader glimpses of Garrison beset by "human wolves," in Boston,[42] Ned Christy organizing a band of minstrels in Buffalo,[43] Nicholas Longworth introducing grape culture in Cincinnati,[44] and young Herman Melville displaying the manuscript of *Typee* in New York.[45] Dr. Nichols also lectured, when opportunity offered, on vegetarianism and the laws of health. A *Biography of the Brothers Davenport*, and *Supramundane Facts*, which he issued at about the same time, show that he retained his interest in spiritualism. Mrs. Nichols contributed to *All the Year Round*, wrote a novel called *Uncle Angus*, and fre-

[41] *Forty Years of American Life*, 6-12.
[42] *Ibid.*, 102-106.
[43] *Ibid.*, 133-134.
[44] *Ibid.*, 156-157.
[45] *Ibid.*, 345.

quently addressed a London group interested in psychic phenomena. Charles Dickens, the Howitts, and the De Morgans became her sympathetic friends.

Not for long, however, could the apostles of Health be diverted from the work dearest to them. In 1867 they moved from London to Malvern, took a large house there, and announced that they would receive patients and pupils interested in the Water-Cure treatment.[46] Here Dr. Nichols began the publication of a series of volumes that made his name widely known. *How to Live on Sixpence a Day* (1871), and *Human Physiology, the Basis of Sanitary and Social Science* (1872) found many readers. The success of these works encouraged their author to republish a number of his earlier books, and to devote himself anew to what he called the "science of life." In July, 1873, he issued in London the first number of a short-lived periodical called *Nichols' Journal of Sanitary and Social Science*.[47] Health reform, religion, the right to own property, and the problems of distribution were the topics he proposed to discuss in this paper. In a short time he abandoned this project and turned his attention to a *Herald of Health*, a penny monthly, and to a weekly newspaper called *Our Living Age*. Neither of these undertakings proving profitable, he opened a Health Depot on Oxford Street for the sale of "sanitary and philanthropic inventions"—such as wheaten groats, olive oil, and a "Food of Health."

[46] *Nichols' Health Manual* (copy in the British Museum) contains an account of the London years.

[47] Volume I, No. 1, is in the British Museum.

In 1878 he returned to the editing of an enlarged *Herald of Health*,[48] and with his wife's able assistance carried it on for many years. Food reform, the paper stoutly maintained, was at the root of all social questions. From the sins of gluttony and drunkenness issued most of the unhappiness of the world. Proper diet, pure air, pure water, temperance, comfortable clothing, exercise, and cleanliness would bring about a healthier, better, and happier society. And to this end the editors labored. They spoke at vegetarian gatherings, assisted in the establishment of the first vegetarian restaurants in London, and at all times and in all places pleaded for a more enlightened way of living.

Almost to the last day of her life Mary Gove Nichols carried on an extensive correspondence in England, giving medical advice to scores of patients. In "Letters to my Friends," and the "Education of Women," published in the *Herald of Health*, she made war upon the ignorance that was often called innocence. She believed in her later years, as she had in her youth, that she was set apart for a special work, and that she was often in communication with a supernatural world. From her girlhood in a New Hampshire village, through the vicissitudes of her life in the different cities of America, to her final labors in England, she never gave up her attempt to fulfil what she regarded as her high destiny. In her many writings and lectures, in her practice of the art of healing, and in her determined efforts to find a wider sphere of life for herself and her fellow-women, she refused to be limited by the accepted ideas of her time. When she died in 1884, and was carried to her

[48] A file is in the British Museum.

grave in an English cemetery, her husband wrote of her, "I have known no better life. I have seen no better work." London papers for which she had written echoed this opinion.[49] All her writings are to some extent autobiographical. *Experience in Water-Cure, Mary Lyndon, Marriage, Uncle Angus, Jerry,* and the many stories and articles she contributed to reform journals retell some portion of her varied life. And because that life was a search for something larger than itself, these records, with all their fustian, still have vitality.

Thomas Nichols carried on the *Herald of Health* and his Health Depot until 1886. After that he put aside journalistic labors,[50] although he occasionally spoke at conventions of vegetarians on his favorite topics. In 1887 he published *Nichols' Health Manual: Being also a Memorial of the Life and Work of Mrs. Mary Gove Nichols,* a tribute to a woman who for fifty years had "studied, lectured, written and labored as a teacher of the laws of health." He put out no new works, but republished several earlier ones with some revisions. Interestingly enough, the last volume to carry his messages to the world is entitled *Social Life: A Manual of Morals and Good Behaviour* (1895). He never gave up his belief that mankind could be persuaded to live more beautifully.

Little is known of his later years. The London *Herald of Health,* of which he was editor for so long, contained a brief note in July, 1902, announcing, "From a reliable source we learn that in the summer of last year Thomas Low Nichols, the pioneer of food reform,

[49] Obituaries in the *Dietetic Reformer* and in *Light,* July, 1884.

[50] "Valedictory" in the *Herald of Health,* July, 1886.

passed away at the age of eighty-five at Chaumont-en-Vezin, France." But it is not only as a champion of vegetarianism that this energetic crusader deserves to be remembered. His *Forty Years of American Life* is a valuable picture of the years that preceded the Civil War. In his many other volumes and in his journalistic work, a present-day reader may find reflected a lively search for better government, richer religious experience, greater freedom of thought, and happier social relationships.

AN EPISODE IN INTERNATIONAL PHILANTHROPY

FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY

THE Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871 reached its climax in the siege of Paris, when a great population of non-combatants was reduced to destitution and felt from hour to hour the shock of hostile guns. From September 7, 1870, to January 28, 1871, when an armistice was secured, this daily apprehension and threatening famine afflicted the city. The eminent statesman, Gabriel Hanotaux,[1] has described in dramatic language the tragic situation. "Nothing can bring back the gasping life of those last weeks, . . . the famine, the strange meats, cats, rats, the elephant from the Jardin des Plantes, . . . the epidemics, the rising mortality, the ill-omened birth of those who came into the world during these dark days."

These shocking events touched the hearts of American citizens with a profound sense of compassion. Whatever their political sympathies had been through the earlier conflict—and their affiliations with Germany were on the whole quite as binding as those with France—the terrific picture of distress in the beautiful city, and the tragic suffering of innocent multitudes, called for some expression of international fraternalism. It happened also that there were detained in Paris through

[1] *Contemporary France* (Translated by Tarver, 1903), 23, 125, 224.

these days of siege a considerable number of American citizens — bankers, physicians, travellers, women — whose plight had become pitiful and who were in grave danger both of hunger and of disease. A wave of sympathy swept over the United States, and movements of relief soon followed. A subscription of $135,000 was promptly made in New York, followed by one of $100,000 in San Francisco, and one in Boston of $81,000. In Boston, also, entertainments and collections of clothing were undertaken; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe gave a reading; theatrical performances were announced; a "Grand Sacred Concert" was held in the Globe Theatre on a Sunday afternoon; the artists of Boston combined in producing an album of their sketches for sale. The general interest culminated in a huge fair, promoted by a large committee of representative citizens, and providing tables for sales from various towns and states, and even from Hawaii.

A more ambitious scheme soon followed, and seems to deserve recording even after sixty years, both as an example and as a warning. It had happened that during the terrible famine in Ireland of 1847 a Boston shipmaster, Captain Bennett Forbes, conceived the idea of dispatching a vessel laden with provisions to Ireland, as a testimony of the sympathy of Boston; and this aid had been received in Ireland with excited gratitude. It now occurred to the same public-spirited citizen and a group of his friends that a similar plan might be undertaken, on a larger scale, for the relief of France, and that this enterprise might be given a national significance by securing a government vessel for the errand of mercy.

By a fortunate coincidence a sloop-of-war, completed in 1870, originally called *Manitou* but in 1869 given the name of *Worcester*, was lying at the Charlestown Yard practically ready for sea, and the Boston committee made an urgent appeal for its use as a transport. This application to the Department of the Navy was received without enthusiasm, for to utilize a brand-new vessel, on her maiden voyage, as a cargo-boat, did not conform to naval traditions. Political and social influences, however, induced the government to consent to this unusual procedure, and on February 13, 1871, a joint Resolution of Congress detailed the *Worcester* to "carry supplies, provided by the people of the United States, to the sufferers in the European war now raging."[2]

The *Worcester* was a wooden steam sloop-of-war of 3,050 tons displacement, of full barque rig, equipped to proceed under steam or sail, or both. She was regarded as a fine example of the latest naval type. Her roster numbered 19 officers, and she carried 121 enlisted men and a marine guard of 13. Her armament had been reduced for this cruise to four 12-pounders. Commander William D. Whiting (in 1881 appointed Commodore) was assigned to command her, and his First Officer was no less a person than Lieutenant-Commander (in 1906 Rear Admiral on the retired list) Alfred T. Mahan. Commander Whiting was a highly esteemed and most beloved officer, of gracious manners and devout habit, exhibiting the self-discipline and

[2] The statistics concerning the *Worcester*, its type, roster and sailing orders, have been supplied by the courtesy of Captain Dudley W. Knox, Officer in Charge, from the naval records of the Department in Washington.

tranquillity of a Christian gentleman. Lieutenant-Commander Mahan had already shown the qualities of scholarship and discernment which were to make him famous. While on deck he was master of the difficult situation which was soon to confront him, but he maintained on the whole a secluded habit of life, in his own cabin with his books and writings. The wardroom officers were a genial and competent group, and made light of the tedious and troubled experiences of the voyage, welcoming the sea-pay which was somewhat higher than their meagre compensation while on shore, and repeating the familiar maxim: "More days, more dollars." The son of Captain Whiting, later an officer of the Marine Corps, accompanied his father as Commander's Clerk, and shared his cabin.

Of this varied and interesting company I became, to my surprise, and possibly with a somewhat restrained welcome offered to an intruder, a member, sharing with Captain Whiting and his son the hospitality of their cabin. The Boston committee had designated two of their most responsible members, Mr. Edmund Dwight and Mr. Francis Brooks, to cross on an Atlantic liner to Plymouth, England, and there await the arrival of the *Worcester*, which should occur, with the use of both steam and sail, in about ten days. They were then to give directions for further transit of the vessel to a French port, where the cargo was to be discharged, and distribution of it made. It was thought advisable, however, that some representative of the committee should sail on the ship as a kind of supercargo, and the personal kindness of one of the members brought me this unusual opportunity. It was most alluring to a young

student of theology to be snatched out of academic training and permitted to cross the ocean for the first time under such unusual circumstances. The voyage itself seemed likely to be an exhilarating adventure. To sail in a full-rigged ship, with its towering masts and spreading yards, and a crew sufficient to set or shorten sail in a single mass-movement, was an exciting anticipation and an unusual scene for a landsman to witness. Indeed, it seems probable that, except in the case of national dignitaries or heroes, alive or dead, the presence of a landsman on the voyage of a man-of-war had few precedents, unless in the inconspicuous position of a stowaway. It is suggestive to notice also that the official record of the ship's company makes no mention whatever of a landsman's presence, and it is surmised at Washington that the Resolution of Congress must have been regarded as sufficient to cover this exceptional hospitality. In fact, however, the Resolution authorizes nothing more for the ship than to "take supplies," and it must be inferred that I was shipped as a part, though an inedible part, of the cargo.

Beyond the novel experience of being a passenger on a man-of-war lay the further romance of the mission to France. I pictured myself as representing the committee in various towns and villages, safeguarding the delivery of the much-needed food, gathering the people in the market-place, and in stumbling French committing to their charge the bales and boxes of provisions, with the fraternal greetings of the citizens of Boston, and retiring amid the applause or tears of a grateful audience.

With high anticipation, therefore, of philanthropic experience, and perhaps even with a touch of the pastoral interest involved in the profession which I was proposing to enter, I presented myself at the Charlestown Yard on the morning of March 5 and reported myself to Commander Whiting, to whom I had been already introduced by Boston friends. Meantime, the unusual process of converting a sloop-of-war into a freight-carrier had been completed, and supplies to the very limit of the ship had been put aboard. Each sack or barrel was marked in French in large letters "With the sympathy of the citizens of Boston," and their contents were of the staples of American food—flour, corn, beans and other vegetables, together with a limited amount of fruit and meat, preserved in refrigerators. My only duty concerning these supplies was the merely nominal one of safeguarding the lists and invoices and having them ready to transfer to the more responsible agents on arriving at Plymouth. It was, in fact, only the disinclination of the ship's officers to have anything to do with merchandise that made it necessary to have any supercargo on the vessel.

Our propitious departure on this missionary voyage was described by the *Boston Transcript* of March 6 in glowing terms. "This fine vessel, on her first voyage, laden with provisions for the aid of the French, left this port on Sunday forenoon, favored with the finest weather of the season. The sky was clear, the atmosphere mild and the wind moderate and from the north. After having her compass adjusted at the buoy below she proceeded to sea under steam. She will touch at Plymouth, England, for instructions."

It may be added that immediately after the ship's departure there ensued a warm discussion in Boston concerning the employment of so new and valuable a vessel for this commercial voyage; and Captain Forbes was led to urge in the *Transcript* that "due consideration had been given to the comparative expense and the comparative good. To fit another vessel for the voyage would," he argued, "have involved so much delay and its passage would be so slow that the steam frigate would need only half the time required for a sailing vessel at this season." Thus, with a fair wind and a calm sea, the *Worcester* stood out under steam beyond Cape Cod with every promise of a safe and tranquil passage.

On the third day of the voyage, however, a violent explosion occurred in the boiler-room, and a scene of tragic distress ensued. Up from the depths of the ship were brought ten men, badly scalded, four of whom died during the night. I recall vividly the sharp knocks at the cabin door and the reports transmitted to the Commander: "Brian Munn, landsman, died." "John Egan, ordinary seaman, died." The wounded had been laid on deck for first treatment, and their suffering was intense. The Chief Engineer reported that the accident was caused, not by neglect, but by defective tubes, which "burst at moderate pressure." Discussion at once became animated in the wardroom whether, under these circumstances, we were not likely to put back to Boston; but the decision soon reached us from the Commander that we were to make for Plymouth without attempted use of steam, and soon there were scores of seamen climbing the ratlines and spreading out over the lofty

yards to loose the sails which had never been set before. It was a dramatic spectacle to see a steamer thus transformed into a sailing ship, and she swung to her course with life and grace.

Hardly, however, had this transformation been accomplished when the wind freshened from the northeast and soon became a violent gale, or what the Commander's report describes as "very heavy weather." Nor was this heavy weather temporary. For twenty days successive gales battered the ship through days and nights and gave no rest to officers or crew. A landlubber could stand with great difficulty on the deck, and to watch the crew aloft reefing sail was a dizzying experience. The ship, though exhibiting what the Commander called "fine sea-qualities," had been built for speed under steam, and was of narrow beam with long bow and stern. She was laden with cargo "two feet deeper than her normal draft." The Commander's report continues: ". . . The passage has been a bad one, and a severe trial for the ship, which had never before left the dock and of whose qualities all were ignorant. Being thrown soon after leaving port into heavy weather, with a great spread of canvas for so small a crew, I was obliged to use great caution. From March 6 to the twenty-fourth we experienced a series of heavy gales with but short intervals, and with very heavy sea, trying the vessel's sea qualities to the utmost. . . . Notwithstanding her having a heavy cargo, and her unusual distribution of weight, she was remarkably light and easy. I have never been in a vessel which could scud in a heavy quartering sea with so little danger. Her great length prevented her from broaching to, and during all

the gales, though she rolled deeply to leeward, she did not ship a sea."

This restrained and maritime statement would be slightly more emphasized if it should give the impressions of an ignorant passenger. I should have said that there was no interval at all between the gales, and that while the length of the vessel may have prevented her from broaching to, it encouraged a tremendous plunge and rise of the bow and a roll from which a rebound seemed improbable. The cargo, hastily stowed, was always threatening to shift, and, as the Commander reports, "the ironwork of the martingale gave way at a critical moment, causing the loss of the head booms. After the last heavy gale three of the iron straps on the dead-eyes of the port fore-rigging gave way, and one of the same on the port main."

These exciting experiences were alleviated by friendly companionship in the wardroom and by the cheering kindness of the imperturbable Commander. A happy accident had also occurred to the stock of provisions. It happened that a brother of Captain Forbes had been marooned in Paris with his family and had endured severe privations. It occurred to Boston friends that a special gift of dainties might be a welcome expression of sympathy, and the refrigerator of the *Worcester* was stocked with choice cuts of meat and game and some tempting fruits and vegetables. As the days of storm prolonged the voyage the supply of ice became exhausted and these precious provisions were about to spoil. When the hope of their preservation disappeared, the alternative to total loss was immediate consumption, and a series of dinner parties in the Captain's

cabin solaced the weary officers after their watches on deck and made the rigors of the North Atlantic more endurable. It was nearly a month after sailing under sunny skies from Boston when we sighted the Irish coast, and on April 4 reached the port of Plymouth and made our report to Mr. Dwight and Mr. Brooks, who had been waiting there for a fortnight and had grown much concerned for the safety of the ship.

Relieved as all were to have this unusually stormy experience end, the troubles of our mission to France were by no means over. We had heard nothing for a month of the events of war, and imagined that the ship would at once proceed to a French port and discharge its eagerly-awaited cargo. Much to our astonishment, we learned that no such desirable conclusion of our mission was practicable. Immediately after our departure from Boston the siege of Paris had been succeeded by the further disaster of the Commune, and its passionate leaders had gained control both of Paris and of many other centres. No responsible government, either of Paris or of any other town, was ready to accept and distribute the cargo of the *Worcester*, and after patient consultation, both with French advisers and with American residents in France, Mr. Dwight and Mr. Brooks were forced to conclude that an attempt to reach the destitute population would be fruitless, and that the agitators and revolutionists would be likely to waylay our supplies and apply them to their own ends. With much reluctance it was decided that the *Worcester* must be sent round to London, the provisions sold in the London market, and the proceeds in cash taken to France by our commissioners and distributed where

and when such aid could be received by some competent authority.

With this abandonment of our mission of relief there vanished also the dream which had lured the young supercargo to drop his studies and launch out into the deep. The picture of a young philanthropist standing in the market-place, relieving destitution and feeding emaciated children, was abruptly effaced. The laboriously-acquired phrases of the French tongue, appropriate for a beneficent orator, became a futile accomplishment. There was no sufficient reason for standing by the ship as it steamed round to London, and by the gracious courtesy of the Boston commissioners the superfluous passenger attached himself to their cheering company. He proceeded with them to London, where they devoted much time to showing their young and untravelled companion the sights of the city, and finally saw him off to Liverpool and home, while they proceeded to France to fulfil as best they might their mission. The *Worcester* made her way to the London docks, where her cargo was discharged and sold—though, to our gratification, at a slight profit, due to the free transportation across the Atlantic. Commander Whiting in his last report informed the Department that Mr. Dwight "found the French to be in no need of provisions generally, and that the few who were willing to receive the supplies sent out from Boston were not able to pay the transportation to their destination."

Such was the prosaic ending of this romantic undertaking. It seemed the irony of Fate that this mass of foodstuffs, marked with the benevolent greeting of the

citizens of Boston, should be sold to traders, and the distribution of so conspicuous a gift turned over to the draymen and brokers of the London docks. What Mr. Dwight and Mr. Brooks did with the money they carried to France I never heard. They were most honorable and judicious citizens, and no doubt made a careful report to their Boston constituents; but if the Boston newspapers published a report of their activities it was given so inconspicuous a place as to elude my researches. It is not unreasonable to infer that the Boston promoters did not care to announce with unnecessary publicity the miscarriage of their plan, though they might have pointed out the unanticipated disasters which combined to defeat it. No one could have foreseen the storm, the explosion of the boiler, or the still more disastrous explosion of French Communism, all of which conspired to involve delay and futility. It must be added that no one seemed to have realized that the French peasant, confronted with a great sack of flour, would not know what to do with it, and would have to transfer it at once to the town bakery, from which all the bread of the town was derived.

Thus this movement, undertaken with such enthusiasm and generosity, may be regarded as an illustration of the ill-advised sentimentalism in which the history of philanthropy abounds. It was a hasty and precipitate expression of generous emotion, offering what was not wanted in an extravagant and futile way.

Yet, if it were possible for the Boston committee to transmit their impressions to another generation, they might have a more reassuring report to make. After all, the French people received what they most needed,

a substantial sum of money; and they may well have been thankful that a great mass of superfluous provisions was not thrust upon them, and that the benevolence of Boston had been wisely, though tardily, applied. The French temperament is singularly susceptible to generous sympathy, and is fed by sentiment quite as truly as by bread. The disasters of the time may have quickened this susceptibility; and to receive from beyond the sea, even by so tortuous a road, the evidence of fraternalism from a town of whose very name few French villagers had ever heard, may well have won their genuine gratitude. The mission for French relief was a costly venture of misdirected kindness; but it may deserve remembrance as a picturesque episode in international philanthropy.

MOB ACTIVITIES IN REVOLUTIONARY MASSACHUSETTS

R. S. LONGLEY

THE fires of opposition which Grenville's Stamp Act had kindled throughout Massachusetts, continued to smolder after the act was repealed and burst forth with increasing flame at the news of Townshend's Import Duties and Customs Commission. Radical leaders carefully fanned the blaze through newspapers, clubs, and town meetings. They organized non-consumption and non-importation agreements, and cultivated that most efficient of all agents of intimidation, the mob. The mob, of course, is not confined to any particular age or country, but is apt to be found wherever there is crowded humanity and social unrest. Its first appearance is often sudden and unexpected; its later activities may be sporadic, or continuous and highly organized. It feeds on discontent, and is fostered by political propaganda. It becomes a menace to society whenever governmental machinery is careless or inadequate.

Such conditions existed in many parts of the Anglo-Saxon world during the last half of the eighteenth century. Hence, this was preëminently an era of mob activity. Unemployment, following a series of wars, had filled many of the towns and cities with poor, idle, and often reckless men. They had little happiness, less humanity, and a great hatred of the classes above them. They had no share in government, and considered it an

instrument of oppression. Reformers and revolutionists, therefore, found fertile soil in which to plant and foster political theories. The teachings of Locke and Rousseau were added to those of the ancients. Magna Carta, the Petition of Right, "Liberty and Property," "Justice and Equality," became common and popular subjects of declamation from rostrum, pulpit, and press.

The Massachusetts mob was not a creation of Parliamentary taxation. Mobs had existed on both sides of the Atlantic many years before George III came to the throne of England. In general, all mobs are interested chiefly in excitement and destruction, and the Massachusetts mob was no exception. But the organization behind it gave it a political color and led to its members being called patriots. It was easily led by Otis and Sam Adams, just as the English mob responded to the propaganda of the demagogue, Wilkes, and the fanatical anti-Catholic, Gordon. Therefore, in order to understand properly the Revolutionary mob in Massachusetts, it will be necessary to make a brief survey of mobs in both Old and New England before 1765, followed by a more detailed study of the English mob after that date. This will enable us to see the material with which the American radicals had to work, and how they used it to further their own political programs.

In England, mobs were a part of the seventeenth-century revolutions, and included Shaftesbury's "brisk boys" of the Restoration. In the eighteenth century, they became increasingly frequent. In 1710, during the Sacheverell controversy, a mob destroyed many of the London meeting-houses, and used the furniture for bonfires. Nine years later, nearly four thousand Spital-

fields weavers, exasperated over the importing of calicoes and linens, paraded the London streets throwing ink and other fluids over the persons of ladies wearing garments made of these materials. In 1736, there was a fierce struggle between the English and Irish workers in the capital, during which the English mob made an effort to extirpate all foreign labor. Early in 1765 the Spitalfields weavers were again out of control, and forced London to form an armed camp for almost a month.[1]

Nor was London the only scene of lawlessness. During 1736 Edinburgh experienced the Porteous Riot, one of the most carefully organized mobs of the century. At the execution of a noted smuggler, the mob pelted the hangman and the city guard with stones: John Porteous, captain of the guard, seized a musket and fired into the crowd. His men at once followed his example, and several people were killed. A Scottish jury sentenced Porteous to death, but he was pardoned by the British government. This news was received in Edinburgh with a roar of indignation. A mob broke into the Tolbooth, where Porteous was imprisoned, carried him to the usual place of execution at the Grass Market, and there hanged him to a dyer's pole. All efforts to punish members of this mob proved in vain.[2]

Turning to Massachusetts, we find a mob in 1747. Commodore Knowles, commander of the British naval forces in American waters, sent a press-gang to Boston,

[1] W. E. H. Lecky, *England in the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1878-1890), III, *passim*; W. C. Sydney, *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1891), II, *passim*.

[2] Lord Mahon, *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht etc.* (London, 1858), II, 285-290; Walter Scott, *The Heart of Midlothian*, Note XI.

which swept the streets of sailors and the wharves of laborers. A crowd soon gathered, composed mainly of sailors from the privateers, idle fellows of low character, and curious boys. Some were armed with rusty cutlasses and clubs. The leaders proposed to capture several naval officers, whom they believed to be at Governor Shirley's residence, or the Town-House, and hold them as hostages for the return of the inhabitants. In the afternoon, the crowd visited the Governor's residence, capturing a naval lieutenant *en route*. A sheriff who tried to interfere was seized and put in the stocks. At dusk, a mob of several hundred men and boys gathered at the Town-House, and showed their disregard for law and order by breaking the windows of the Council Chamber. Toward midnight, they seized a boat, which they mistook for a service barge, and proposed to burn it on the Governor's lawn. The plan was abandoned only from fear of setting fire to the town.[3]

Massachusetts also had Pope Day mobs. Each November fifth was celebrated as the anniversary of the discovery of Guy Fawkes and his lighted torch, ready to blow up James I and his Parliament. This Gunpowder Plot was considered a union between the Pope and the Devil; after 1701, the Pretender was added to the enemies of liberty. Boston's Pope Day parade took the form of carting through the streets effigies of the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender. The effigies were decorated during the evening with lanterns and figures drawn on oiled paper. Small boys were often placed in the carts to make the effigies take ludicrous and gro-

[3] William Douglas, *Summary . . . of the British Settlements in North America* (Boston, 1749-1751), I, 254-255.

tesque shapes. The parade ended with a celebration at the Neck, where

> Three Strangers blaze amidst a bonfire's revel,
> The Pope, and the Pretender, and the Devil.[4]

For many years, Boston was divided into two factions. The boys of the North and South Ends often fought on Beacon Hill; their elders clashed on Pope Day. In the course of time there was a North and South End Pope. In conformity with European, as well as Bostonian history, these Popes were rivals. Each had its own organization and leaders. A mechanic, Mackintosh, later noted for other riotous activities, led the South End. The North End leader was another mechanic, Swift.

In 1764 the carriage on which the North End Pope was fixed ran over a boy, who died instantly. When this news reached the authorities, they ordered both papal effigies destroyed. The sheriff and his helpers pulled the North End Pope to pieces, but the South End crowd proved too great. The latter, when they saw the sheriff coming, seized their Pope and started the usual parade. Meanwhile, the North End repaired its Pope and moved to meet its rival. The factions met at the Mill Bridge, where a spirited fight ensued, resulting in many broken heads. Finally, the South End captured the rival Pope and moved to the Neck for the bonfire. Several thousand people witnessed this exhibition and added their cheers to the excitement and the noise.[5]

[4] Samuel G. Drake, *The History and Antiquities of Boston* (Boston, 1856), 662.

[5] John Rowe, *Letters and Diary* (Boston, 1903), 67-68.

During the Pope Day evenings, it was not uncommon for ruffians to appear on the streets disguised with masks and armed with clubs. They demanded money of pedestrians and threatened the lives and property of those who resisted.[6] Other groups, disguised in filthy clothes and horrid masks, went from house to house, intruding everywhere, acting a form of an old mystery play, and demanding money as a reward.[7]

The year before the Stamp Act, Boston had two minor riotous disturbances. A man and his wife were placed in the stocks for ill-treating their child. A mob gathered and pelted the man cruelly for several hours.[8] In September, a mob destroyed a wooden horse on the Common, and freed a soldier who had been sentenced to ride it for insubordination to his officer.[9] In fact, any excitement, such as the use of the whipping post or the pillory, was sufficient to bring together a rough and turbulent audience, often armed with rotten eggs and other repulsive kinds of garbage.[10]

Such was the material from which the Massachusetts radicals made a political mob. They justified its use on the ground that "Tumults never happen except thro' Oppression and Scandalous Abuse of Power."[11] Hence, in their eyes, if riots led to revolution, it was unfortunate, or, perhaps, fortunate, according to the point of view, but always justifiable, because the end

[6] *Boston Gazette*, October 30, 1769.

[7] Breck's Recollections, quoted in Justin Winsor, *Memorial History of Boston* (Boston, 1880-1881), III, 172.

[8] Rowe's *Diary*, 65. [9] *Ibid.*, 61.

[10] Breck's Recollections, Winsor, *Boston*, III, 173.

[11] *Boston Gazette*, August 29, 1768. These words are taken from a New York dispatch reporting riots in London.

of revolution was always greater freedom for the common man. Or, as it was phrased more poetically:

> Shall at this Era all our hopes expire,
> And weeping Freedom from her fanes retire?
> Shall proud Oppression still our peace pursue,
> From the pain'd eyebrow drink the vital dew?

Thus, mobs on both sides of the Atlantic were encouraged to act in the name of that "Liberty" of which John Wilkes became the symbol. Old London organized "Forty-Five" Liberty Parties; New London drank the toast, "May we never want a Wilkes and may Wilkes never want Liberty,"[12] Boston drank his health at every "Sons of Liberty" banquet, and hung forty-five lanterns from the branches of the Liberty Tree in honor of the condemned copy of the *North Briton*.[13]

Whig politicians often encouraged mob activity by their speeches and writings. The tories declared that much of the inflammatory material in the American press had a decidedly English background. Junius warned King George that some of his predecessors had lost their thrones by putting their trust in bad ministers. Pitt openly rejoiced that America had resisted the Stamp Act.[14] An English duke is reported to have said, "I love a mob. I headed a mob once myself. We owe the Hanover succession to a mob."[15] "The changes have rung so often around us against tyranny, oppression and slavery," wrote Massachusettensis, "that waking or sleeping they are continually vibrating in our ears." Even John Adams, more conservative than

[12] *Boston Gazette*, August 29, 1768.

[13] Drake, *History and Antiquities of Boston*, 723.

[14] Debate on the Repeal of the Stamp Act.

[15] *Boston Gazette*, August 22, 1768.

many of his New England associates, took part in working the political engine,[16] called talking against mobs, a "trite topic of declamation" among supporters of the ministry, and justified their use as preferable to Parliamentary taxation.[17]

But mobs were employed for specific political purposes. Better to begin with England, as before. Although Massachusetts never produced mobs equal to those of the Spitalfields weavers or the Gordon Riots, between 1765 and 1780 conditions in Old and New England were very similar. Old England was disturbed by the Wilkes elections, New England by Grenville and Townshend taxes. London experienced a clash between the mob and the soldiers in 1768, and Boston had a similar experience two years later.

"In England during these years," wrote an observer, "no good subject is safe in either the street or home, and no person in the country is safe, unless he be a ruffian or a rioter.[18] Another observer declared that, "The rabble are as insolent as can be met with in countries without law or order."[19] The Wilkes elections seemed to prove the truth of these statements. In the first Middlesex election of March, 1768, the mob came to the aid of their hero, Wilkes. A crowd of weavers took possession of the roads leading to the place of voting, and endeavored to prevent all from passing who did not wear a blue cockade marked "Wilkes and No.

[16] C. F. Adams, Editor, *The Life and Works of John Adams* (Boston, 1850-1856), II, 219.

[17] C. F. Adams, Editor, *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife Abigail Adams, During the Revolution* (New York, 1876), 14.

[18] *Boston News-Letter*, June 15, 1769.

[19] P. J. Grosley (Nugent Tr.), *A Tour to London, or New Observations on England and its Inhabitants* (London, 1772), 84.

45." They assaulted the city marshal and upset the coaches of Wilkes's rivals, Cooke and Proctor. All who refused to huzza for Wilkes had their coach glasses broken. Even foreigners were not spared. The Austrian Ambassador was dragged from his coach and had "45" chalked on the soles of his shoes. During the day, the mob paraded the streets carrying a banner marked, "Wilkes and Liberty, more Meat and fewer Cookes." Many amused themselves chalking "45" on the houses. Later in the day, they intercepted the returning carriages and pelted the owners with stones and dirt. This was followed by a night attack on the houses of Molesworth and Bute.[20] A few days later, when Wilkes was on his way to prison, a mob seized his coach, conducted him to a public house, and feasted him until after midnight. After his admission to the prison, a mob gathered outside to liberate him. A Scotch regiment was sent to defend the prison. Upon learning that Wilkes had not been released, the crowd assailed the soldiers with stones and brickbats. The Riot Act was read, but received with derision. Finally, the soldiers fired into the crowd and several were killed.[21] This incident became known in history as the "Massacre" of St. George's Field.

During the second Middlesex election in December, 1768, Sir W. B. Proctor hired a crowd of ruffians to keep his opponents from the polls. At a given signal, a furious attack was made upon the assembled crowd. Sheriffs, clerks, and poll-books vanished in the turmoil,

[20] Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann: *Letters of Horace Walpole*, Mrs. Paget Toynbee, Editor, (Oxford, 1903-1905), II, 76-77.

[21] Lecky, *England in the Eighteenth Century*, III, 144; Sydney, *The Eighteenth Century*, II, 197.

and the whole town was a scene of blood. One observer said he did not see how Glynn's followers could stand the poll out; another, that they were being knocked down by hundreds![22]

Early in 1769, a daring mob assembled near the King's Bench Prison and abused passing merchants. Later in the day, they moved to St. James's Palace, and vented their spite upon all who came to Court. Some of the more ruffianly element pulled men from their coaches by neck and heels, rolled them in the dirt, filled the coaches with stones, and sang lustily "God save Great Wilkes Our King."[23] The following year a similar assembly greeted the Dowager Princess of Wales at Canterbury by spitting upon her carriage, shouting abusive epithets, and calling out, "Down with Bute."[24]

In addition to these mobs in southern England, Britain was troubled with press-gangs and smuggler riots in nearly every northern town. The very year after the "Liberty Riot" in Boston, a revenue officer at Dundee was killed while contending with smugglers.[25] In fact, conflicts between customs and smugglers were much more frequent in England than in America prior to 1763, because greater efforts were made sincerely to enforce the laws. The creation of the Customs Board in America was bound to increase the friction there. Because this friction was to have been expected, it is somewhat surprising to find George III, who should have known conditions in England, seeing mobs at work be-

[22] *Boston News-Letter*, March 2, 1769.

[23] Duke of Chandos to Grenville: *Grenville Papers*, W. G. Smith, Editor, (London, 1852-1853), IV, 415-417.

[24] *The Boston News-Letter*, August 30, 1770.

[25] *The Boston Gazette*, January 15, 1770.

neath his own palace windows, insistent upon viewing Boston as "a centre of vulgar sedition bristling with Trees of Liberty and strewn with brickbats and broken glass; where his enemies went about clothed in homespun and his friends in tar and feathers."[26]

Up to 1765, the Massachusetts mob was not political. Even after this date, its political organization was gradual, but it began with the Stamp Act. On August 14, the Liberty Tree in Boston was decorated with an effigy of the stamp agent, Andrew Oliver. Beside it was a huge boot, emblematic of Lord Bute, from which the Devil peeped out, holding a copy of the Stamp Act. In the evening, the effigy was taken down and carried to the Town-House, where the Governor and Council were in session. The procession was carefully organized. Forty or fifty well-dressed tradesmen preceded, and some thousands of the mob followed. In the course of the evening they destroyed Oliver's stamp office, burned his effigy on Fort Hill, and attacked his residence.[27] Two weeks later, they had another fling at violence, this time in front of the Town-House. Men and boys paraded the streets shouting "Liberty and Property," and "Down with the Stamps." They first visited the home of Charles Paxton, later known to the Boston mob as "Every man's humble servant, but no man's friend."[28] They were informed that Paxton was not at home. The informer offered to treat them to a

[26] G. O. Trevelyan, *The American Revolution* (New York, 1905-1912), I, 36-37.

[27] Thomas Hutchinson, *History of Massachusetts* (Boston, 1764), III, 120-121; William Tudor, *The Life of James Otis* (Boston, 1823), 221-222; Rowe's *Diary*, 88-89.

[28] Lorenzo Sabine, *Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution* (Boston, 1864), II, 153-154.

barrel of punch at the tavern. The offer was accepted, and the crowd moved tavernward, shouting as they went, "Hurrah, hurrah, he is a clever fellow and no Tory. So come along and we'll drink his health and down with the Stamps." Later they attacked the home of Comptroller Hallowell, and refreshed themselves in his wine cellar. The night ended with the sacking of the gracious Boston home of Thomas Hutchinson.[29] After this incident, many of the ruffian part of the mob left town, fearing arrest. Mackintosh was taken, but his friends forced the sheriff to release him. Later, those who had left town returned and were soon eager to collect the people for further violence.[30]

The success of these riots led the radical leaders to hope much from the mob. The North End Caucus, so long prominent in Boston politics, with its affiliated organizations, fostered and directed opposition to the Customs Board, Writs of Assistance, and Parliamentary taxation. Adams, Otis, and Young led the clubs, Molineux and Rowe influenced the merchants, and Mackintosh and his friends directed the mob. The failure of the authorities to punish adequately the leaders of the Stamp Act Riots, encouraged further lawlessness, but the actual directors took every precaution against discovery. Hutchinson declared that the mob which ransacked his house was led by two men completely disguised and carrying large staves in their hands.[31] On Pope Day, 1765, the rival leaders, Mackintosh and Swift, met in friendship under the Liberty Tree, and both factions were thenceforward turned against the of-

[29] Hutchinson, *History of Massachusetts*, III, 124; Tudor, *Otis*, 224.
[30] Hutchinson, *History of Massachusetts*, III, 126-127.
[31] Hutchinson, *Ibid.*, III, 125, Note.

ficials. James Murray, who was residing in Boston at this time, called the mob the town's chief ruler.[32] Andrew Oliver wrote to Secretary Whately, "We have some among us who have been so busy fermenting the late disturbances, that they may think it needful for their own security to keep up the spirit." A year later, he reëchoed Bernard's earlier charge against the *Boston Gazette*. "It is the very thing that forms the temper of the people, for if they are not in the temper of the writer at the time, they consider it an oracle and soon bring their temper to it."[33] "I never thought," he continued, "till very lately, that they [the mob] acted upon any settled plan. Nor do I now think they have 'till of late. Few, very few among us have planned the present measures and the government has been too weak to subdue their turbulent spirits." John Adams said that Otis and Sam Adams were politic in promoting Stamp Act celebrations, because these impregnated the people's minds with the sentiments of liberty—rendered them fond of their leaders and bitter against all opponents.[34] In 1769, it required one hundred and thirty-nine carriages to carry the Sons of Liberty home from their annual outing at Dorchester.[35] John Adams dined with three hundred and fifty of the comrades at the same place.[36]

The results of careful organization were soon apparent. Hutchinson wrote to Whately that many of the common people were in a frenzy, and talked of dying

[32] *Letters of James Murray, Loyalist* (Boston, 1901), 154.
[33] Oliver to Whately, May 11, 1768.
[34] John Adams, *Works*, II, 218.
[35] Rowe, *Diary*, 191.
[36] Adams, *Works*, II, 218.

in the defense of their liberties. The first test came in 1766, when the mob was used to defend smugglers. The officials learned that a Boston merchant, Daniel Malcom, had smuggled goods in his possession, and resolved to search his house. Within a short time a crowd of several hundred people had gathered at the house, and completely surrounded it. The officials were informed that if they attempted to enter the house, the bell in the old North Church would ring, and all Boston would turn out to oppose them.[37] Two years later, Malcom rose to the position of mob captain. The officials seized Hancock's smuggler, the *Liberty*. Pretending to resent the removal of the sloop from the wharf, rather than the actual seizure, the leaders sent out their signals, and soon had a mob ready for action. The customs officers were pelted with bricks, stones, and various other missiles. Fortunately, there were no fatalities, although several were seriously injured.[38] Hutchinson feared the affair would take a more serious turn, and realized that the civil power had failed to keep order. "I was in pain for them," he declared, speaking of the customs staff. "If the mob had seized them, there was no authority at hand able or willing to have saved them."[39] Sometimes, in spite of the care of the leaders, mobs took advantage of the weakness of government for non-political activities. Early in March, 1766, a crowd of men disguised as Indians broke into the house and store of Richard King at Scarborough, causing distress and horror to the family. The object

[37] Rowe, *Diary*, 111.

[38] William V. Wells, *Samuel Adams* (Boston, 1865), I, 187-189.

[39] F. A. Mumby, *George III and the American Revolution* (Boston, 1923), 200.

of the attack was evidently to destroy his accounts and papers so that he would be unable to collect his debts. "Private mobs," wrote John Adams, "I do and will detest."[40]

The "Liberty Riot" convinced the customs staff that they were no longer safe in the town. Hutchinson wrote to Whately that seven-eighths of the people believed the Customs Board unconstitutional, and acted accordingly.[41] This was an exaggeration, but the customs officials felt they were not being protected, and took refuge on the war-ship. The mob then turned its attention more definitely to the "informers," and began to persecute them with tar and feathers.

Tarring and feathering was considered an original Yankee trick;[42] or, as the radicals called it, "a modern method of punishment." Because of its supposed novelty, a poet of the period took exception to Solomon's statement, "There is no new thing under the sun," and desired to learn from the ancient sage when and where he had ever seen men

> Tarr'd, feather'd, and carted, for drinking bohea,
> And by force and oppression compelled to be free? [43]

But the poet was wrong. Tarring and feathering was older than 1765. A British officer, Frederick MacKenzie, who was stationed in Boston in 1775, wrote that the custom was known as far back as Richard I.[44] Rymer's

[40] Adams, *Letters of John Adams and his Wife*, 19-20.

[41] Mumby, *George III and the American Revolution*, 199.

[42] Anonymous, *A Retrospect of the Boston Tea-Party with a Memoir of George R. T. Hewes, a Survivor* . . . (New York, 1834), 126.

[43] Frank Moore, *Diary of the American Revolution* (New York, 1860), II, 22.

[44] Frederick MacKenzie, *Diary* (Cambridge, Mass., 1930), I, 10-11.

Fœdera confirms his statement. When Richard was in Chinon on his way to the Holy Land, he issued an order intended to prevent theft among his soldiers and sailors on board ship. A convicted thief was to have his head shaved, covered with boiling pitch and stuck with feathers. In this condition, he was set ashore at the first port of call.[45] There are other historical accounts of the use of tar and feathers. Charles II of France (1380-1422) and five of his courtiers, dressed themselves for a masquerade by close-fitting linen habits besmeared with rosin and stuck with down.[46] In 1623, James Howell wrote Lord Clifford that the boisterous Bishop of Halverstadt, having taken a town in which there were two monasteries, ordered divers feather beds to be ripped and thrown into a great hall, into which the monks and nuns were thrown, their bodies well oiled and pitched, to tumble among the feathers.[47] In 1696, a bailiff entered the old Savoy Hotel in London, seeking a debtor. The inhabitants, chiefly rogues and unfortunates, seized the intruder, and after their usual custom, dipped him in tar and rolled him in feathers. They then carried him to the Strand and bound him to the Maypole.[48] In 1784, Peter Oliver wrote that tarring and feathering was as frequent in Ireland as in America.[49] Thus, it is evident that tarring and feathering was an ancient and an honorable practice. In

[45] Thomas Rymer, *Fœdera etc.*, Clark, Holbrooke, and Caley, Editors, (London, 1816-1869), I, 65.

[46] Moore's *Diary*, II, 292.

[47] James Howell, *Familiar Letters* (London, 1645), 81.

[48] J. H. Jesse, *Literary and Historical Memorials of London*, Second Series (London, 1850), II, 373.

[49] Thomas Hutchinson, *Diary* (London, 1883-1886), II, 410.

New England it became a popular pastime of mobs, just as did the rail ride in New York.[50]

Tarring and feathering by a mob is vividly described in Trumbull's poetry. M'Fingal represented, in the poet's mind, a typical Massachusetts tory. For his efforts to quell a radical disturbance, he was seized and held by means of a rope fastened about his neck. One of his persecutors

> Then lifting high the pond'rous jar
> Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar:
> With less profusion erst was spread
> The Jewish oil on royal head,
> Than down his beard and vestments ran
> And cover'd all his outward man.
>
> * * *
>
> And now the feather-bag display'd
> Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
> And spread him o'er with feathers missive,
> And down upon the tar adhesive.[51]

After the tar and feathers had been administered, the victim was usually carted about the town. This provided an evening's entertainment for the mob, and never failed to draw a large audience. In the process, one town learned that the shame and ridicule of carting acted as a more effective deterrent to petty thieving than either imprisonment or stripes.[52]

Another favorite punishment for tories was the swing at the Liberty Pole. One end of a rope was fastened around the victim, the other thrown over the top of the Pole.

[50] For a typical rail ride, see Sabine, *Loyalists*, I, 516.

[51] John Trumbull, *M'Fingal* (Boston, 1799), 92-94.

[52] *Boston News-Letter*, April 27, 1769.

Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
'Till to the pinnacle so fair
He rose like meteor in the air.[53]

It is difficult to tell just when tarring and feathering began in Massachusetts, but it seems to have been fairly common by 1768.[54] In that year, cases were reported in Salem, Boston, Gloucester, and Newburyport. At Salem, an informer, Robert Wood, was tarred, feathered, and carted about the town. For some time he was compelled to sit on a hogshead under the Liberty Tree on the Common. About the same time, a tidewaiter, John Row, received similar treatment, and as he was being carted, a live goose was thrown at him repeatedly.[55] At Gloucester, a mob of seventy visited the customs officer, Samuel Fellows, who hid himself. The mob knocked down his landlord, Jesse Saville, held forceps before the eyes of an astonished mulatto servant, and threatened to pull every tooth in his head if he did not reveal where Fellows was hidden.[56] At Newburyport, Joshua Vickery, suspected of being an informer, was placed in the stocks and compelled to sit for several hours on sharp stones. He was then egged and stoned, and carted about the streets with a rope around his neck. That night he slept in a warehouse with a tar pot for a pillow, and arose the next morning minus some of his hair. Some time afterward it was discovered that Vickery was innocent. To reward him

[53] Trumbull, *M'Fingal*, 88.

[54] Mr. Leonard London informs me that there was a case of tarring and feathering in Essex County between 1670 and 1680.

[55] *Old-Time New England* (July, 1929), 30.

[56] C. B. Hawes, *Gloucester by Land and Sea* (Boston, 1923), 59.

for his suffering, the mob allowed, or *compelled* him to lead the horse cart through the town in which sat the real culprit, looking very dejected in his robe of tar and feathers.[57]

While the mob persecuted the informers, the radical leaders turned their attention to the importing merchants. Their names were posted in the newspapers, and prospective customers were warned away from their stores by effigies placed in front of the doorways. But before further persecution could be carried out, the ire of the mob was again aroused by the customs officials, and through them against the soldiers. In September, 1769, Otis quarrelled with the customs officer, John Robinson, in the British Coffee House. Before the excitement of this clash died away, it was aroused to a still higher pitch by the news that the customs had seized a quantity of wine which had been smuggled into Boston through Rhode Island. A mob gathered, and seized the informer, George Greyer. He was tarred and feathered, and carted through the streets for several hours. He was forced to carry a glass lantern, so that all might see and learn the fate of infamous informers.[58] As the procession passed one of the shops, John Mein, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the radicals by his publications, and who had become involved in an altercation with some of them, fired a pistol into the crowd and wounded a soldier of the 47th regiment. A warrant was issued for Mein's arrest, but he could not be found. The following week, Pope Day

[57] *Essex Gazette*, September 20-27, 1768; *Old-Time New England*, July, 1929. The victim was Francis Magno.

[58] Rowe's *Diary*, 194; *Boston News-Letter*, November 2, 1769.

was turned into a persecution of Mein, in an effort to drive him from the province. His effigy replaced that of the Pope in the usual parade. A label on the effigy announced, "Mean is the man, M—n is his name." An attached verse said:

> Insulting wretch, we'll him expose,
> O'er the whole world his deeds disclose;
> * * *
> Infernal Furies hurl his soul,
> Nine million times from Pole to Pole.[59]

In November the mob turned from its usual activities to punish a countryman who advised a woman to sell her farm produce at a certain place, which proved to be the soldiers' camp. After being ducked in the harbor, the man escaped, but was recaptured as he left the ferry at Charlestown, and tarred, feathered, and carted.[60]

The year 1770 produced the first fatality of the struggle between the factions. This had been feared by some, and desired by others. Timid Bostonians had looked forward with dread to each Pope Day following the Massacre of St. George's Field.[61] Radicals, on the other hand, had pursued systematically for several months their efforts to kindle hatred between the mob and the soldiers. With one group trained to fistic combats by the Pope Day riots, and the other equally rough, profane, and ready to quarrel at the least provocation, such a task was not difficult to accomplish. But the first fatality was not caused by the soldiers. Some boys had erected an effigy before the shop door of an importing merchant, Theophilus Lillie. Lillie's friend, Ebenezer

[59] Drake, *History and Antiquities of Boston*, 773.
[60] *Boston Gazette*, November 6, 1769.
[61] *Boston Gazette*, October 30, 1769.

Richardson, a former customs employee, attempted to destroy the effigy. The crowd hooted and hustled him, covering him with dirt. He retreated into his house, where more words and missiles were exchanged. Finally, Richardson, in a rage, fired a gun from his window, killing one Snyder, a boy, wounding a youth, Gore, and piercing the clothing of a man named Patterson.[62] Young Snyder had gone forth to engage in a frolic with a mob. If he returned a corpse, he joined the ranks of the immortals, and has been thought by some a boy hero of a youthful nation. His funeral was attended by the school children and the Sons of Liberty of Boston. John Adams "never beheld such a funeral; the procession extended further than can be well imagined."[63]

The first week in November was filled with quarrels between the rope-workers and the soldiers, all of which ended in the so-called "Boston Massacre" of the fifth. John Adams, who would not be expected to favor the soldiers, describes the affair thus:

> Endeavours had been systematically pursued for many months, by certain busy characters, to excite quarrels, rencounters, and combats, single or compound, in the night, between the inhabitants of the lower class and the soldiers, and at all risks to enkindle an immortal hatred between them. I suspected that this was the explosion which had been intentionally wrought up by designing men, who knew what they were aiming at better than the instruments employed. If these poor tools should be prosecuted for any of their illegal conduct, they must be punished.[64]

[62] *Boston News-Letter*, March 1, 1770; Hutchinson, *History of Massachusetts*, III, 269.

[63] John Adams, *Life and Works*, II, 228.

[64] John Adams, *Works*, II, 229-230; Adams acted as one of the defense lawyers in the Preston trial.

The instruments employed were, as one writer describes them, chiefly "saucy boys, negroes, mulattoes, Irish teagues and outlandish jack tars." Some reports of the affair declare that they were encouraged by a mysterious figure in a red cloak and white wig. They pelted and annoyed the soldiers until the incident of St. George's Field was repeated, although no Riot Act was read. A list of the killed and wounded reveals a typical mob group. Crispus Attucks, a mulatto laborer, and Caldwell, a sailor, were strangers to Boston. Carr had taken part in mobs in Ireland. Grey was one of the quarreling rope-makers, and Maverick a youthful apprentice. Of the wounded, Patterson was concerned in the Richardson mob; several others were shipwrights or apprentices; Green was a tailor, and Payne a merchant who was surveying the affair from the door of his own shop.[65]

For some months after the Boston Massacre, interest was centered in the Preston trial and the removal of the troops from the town to the fortress. As soon as this was accomplished, the radicals turned their attention to the importers, and made a determined effort to drive them from the country. The attack was first made upon the Marlborough merchant, Henry Barnes. On June 10, the mob, led by a youth who had been trained in the Boston affairs, destroyed his carriage, and threw the cushions into a brook. Later they robbed his wagons of goods, tarred and feathered his horse, and turned it loose on the streets carrying on its back an

[65] *Boston News-Letter*, March 8, 1770; *Boston Gazette*, March 12 and June 25.

effigy of its owner made from his wagon cover.[66] This outrage was followed by an attack upon the Boston merchant, Patrick McMaster. He was carried in a cart to Roxbury, and was so roughly handled that, according to one account, a woman viewing it died of fright. McMaster fainted several times, and had to be revived. On this account he escaped tarring and feathering, and was allowed to depart after a severe warning. Search was made for his brother James, but he had wisely left town.[67]

Nor were such doings confined to Boston. A Gloucester mob visited Jesse Saville, who had succeeded Fellows as customs officer. He was pulled out of bed, and dragged four miles to the harbor. Here he was tarred, feathered, and tormented. A lantern was placed in his hand, and the mob carted him through the streets, rousing the inhabitants of every house to proclaim that this was Jesse Saville, the informer.[68] A month later, a resident of Salem, hearing that the Boston radicals had sent Molineux and three companions to strengthen the nonimportation agreement in his town, used his imagination in an effort to get rid of the guests. He visited the inn where they lodged, and informed them that unless they left town within two hours, there would be from forty to fifty men waiting at the Long Wharf to tar and feather them. His trick was discovered, and the Bostonians remained in Salem until their mission was accomplished.[69]

[66] James Murray, *Letters* (Boston, 1901), 176-177.
[67] *Boston News-Letter*, July 5, 1770; *Essex Gazette*, February 5, 1771.
[68] *Boston Gazette*, March 26, 1770.
[69] *Boston News-Letter*, August 23, 1770.

The seizure of a cargo of smuggled sugar again aroused the Boston mob. The official, Owen Richards, was visited by a mob of nearly two thousand. They attacked his house, and destroyed his furniture. Then they dragged him by the heels to the Customs House, rolled him in the harbor, dressed him in tar and feathers, set fire to the feathers, and began the usual parade through the town.[70]

The most famous of all Boston's pre-war mobs was, of course, the Boston Tea Party. But it was not, as is sometimes assumed, an isolated or unusual phenomenon. It was but the greatest of many such expressions of mob violence, and was organized by the same radicals who had resisted the Stamp Act. Hugh Gaines might express astonishment at

> What chestfuls of tea were scattered, trampled and drowned,
> And yet the whole tax was but threepence per pound.[71]

But with the radical leaders determined that no tea should land in Massachusetts, and with the Governor equally determined that the ships should not depart with the tea on board, trouble was bound to ensue.

On November 2, 1773, the tea consignees were invited to a meeting at the Liberty Tree for the following Wednesday. On the day set, the town crier announced the meeting. Over five hundred attended, but the consignees refused to come.[72] They were interviewed by a committee at the Clark warehouse. The interview was unsatisfactory. Clark tried to end the

[70] Rowe, *Diary*, 202; E. A. Jones, *The Loyalists of Massachusetts* (London, 1930), 243.

[71] Hugh Gaine, *Journals* (New York, 1902), I, 75.

[72] F. S. Drake, Editor, *Tea Leaves* (Boston, 1884), 26-27.

conversation by closing the doors, but the mob removed them from their hinges, and carried them away. On the seventeenth, a mob visited the Clark house and[73] disturbed a party by breaking the windows. Several meetings were held at Faneuil Hall "to make a united and successful resistance to this most destructive measure of the administration."[74] The *Gazette* asked all good Americans to defeat "this last effort of a pernicious expiring faction in order that men might in the future sit under their own vines and fig trees and have none to make them afraid."[75]

The actual organization of the Tea Party is still more or less of a mystery. It was evidently directed by the clubs. Dr. Young of the Caucus Club declared that the tea was physically poisonous and politically poisoned.[76] The Long Room Club at the *Gazette* office and the Green Dragon probably contributed their share. The Lodge of St. Andrew's closed that night for want of members. At the last gathering to discuss the matter, Sam Adams said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." His words were answered by a war whoop in the gallery which was echoed outside.[77] The slogan became, "Boston harbor a tea pot tonight."

The Tea mob was carefully disguised. Some were dressed as Narragansett Indians with copper-colored countenances and clothed in blankets. Others merely covered their faces with smut, and looked more like

[73] F. S. Drake, Editor, *Tea Leaves* (Boston, 1884), 34.
[74] *Ibid.*, 43.
[75] *Boston Gazette*, November 22, 1773.
[76] *Evening Post*, October 25, 1773.
[77] John Adams, *Works*, II, 323.

devils from the bottomless pit than men.[78] They proceeded in pairs to Griffin's Wharf, and soon the tea was in the harbor. No other part of the cargo was touched. One man was found with tea in the lining of his coat. He was given a severe drubbing, and covered with mud. Only a fear of attracting attention from the main business of the mob prevented the usual tarring and feathering.[79] All efforts to punish the Tea mob proved futile. One of them, Eckley, was imprisoned, but the mob so effectually tarred and feathered the informer, that no further tales were told concerning the makers of the "Salt Water Tea."[80] A few of the Massachusetts towns protested against the destruction of the tea. Of these, Plymouth was the chief. Efforts were made to force the protesters to recant. Any one of them visiting Boston was ill-treated by the mob, and Colonel Watson was threatened with tar and feathers.[81]

During 1774 and 1775 the activity of mobs took many forms. Hutchinson declared, "I never knew what mobbing was before. I am sick enough of confusion and uproar." Newspapers reported riots everywhere.[82] Many of the tories from the smaller towns fled to Boston. Robert Pagan of Falmouth had his store tarred and feathered.[83] George Erving of Boston complained that nocturnal visitors had painted his house, and announced that he did not care for the "di-STINK-tion."[84]

[78] 1 *Proceedings*, Massachusetts Historical Society, VIII, 326: "Letters of John Andrews, Esq., of Boston, 1772-1776."

[79] The victim was Captain Connor, a native of Ireland.

[80] Drake, *Tea Leaves*, 110.

[81] *Boston News-Letter*, January 6, 1774.

[82] Hutchinson, *Diary*, I, 247.

[83] Jones, *Loyalists*, 227.

[84] *Boston News-Letter*, June 2, 1774.

In Marblehead a smallpox fright led to tarring and feathering. Several were given this drastic treatment for violating the regulations. A man named Clarke, who had been previously tarred and feathered, attempted to carry away from Cat Island some of his clothing which had been exposed to the disease. He was carried by a mob to a whipping post, and beaten cruelly.[85] The Essex hospital became a place of hate and dread to the citizens of Marblehead. Two men were arrested for trying to burn the hospital. A mob marched to the Salem jail and released the prisoners. The sheriff considered organizing a party to retake them, but feared it would result in a loss of life and property.[86] Four men were discovered trying to steal clothing from the hospital. They were promptly tarred and feathered. A mob of over one thousand people placed the culprits by pairs in a cart facing each other. Then they paraded to Salem to the music of fife and drum. At Salem they were joined by a crowd of several hundred, paraded the streets for almost four hours. The cart carried a large white flag. "It was," said the reporter, "a very laughable and truely commic sight."[87]

Tarring and feathering also reached the British soldiers. In 1775, a countryman, Thomas Ditson, was discovered purchasing a rifle from a soldier of the 47th regiment. The soldiers administered tar and feathers, labeled him "American Liberty, a Speciment of Democrasy," and paraded the streets to the tune of Yankee

[85] *Boston Gazette*, April 11, 1774.

[86] Samuel Roads, Jr., *History and Traditions of Marblehead* (Boston, 1880), 94.

[87] *Boston News-Letter*, January 27, 1774.

Doodle. Twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets formed a guard of honor. A rabble composed the rear guard.[88] The episode annoyed the whigs, and the tories were called upon to explain why the King, Lords, and Commons found it necessary to send troops three thousand miles to tar and feather a poor innocent countryman.[89]

Women occasionally took part in mobs. Word reached Massachusetts that a Connecticut lady who named her son Thomas Gage Edwards, received a visit from the Daughters of Liberty who wished to pay their respects to young Thomas Gage, and present his mother with a new robe (of tar and feathers). In New Jersey a youth who went to a young women's quilting bee to talk against Congress, was seized by the women, stripped to the waist, and in the absence of tar and feathers, was covered with molasses and the downy tops of the flags that grew in the meadow.[90] In 1777 the Boston women joined the "mobility." Many were by this time discontented because of the high cost of provisions, especially sugar and coffee. Learning that a stingy bachelor merchant, Thomas Boylston, had a hogshead of coffee which he refused to sell at less than six shillings a pound, a mob of over one hundred women secured a cart and proceeded to his store. He was forced to surrender his keys, and the women marched away with the coffee. A large group of men stood amazed and silent spectators.[91]

[88] MacKenzie's *Diary*, I, 11; Rowe, *Diary*, 290.

[89] Moore, *Diary of the American Revolution*, I, 44-45.

[90] *Boston News-Letter*, October 26, 1777.

[91] *The Diary of William Pynchon of Salem* (Boston, 1890), 34; Adams, *Letters of John Adams and his Wife*, 286-287.

The mystery figure of tarring and feathering in Boston was Joyce, Jr.[92] His identity is still unknown, and for a long time even his chosen name was a mystery. Recent investigation, however, has solved this part of the problem. The original Joyce was the officer who arrested Charles I, and (according to some accounts) was one of the two masked figures at the king's execution.[93] As Joyce, Sr., endeavored to rid Old England of her seventeenth-century tyrants, so Joyce, Jr., would rid New England of her eighteenth-century Parliamentary taxation. He has sometimes been associated with the mysterious figure at the Boston Massacre, but his official position as Chairman of the committee of tarring and feathering did not begin until early in 1774. He has been variously described. One writer pictured him as riding an ass at the head of a mob which he assembled by a peculiar whistle.[94] Mrs. John Adams, who probably saw him, said that he was mounted on horseback, was dressed in a red coat, wore a white wig, and carried a drawn sword. When he paraded the streets with his followers, he was accompanied by drum and fife.[95]

In January, 1774, Joyce was accused of being responsible for the attack on John Malcom. Malcom had been a customs officer at Pownalborough. While there, he had seized the brig *Brothers* for want of registration. Later it was discovered that the register had

[92] For a full account of Joyce, Jr., see *Proceedings*, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, VIII, 90-104.

[93] *Publications*, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, XI, 281-282.

[94] *Boston Advertiser*, November 9, 1821; Hezekiah Niles, *Principles and Acts of the Revolution in America* (Baltimore, 1822), 490.

[95] Adams, *Letters of John Adams and his Wife*, 262-263.

been lost, and no fraud was intended. But the delay exasperated the crew. They seized Malcom and disarmed him of cane, hat, and wig, roughly removed his clothing, covered him with tar and feathers, and left him for some time to shiver in the December cold.[96] Shortly after this incident, Malcom arrived in Boston. Here he aroused the anger of the mob, and was again tarred and feathered.[97] He then retired to England, where he was granted a pension of £200. As a proof of his ill-treatment in Massachusetts, he is said to have carried some of the tar and feathers to show the English officials. This procedure, George Hewes declared, should be called "Feathering his nest."

Joyce denied all part in the Malcom mob. He announced in the *News-Letter* of February 3 that "the modern Punishment lately inflicted upon the ignoble *John Malcolm* was not done by our order. We reserve that Method for bringing Villains of greater Consequence to a Sense of Guilt and Infamy." This statement led George III to say to Governor Hutchinson, "I see they threatened to pitch and feather you."[98]

Joyce announced that his mission to Boston was primarily to see that those detestable tools of ministry and government, the tea consignees, were not allowed to return and reside in the town.[99] On April 4 he acknowledged that he had seen the letter of defiance printed by the Plymouth Protesters on March 28, and said that he had engaged "Lady Birch" to honor with her im-

[96] *Boston News-Letter*, February 3, 1774.

[97] *Ibid.*, also the *Massachusetts Spy*, January 27, 1774; *Boston Gazette*, January 31, 1774.

[98] Hutchinson, *Diary*, I, 164.

[99] *Boston News-Letter*, January 20, 1774.

mediate presence any one of them that should have the audacity to visit Boston.[100] Joyce disappeared from Boston during the British occupation, but returned early in 1777. The purpose of his return, he stated through the press, was to see what should be done with the "shameless Brass Faced Tories who have the Audaciousness to remain among this much abused and insulted People."[101] He asked that he be informed of any tories who came to Boston from other provincial towns, and of those who refused to comply with the laws of the state.[102] In April he appeared at the head of his mob and carted five tories, Jackson, Cary, Green, Serjeant, and Perkins to Roxbury, tipped them out of the cart, and told them that if they were again caught in the town, it would be at the expense of their lives.[103] This episode caused much comment. One writer was afraid that the Indians would call them savages. Another lamented the necessity for such action, but was glad to see one "spirited asserter of the American cause." A third ridiculed the whole affair, and suggested that Joyce find a better occupation than carting lunatic tories. "Why," he declared, "the whole Town is dissolved in Grief; the Old Women do nothing but read the Book of *Martyrs* and Young Ones the *Precious Song of the Babes in the Woods.*"[104]

As the war continued, the activities of mobs decreased. Most of the tories had been driven from the

[100] *Boston Gazette*, April 4, 1774.

[101] *Boston Gazette*, March 17, 1777.

[102] *Independent Chronicle*, April 24, 1777; *Proceedings*, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, VIII, 102.

[103] Adams, *Letters of John Adams and his Wife*, 262-263.

[104] *Boston Gazette*, May 12, 1777.

state, or had accepted the new order. Joyce, Jr., disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared, and remains to this day, like the Man with the Iron Mask, one of the puzzles of history. Yet during the conflict the mob was a useful agent to keep the exiles from returning. Sampson Salter Blowers, a prominent tory of Massachusetts, visited Boston in 1778, prepared to remain if he received a welcome from his fellow-townsmen. But he was ordered to jail, and the commissioners wished to use the mob to make the commitment as ignominious as possible. Town Clerk Cooper and the printer Edes gathered "a sufficient number of choice spirits to huzza" him through the streets to the jail.[105] Even after the treaty of peace, some of the towns used the mob to prevent the tories from returning. In this they followed the examples of the Jerseys, where it was said the returners were welcomed with tar and feathers in order to make the cost of scrubbing and cleaning more than the admission.[106]

Due notice ought to be taken of the last (or nearly the last) case of tarring and feathering by a mob in Massachusetts. Captain Floyd Ireson, of Marblehead, was accused of refusing to go to the aid of a sinking vessel. Later it was discovered that the crew had voted the waters too rough, and to shield themselves, they had laid the blame on the captain. A mob of men and boys tarred and feathered Ireson, placed him in a dory, and dragged him along the road to Salem. Part way to the town the bottom came out of the dory, and he completed his ride in a cart.[107] For some unknown

[105] Jones, *Loyalists of Massachusetts*, 39.
[106] Hutchinson, *Diary*, II, 412.
[107] Roads, *History of Marblehead*, 233.

reason this mob is commonly supposed to have been made up of the women of Marblehead. The story was made famous by Whittier in his poem, "Skipper Ireson's Ride."

> Small pity for him! — He sailed away
> From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay, —
> Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
> With his own towns-people on her deck!
> "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
> Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
> Brag of your catch of fish again!"
> And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
> Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
> Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
> By the women of Marblehead!

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

WHY THE "VINEYARD"?

FULMER MOOD

THE unusual toponym of Martha's Vineyard has long puzzled historians and others who have sought for an explanation of its origin. Elsewhere there has been advanced by the writer a suggestion to account for the first part of the compound. The kernel of that suggestion was that Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602 named an island (now Noman's Land) in honor of his daughter.[1] But an explanation for the latter part of the name is still to seek: why "the Vineyard"?

There is no accounting for the term simply by calling attention to that passage in Brierton's narrative which makes mention of the abundance of vines that he and Gosnold found on Noman's Land. Vines flourished at many other places along the Atlantic seaboard, a circumstance vouched for in the writings of more than one of the early explorers and writers. Why, then, did Brierton think it worth while calling attention to this not uncommon fact and why did Gosnold permit it to be recorded in the narrative of his voyage of discovery?

[1] *New England Hist. and Gen. Register* (Boston, Mass.), LXXXIII, 373-374. The earliest use of the name is by Brierton in his tractate cited below in the text. Vid. also: *Collections*, 3 Mass. Hist. Soc., VIII, 75. The expression employed is "Marthaes Vineyard." For the voyage of 1602, see *D. A. B.*, articles on Gosnold and Brierton.

The standard work on the island is C. E. Banks, *The History of Martha's Vineyard, Dukes County, Massachusetts* (Boston, 1911-1925), which attempts no thorough-going answer to the query. Banks merely says: "These vines gave the island its name." I, 24, *note* 1. See also Banks's article in *New England Hist. and Gen. Register*, XLVIII, 201-204. He finds that between 1638 and 1693 the term "Martin's Vineyard" is employed 44 times; between 1610 and 1696, the expression "Martha's Vineyard" nine times.

Brierton's *A Briefe and True Relation of the Discouerie of the North Part of Virginia*, published in London in 1602, is much more than the plain story that it appears to be on the surface. In reality it is a tendencious writing, most shrewdly and skilfully composed. Brierton wrote with a clear purpose in view. He aimed at influencing the potentially ambitious minds of a definite element of the English public opinion of the age, and he worked out his ideas, one feels confident, under the sharp eyes of that arch-propagandist, Richard Hakluyt.[2] The pamphlet was written to persuade the wavering supporters of the emergent policy of British empire and colonization that the coast of New England, were it only exploited properly, would supply among other valued commodities an adequate amount of wine for British consumption. In intent the narrative was calculated to provoke in the minds of its readers such reflections as these: Here is a fertile island on the shores of a rich and empty land. Without any man's care it even now produces an abundance of grapes. Consider how great an advantage it would be for England, then, if this and the neighboring regions were taken in hand by skilled vineyardists who could cultivate them for England's gain. And the immediate inference to be made was quite plain: if England could supply herself with Virginia wines, to that extent would she be independent of her continental rivals, and her financial structure be strengthened proportionately.

In this way was the contemporary English mind wont to reason, and in accord with its dictates did Gosnold reckon too. Naturally eager to make out a good case for that country from which he had only lately returned, he saw to it that at least a passing notice was taken of the abundant vines to be found on Noman's Land. Here is the passage composed by Brierton to record their experience:

The chiefest trees of this Island, are Beeches and Cedars; the outward parts all overgrowen with lowe bushie trees, three or foure foot

[2] *New England Hist. and Gen. Register*, LXXXIII (Boston, 1929), 505-507: article entitled "Richard Hakluyt and John Brierton."

in height, which beare some kinde of fruits, as appeared by their blossomes; Strawberries, red and white, as sweet and much bigger than ours in England, Rasberies, Gowseberies, Hurtleberies, and such; an incredible store of Vines, as well in the woodie part of the Island, where they run upon every tree, as on the outward parts, that we could not goe for treading upon them . . . .[3]

A vineyard like this, with only Nature for a cultivator, must have seemed too good a talking point to let slip. Why not play it up for the benefit of the English audience, for might it not carry weight with one or another of the readers? England still trembled on the brink of colonial adventurings. She had behind her the gray memory of Ralegh's failure in the Cape Hatteras country, and nothing more. If France were not to outstrip her, she had need of haste in 1602. Consequently every argument must be employed, every motive and interest appealed to, every chance illustration pressed into service, if Brierton's and Gosnold's countrymen were to be induced to take up again the colonizing task that Ralegh had given over more than fifteen years before. And so, runs the plausible conjecture, for whatever good it might do for the cause of expansion, this notice of a natural vineyard.

For centuries England had been in the habit of importing her wine from France, Spain and the countries of the Mediterranean. This commerce suffered much after the naval war with Spain broke out in 1585. Some of the difficulties that this, and the other import trades had to cope with, are mentioned by Hakluyt in the *Discourse concerninge Western Planting*.[4] That theorist of empire debated with great earnestness how England might escape from her dependence upon continental rivals. He saw in Virginia, that is to say, the central districts of the Atlantic coast, the localities where this special commercial freedom was to be won, and with evident relish he cites the notices of grapes and vines that are

[3] See the modern reprint edited by L. S. Livingston (New York, 1903), 5.

[4] Leonard Woods, Ed., *Documentary History of the State of Maine* (Cambridge, 1877), II, 13-18.

to be found in Ribault and Verrazano.[5] Thomas Hariot's brief sojourn with Ralegh's colonists confirmed Hakluyt's opinion with fresh evidence. Hariot wrote a short treatise on the economic possibilities of Virginia, after he returned to England, and this was published in 1588.[6] In this work he declares: "There are two kinds of grapes that the soile doth yeeld naturally." And then his prediction: "When they are planted and husbanded as they ought, a principall commoditie of wines by them may be raised."[7]

William Strachey, one of the pioneers of early James Town, has something to add on the point. In his *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia*, written about 1616, he cites[8] the passage in Brierton's tract which has been quoted above (a circumstance noteworthy for the fact that it establishes Brierton's mention did not go unregarded in its own day), and he affirms, on his own authority, that in Virginia are goodly vines climbing every bush and tree, and that these vines are heavy with clusters of grapes. He tells us that he has drunk wine made in Virginia, and he praises it highly. It is, he says, "made full as good, as your French British wyne."[9] His account is so detailed that there can be no doubt of the fact that wine making was actually practised by the early colonists. "Twenty gallons at a tyme have bene

[5] Richard Hakluyt, *Discourse concerninge Western Planting*, 10-35, scattered notices.

[6] B. Quaritch, Ed., *Narrative of the First English Plantation of Virginia* (London, 1893) I cite from this modern reprint. The title of the original is much longer.

[7] *Ibid.*, 16 and 28.

[8] William Strachey, *The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia; expressing the cosmographie and comodities of the country, togither with the manners and customes of the people.* R. H. Major, Ed. (Hakluyt Society Publications: London, 1849), 156. I cull this excerpt: ". . . at length they came amongst many faier islands, three especyally, those which they had discerned upon the land, all lying within a league or two one of another, and not above six or seven leagues from the mayne; the one whereof Capt. Gosnoll called Marthaes Viniard, being stored with such an incredible nombre of vynes, as well in the woody part of the island, where they runne upon every tree, as on the outward parts, that they could not goe for treading upon them. . . ."

[9] *Ibid.*, 120.

sometimes made without any other helpe then by crushing the grape with the hand, which letting to settle five or six daies, hath, in the drawing forth, proved strong and headdy. Unto what perfection might not these be brought by the art and industry of manie skilfull *vineroones*, being thus naturally good? And how materiall and principall a commoditie this maie prove, either for the benefitt of such who shall inhabit there, or to be returned over hither (especially where we maie have pipe staves to make our casks of, so cheape, and at hand), I preferre yt to the indifferent judgment."[10]

Strachey points out that Virginia wines would mean a reduction in importing this commodity from France and Spain.[11] Still other items in the record bear witness to the fact that the problem of English wine supply occupied other minds as well. The famed Virginia Assembly of 1619 expressed itself favorably toward viticulture, and it is known that about this time there were vineyards in the colony that numbered as many as ten thousand plants. A few years later, in 1623, the Privy Council at home directed the colonists to be diligent in the preparing of such goods as iron, silk and wines. And as late as 1649, when a Virginian staple had been found in tobacco, there was still sufficient interest in this matter of wines for it to be proposed that a group of skilled vine dressers be imported from the south of Europe.[12]

Thus it becomes plain that he who bestowed the name of Martha's Vineyard understood well the temper of his time. He was no lone voice singing a song of his own devising; on the contrary, he formed part of an economic choir, where Hariot, Strachey and the Councillors of the Crown held each to his own note, and followed the lead of that patriotic choragus, Richard Hakluyt. "Buy British" is no slogan of yesterday. But destiny had other ends in view for the Atlantic seaboard than vineyards. Virginia slighted vines and

[10] William Strachey, *The Historie of Travaile, etc., loc. cit.*

[11] *Ibid.*, 115.

[12] P. A. Bruce, *Economic History of Virginia* (New York, 1907), 52, 243, 338.

grapes for tobacco culture, and England, as of old, continued to buy wines from her rivals on the continent. So all that is left of a half-century and more of discussions, of plans to outwit the foreigner and of schemes to promote this special type of colonization lurks modestly in the name of an island.

Why "the Vineyard"? Because, taking into consideration the trends of thought and the particular juncture of political and economic conditions in 1602, such a name was a stroke of good advertising. So emerges a conclusion which is quite in harmony with the spirit of late Elizabethan times. "The Vineyard" thus perpetuates in the modern age an outworn theory of empire, and serves to commemorate the shrewd practicality of England's first leaders of Big Business.

A SKETCH BY HAWTHORNE

NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

IN the fall of 1843 Eliza Follen, daughter of the Cabots and impoverished widow of an anti-slavery agitator and deposed Harvard professor, released to the saintly youth of New England the first issue of *The Child's Friend; designed for Families and Sunday Schools.*[1] The magazine, a monthly, was filled, like all religious periodicals of the time, with pretty sentiments and moral tales. Nearly all the contributions were written by the editor and members of her family. There were but two exceptions during the first year. One was a story by Mrs. C. Sedgwick; the other, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, was a sketch entitled "A Good Man's Miracle."[2] Whether Mrs. Follen wished the prestige of known contributors and turned to Hawthorne because of his association with her nephew at

[1] The/ Child's Friend;/ designed for/ Families And Sunday Schools;/ edited by Eliza L. Follen./ Boston:/ Leonard C. Bowles,/ and/ William Crosby. In 1850 Mrs. Follen relinquished the editorship of the magazine which became, volumes 16-25, *The Child's Friend and Youth's Magazine*, and afterwards, volumes 26 *et seq.*, *The Child's Friend and Family Magazine.*

[2] Volume I, No. 5 (February, 1844), 151-156.

Brook Farm,[3] or because her nieces attended a school kept by the Peabody sisters,[4] is of little moment. Possibly Hawthorne sought her out. Despite some recognition after the publication of the *Twice-Told Tales*, these were the days at the Old Manse when money was scarce, and Hawthorne was writing for any periodical whose cheques could help to balance the expenses of a new household and an expected baby.

However the commission may have come, Hawthorne turned for its fulfillment to that creative reservoir, his note-book. In the *American Note-Books*, as edited by Mrs. Hawthorne, there appears, under the year 1836, the following note:

To make a story from Robert Raikes seeing dirty children at play, in the streets of London, and inquiring of a woman about them. She tells him that on Sundays, when they were not employed, they were a great deal worse, making the streets like hell; playing at church,[5] etc. He was therefore induced to employ women at a shilling to teach them on Sundays, and thus Sunday-Schools were established.[6]

This served obviously as the memorandum for "A Good Man's Miracle," but an even more fundamental source exists, one which must have served as the inspiration for the entry in the note-book—one which must have remained fresh in his memory at the time of actual composition. In *The Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1784, appears a letter written by Robert Raikes[7] to a Colonel Townley of Sheffield. This letter is included in a communication to the editor by a self-styled "Friend to Virtue." Only the change in *locale* of the sketch from Gloucester

[3] L. Vernon Briggs, *History and Genealogy of the Cabot Family* (Boston, 1927), 650.

[4] *Ibid.*, 291.

[5] This should undoubtedly read "chuck."

[6] *Passages from the American Note-Books* (Boston, 1896), 42.

[7] Robert Raikes (1735-1811) of Gloucester, England, first came into some prominence as editor of the *Gloucester Journal* and in connection with volunteer jail visitations and reform. From this seems to have come his interest in the children of the poor, and in July, 1780, with the help of the Reverend Thomas Stock, he opened a Sunday School in Gloucester. Though not the first to start such a school, he was the first openly to advocate and publicize the movement.

to London has been made by Hawthorne, this probably but a slip of memory. A portion of the letter follows:

Gloucester, November 25th, 1783.

Sir,—My friend, the Mayor has just communicated to me the letter which you have honored him with, enquiring into the nature of Sunday schools. The beginning of this scheme was entirely owing to accident. Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether those children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. "Ah! sir," said the woman to whom I was speaking, "could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed; for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released on that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at 'chuck,' and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place. We have a worthy clergyman (said she) curate of our parish, who has put some of them to school; but upon the Sabbath they are all given up to follow their own inclinations without restraint, as their parents, totally abandoned themselves, have no idea of instilling into the minds of their children principles to which they themselves are entire strangers."

This conversation suggested to me that it would be at least a harmless attempt, if it were productive of no good, should some little plan be formed to check the deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. I then enquired of the woman, if there were any decent well-disposed women in the neighborhood who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four: to these I applied, and made an agreement with to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading and in the Church Catechism. For this I engaged to pay them each a shilling for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman before mentioned, and imparted

to him my plan; he was so much satisfied with the idea, that he engaged to lend his assistance, by going to the schools on a Sunday afternoon, to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens. . . .

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours, &c.
R. RAIKES

On at least one occasion Hawthorne saw the volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine* containing this letter. The records of the Salem Athenaeum show that on March 28, 1831, he borrowed this volume from the society's library, returning it on April 2 of the same year.[8]

Though the existence of such a sketch has been known since the publication of the catalogue of the Wakeman sale, it has never been republished since its original appearance in *The Child's Friend*, and has remained almost completely inaccessible.[9] It is not a great example of Hawthorne's art. Compared to some of the "Mosses" it is distinctly inferior, and the faint aroma of sanctified smugness which it breathes forth seems inseparably joined with the parlors of the Old Manse and the marble-topped tables of the "Families and Sunday Schools" for which it was designed. Yet it derives no little interest from the additional light which it throws on Hawthorne's technique of composition, and there are passages in the sketch so purely from his pen as to delight even the most casual lover of that "single anemone" of New England genius.

A GOOD MAN'S MIRACLE

In every good action there is a divine quality, which does not end with the completion of that particular deed, but goes on to bring forth good works in an infinite series. It is seldom possible, indeed, for human eyes to trace out the chain of blessed consequences, that extends from a benevolent man's simple and conscientious act, here on earth, and connects it with those labors of love which the angels make it their joy to perform, in

[8] See also "Books Read by Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1828-1850," in *Historical Collections*, Essex Institute, LXVIII (1932), January, 75.

[9] For permission to use the copy in his possession, I am indebted to the Reverend U. S. Milburn of Everett, Massachusetts.

Heaven above. Sometimes, however, we meet with an instance in which this wonderful and glorious connection may clearly be perceived. It has always appeared to me that a well-known incident in the life of Mr. Robert Raikes offers us one of the most hopeful and inspiring arguments, never to neglect even the humblest opportunities of doing good, as not knowing what vast purposes of Providence we may thereby subserve. This little story has been often told, but may here be related anew, because it so strikingly illustrates the remark with which we began.

Mr. Raikes being in London, happened one day to pass through a certain street, which was inhabited chiefly by poor and ignorant people. In great cities, it is unfortunately the case, that the poor are compelled to be the neighbors and fellow-lodgers of the vicious; and that the ignorant seeing so much temptation around them, and having no kind advisers to direct them aright, almost inevitably go astray and increase the number of the bad. Thus, though doubtless there are many virtuous poor people, amidst all the vice that hides itself in the obscure streets of a great city, like London, still it seems as if they were kept virtuous only by the special providence of God. If He should turn away his eyes for a single instant, they would be lost in the flood of evil that continually surrounds them. Now, Mr. Raikes, as he passed along, saw much to make him sad, for there were so many tokens of sin and wretchedness on all sides, that most persons, hopeless of doing any good, would have endeavored to forget the whole scene as soon as possible.

There is hardly a gloomier spectacle in the world than one of those obscure streets of London. The houses, which were old and ruinous, stood so close together as almost to shut out the sky, and even the sunshine, where a glimpse of it could be seen, was made dusky and dim by the smoke of the city. A kennel of muddy water flowed through the street. The general untidiness about the houses proved that the inhabitants felt no affection for their homes, nor took pride in making them decent and respectable. In these houses, it is to be feared that there were many people sick, suffering for food, and shivering

with cold, and many, alas! who had fallen into the sore disease of sin, and sought to render their lives easier by dishonest practices. In short, the street seemed a place seldom visited by angels of mercy, or trodden by the footsteps of good men. Yet it were well that good men should often go thither, and be saddened by such reflections as now occurred to Mr. Raikes, in order that their hearts might be stirred up to attempt a reformation.

"Alas, what a spectacle is here!" thought this good man to himself. "How can any Christian remain idle, when there is so much evil to be remedied within a morning's walk of his own home?"

But we have not yet mentioned what it was that chiefly moved the heart of Mr. Raikes with sorrow and compassion. There were children at play in the street. Some were dabbling in the kennel, and splashing its dirty water over their companions, out of the mere love of mischief. Others, who had already been taught to gamble, were playing at pitch-and-toss for half-pence. Others, perhaps, were quarrelling and fighting. In a word — for we will not describe what it was so sad to witness — these poor children were growing up in idleness, with none but bad examples before their eyes, and without the opportunity of learning anything but evil. Their little, unclean faces looked already old in naughtiness; it seemed as if the vice and misery of the world had been born with them, and would cling to them as long as they existed. How sad a spectacle was this for a man like Mr. Raikes, who had always delighted in little children, and felt as if the world was made more beautiful, and his own heart the better, by their bright and happy faces! But, as he gazed at these poor little creatures, he thought that the world had never looked so dark, ugly, and sorrowful, as it did then.

"Oh, that I could save them!" thought he. "It were better for them to have been born among the wildest savages, than to grow up thus in a Christian country."

Now at the door of one of the houses, there stood a woman, who, though she looked poor and needy, yet seemed neater and more respectable than the other inhabitants of this wretched

street. She, like Mr. Raikes, was gazing at the children; and perhaps her mind was occupied with reflections similar to his. It might be, that she had children of her own, and was ready to shed tears at the thought, that they must grow up in the midst of such bad examples. At all events, when Mr. Raikes beheld this woman, he felt as if he had found somebody that could sympathize with him in his grief and anxiety.

"My good woman," said he, pointing to the children, "this is a dismal sight — so many of God's creatures growing up in idleness and ignorance, with no instruction but to do evil."

"Alas, good Sir," answered the woman, "it is bad enough on week-days as you see; — but if you were to come into the street on a Sunday, you would find it a thousand times worse. On other days some of the children find employment, good or bad; but the Sabbath brings them all into the street together — and then there is nothing but mischief from morning till night."

"Ah, that is a sad case indeed," said Mr. Raikes. "Can the blessed Sabbath itself bring no blessing to these poor children? This is the worst of all."

And then, again, he looked along the street, with pity and strong benevolence; for his whole heart was moved by what he saw. The longer he considered, the more terrible did it appear that those children should grow up in ignorance and sin, and that the germs of immortal goodness, which Heaven had implanted in their souls, should be forever blighted by neglect. And the earnestness of his compassion quickened his mind to perceive what was to be done. As he stood gazing at the spectacle that had so saddened him, an expression of delightful hope broke forth upon his face, and made it look as if a bright gleam of sunshine fell across it. And if moral sunshine could be discerned on physical objects, just such a brightness would have shone through the gloomy streets gladdening all the dusky windows, and causing the poor children to look beautiful and happy. Not only in that wretched street would the light of gladness have appeared; it might have spread from thence all round the earth; for there was now a thought on the mind of Mr. Raikes that was destined, in no long time, to make the whole world brighter than it had been hitherto.

And what was that thought?

It must be considered that Mr. Raikes was not a very rich man. There were thousands of people in England, to whom Providence had assigned greater wealth than he possessed, and who, as one would suppose, might have done far more good to their fellow-creatures than it lay in his power to do. There was a king, too, and princes, lords and statesmen, who were set in lofty places, and entrusted with the making and administration of the laws. If the condition of the world was to be improved, were not these men to accomplish it? But the true faculty of doing good consists not in wealth nor station, but in the energy and wisdom of a loving heart, that can sympathize with all mankind, and acknowledges a brother or a sister in every unfortunate man or woman, and an own child in each neglected orphan. Such a heart was that of Mr. Raikes; and God now rewarded him with a blessed opportunity of conferring more benefit on his race, than he, in his humility, had ever dreamed of. And it would not be too much to say, that the king and his nobles, and the wealthy gentlemen of England, with all their boundless means, had for many years, done nothing so worthy of grateful remembrance, as what was now to be effected by this humble individual.

And yet how simple was this great idea, and how small the means by which Mr. Raikes proceeded to put it into execution! It was merely, to hire respectable and intelligent women, at the rate of a shilling each, to come, every Sabbath, and keep little schools for the poor children whom he had seen at play. Perhaps the good woman with whom Mr. Raikes had spoken in the street, was one of his new school-mistresses. Be that as it might, the plan succeeded, and, attracting the notice of benevolent people, was soon adopted in many other dismal streets of London. And this was the origin of Sunday-schools. In course of time, similar schools were established all over that great city, and thence extended to the remotest parts of England, and across the ocean to America, and to countries at a world-wide distance, where the humble name of Robert Raikes had never been pronounced.

That good man has now long been dead. But still, on every Sabbath morning, in the cities and country villages, and wheresoever the steeple of a church points upward to the sky, the children take their way to the Sunday-school. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have there received instruction, which has been more profitable to them than all the gold on earth. And we may be permitted to believe, that, in the celestial world, where the founder of the system now exists, he has often met with other happy spirits, who have blessed him as the earthly means by which they were rescued from hopeless ignorance and evil, and guided on the path to Heaven. Is not this a proof, that when the humblest person acts in the simplicity of a pure heart, and with no design but to do good, *God* may be expected to take the matter into His all-powerful hands, and adopt the action as His own?

SMUGGLING CANARY WINE IN 1740

DOROTHY S. TOWLE

THE ship *Oratavo*, which was to enter Rhode Island under the name of the *Providence*, sailed from Teneriffe in April, 1740. In July she was sighted off Cape Cod and because of her suspicious conduct was brought into Newport for trial. According to the instructions given to the supercargo, John McCarrick, by David Lockhart, one of the claimants, and according to the preparatory examinations, she was engaged in illegal trade. On July 12, 1740, Robert Auchmuty, who had come from Boston to preside over the court, gave his decree condemning the vessel. An appeal was taken to England, but whether finally prosecuted, the evidence does not show.

The aftermath of the case is interesting. In the minutes of the Governor and Council for July 14, 1740, is found an entry telling of the arrest of John McCarrick, supercargo, and George Simpson, "passengers of the *Oratavo*," for treason. At the demand of William Shirley, advocate-general, and Robert Auchmuty, the judge, they were committed to the custody of

the sheriff, on a warrant issued by the Deputy-Governor and two assistants. After an examination and arguments before the Council, they were discharged, paying the fees. The following text, from the records of the Rhode Island court of vice-admiralty, contains the instructions from Lockhart to McCarrick, showing a deliberate attempt on Lockhart's part to smuggle Canary wine into Massachusetts, by passing it off as Madeira, contrary to the navigation act of 1663 as officially interpreted by the customs officials.

THENERIFFE, PORTOROTAVA [*Canaries*],
the 25th April 1740

Instructions for Mr. John Macarrick in the first place and Mr. George Simpson in the second.

As the Ship is to proceed directly for Rhode Island one or other of you or both must go ashoar before comes to anchor or within reach of any fort and the Captain must must [*sic*] wait till he hear further from you—Ye must endeavour always to keep up the report as much as possible of your coming from Madera [*sic*] and of the wines being from thence in order to facilitate the more readily their admittance as such, which I doubt not will be the more practicable by being put into Cask of that Country gage, ye must likewise manifest your clearance from said Island together with the other papers ye carry for that purpose, in which case ye need not make any use of our Consul's Certificate inclosed being only designed if the other should not take and that ye find it absolutely necessary to exhibit the same—He writes inclosed to his friends Messrs. Samuel Holmes, John Bennet and Thomas Richardson, as also unto Captain *Richard Malbone who as he is informed is Collector of the place* being both open for your perusal and government, which ye may deliver either open or shut as ye shall find most proper—Ye may likewise deliver unto the latter the quarter cask of wine which is called Madera because proper to do so, hoping it may be means to engage him the more effectually to befriend you, and as for the other two letters which are shut and directed for them ye may deliver the same when find it most convenient—Ye may enquire for Captain John Hull who if still there will bring you acquainted with said persons, all whom ye must give to understand that ye are

bound directly for Boston, upon advice of my friend Mr. James Bowdoin that wines were rising there and like to be in high demand, and that notwithstanding our present rupture as also the reported prohibition of Commerce with Spain, would easily procure admittance for this country wine under the name of Maderas *providing* [sic] *were put into pipes of that country* size as has been actually done for that purpose, by which means ye doubt they will with equal readiness be admitted in the same manner at Rhode Island — If after discoursing with said persons ye find their Sentiments not favourable enough for getting the wines introduced under the name of *Maderas ye must then deliver the Consul's said letters which are shut*, as also exhibit to them said Certificate, *which I doubt not will remove all dificulties*, as said wines are the produce of effects belonging to me and other *Protestant British Subjects which with great hazard* have been happily secured from the *Barbarous Spanish Reprizals*, ye may likewise further add that ye cannot well possibly suppose or even imagine how said wines can be denied admittance either upon one footing or *the other, and* much less that British Subjects *will pretend to make reprizals one upon another* especially of what has in a manner been actually saved out of fire and happily rescued from the said Spanish Reprizals, being what at present *I have to suggest to you upon this subject, the whole management whereof will depend much upon your own prudence and discretion in making use* of such other expedients as will naturally occurr to you in the course of this negotiation according to the various exigencies thereof which it is impossible for me to foresee at this distance — Tho the design of your calling at Rhode Island is only to facilitate that of your proceeding further with a Clearance from thence, ye may however after procuring admittance for the wines upon one footing or other of the two mentioned, dispose of what ye shall think convenient there, as also at Boston if happen to be in demand as is not improbable, for which purpose ye may take a trip thither in order to inform yourselves the better. I hope they may reach at least £50 that Currency in which case ye may sell the more, reserving however at least 50 to 60 pipes for Barbados, and tho I have mentioned a price it is not my

intention to limit you therein because of that entire satisfaction I have that ye will in every *respect consult the true Interest and greatest advantage of the concerned* upon which head I shall only add that if ye cannot sell so as may come out at least at £40 a pipe that Currency clear of all charges, I doubt not may do better at Barbados for your government — As for what Overplus the wines produce either at Boston or Rhode Island after purchasing a proper cargo for Barbados as per memorandum inclosed, or such as ye shall be informed of at Boston ye must by all means endeavour to convert such overplus to specie or good bills for Great Britain whereof per first opportunity ye must remit one half unto Alexander Dundas Esquire in London and the other unto Messrs. Blake and Lynch with *orders to follow those of the Respective* concerned, not omitting to anticipate repeated advices for Insurance if the Sum in specie exceed one hundred pound Sterling each said half, retaining however if need be sufficiently where withall together with your cargo for Barbados to purchase there the Ship's loading of Rum, Molassos [*sic*] and some Sugars as per the Memorandum at foot, carrying what Staves for Rum cask possibly ye can even in the Steerage and upon deck which will much facilitate the purchase of said Commodity — As pipe Staves are like to be wanted here pretty much ye may endeavour to freight a vessell upon the most reasonable terms to bring 20 to 30 mille, whereof one third or one half such as are fit for Madera cask, together with some for hogsheads and quarter cask as also some fish and what bees wax possibly ye can, clearing out for *Madera with a colourable bill of lading and Invoice as* also a letter of Consignation pro forma unto Messrs. Halloran and Gordon — If Captain Stafford should be still at Boston he may probably embrace the proposal — Ye may if occasion offers advise with my said friend Mr. Bowdoin but so as to excuse duplicated Commission — After finishing at Rhode Island and Boston ye are to proceed from thence for Barbados and Leward Islands if need be, and there purchase the Ship's loading as per another Memorandum herewith, your best may well always be to buy and sell for money, unless ye shall find it more advantageous upon any occasion to barter, and as for

any Surplus here ye may observe the same directions already mentioned — After finishing at Barbados and other Islands in case ye have occasion to go thither, ye are then to proceed directly for Virginia, where I hope ye will soon be able to reduce all into money, and there ye are to purchase a proper cargo for this place as per another Memorandum herewith for that purpose, Bees wax is the principal article and ye must exert your utmost activity in getting whatever quantity thereof possibly ye can, which may put either into beeff or flour cask or else into fish hogsheads in order to pass for such here if possible, ye must not only cause range over all proper places in Virginia but likewise Maryland and even Philadelphia if practicable, without standing upon a small matter in the price because of it's [*sic*] demand here at the present, and as for any overplus here ye may observe the same directions already mentioned — Ye must be sure to omitt no opportunity possible of writing especially via London with an account of your principal transactions — No mention must be made of any wax aboard, that if unhappily ye should meet with any privateer *may more easily be ransomed* which ye must endeavour to do upon the best terms possible, not valuing the Ship above 200 to £250 Sterling at most a little less or more, alledging that is old and wants much repair, nor the cargo above one half or two thirds at most of it's [*sic*] prime cost likewise a little less or more, wherein must exert your utmost caution and activity, taking *a bill of ransom as is usual, wherein mention may* be made of *your being bound for Madera and the Cape de Verd* Islands, Mr. Simpson may go for Hostage who shall be punctually released and likewise gratified for his loss of time — Care must be taken to put said wax far enough out of the way, as also all letters and other papers which may be of any prejudice — *Must come* for this Port rather than that of Santa Cruz keeping clear as much as possible from Point Nago and endeavouring rather to fall in with Garachuo making the usual signal as soon as may be seen — Tho it it not to be expected that ye can meet the Schooner in Virginia yet I hope ye will the young man Mr. Macnemara who has orders to follow yours and deliver you what wines or anything else may remain in

his hands, which I doubt ye will better be able to dispose of by means of your other cargo — If ye meet with no opportunity of sending a a [*sic*] parcel of Staves as is mentioned from Boston I hope ye may from Virginia as even from both, assuring the Masters of such vessells that here is no danger of any seizure in Port and indemnifying them from it if need be — I recommend unto you all possible expedition every where which ye must needs be sensible is the life of all undertakings *especially when Ships are freighted by the month as this is* — Captain Williamson must be supplied with what may be necessary for his Ship's use and paying his men's wages wherein I expect all possible frugality — If ye cannot get specie or good bills at Rhode Island and Boston for the overplus of what wines ye sell there ye must then dispose only of what is necessary for purchasing your Barbados cargo and proceed thither without one moment's loss of time, but if it should so happen that ye can sell all ye wines at Rhode Island and Boston reasonably well for specie and bills as is before mentioned ye may then return hither directly with a proper cargo as per Memorandum herewith, ye may bring with you one sett of your bills of Exchange as also part of your specie not exceeding two hundred pound Sterling which must be put safe out of the way, ye may *likewise in such case call at Madera and there take in ten pipes of that country wine and a couple of tinto* [*?*] *which ye* must purchase with said specie or bills rather than any part of your cargo if can conveniently excuse it bringing a bill of health from thence together with usual clearances for Barbados and Jamaica to serve here afterwards, or if their wines happen to be scarce and dear ye may endeavour to procure said bills of health and clearances without purchasing any wines if possible — If in your passage from hence ye meet with any of our Cruizers ye must be firm in maintaining that ye come from Madera exhibiting your colourable bill of lading and clearances and so forth from thence which ye have herewith, but if ye find them resolved to carry you up ye must then declare the whole truth and exhibit the Certificate, protesting duly against such violence in the presence of the Ship's crew or a competent number thereof for witnesses — All transactions

relating to this present affair whether in disposing of the wines or purchasing of return cargos must be duly committed daily to writing in a waste or day-book for that purpose with specification of what ever is bought or sold, together with the several respective quantities and prices of each sort, accounts must also be framed of your dealings with every person, the originals of all which must be delivered up here in order to be perused by the concerned and to serve likewise for their better direction hereafter — All said *daily transactions must be likewise duly* communicated unto Mr. Simpson and jointly transacted with him as much as possible for his better government either in case of Mr. *Macarrick's mortality* (which God forbid) or his absence other ways to whom the principal management of all is committed and his Sentiments and directions are to be observed in every thing tho they should happen to be different from those of Mr. Simpson, in case of whose mortality the Captain is to succeed in his place — Herewith is the Schooner's Certificate which was forgot, you must be sure to transmit the same per first good conveyance offers — If you happen to sell most of the wines at Rhode Island and Boston rather than leave any behind you may endeavour to barter the same with Mr. Holmes and Company for their half of the St. Andrew Snow Captain Hull in case he be still there and that they are willing to part with the same, putting a reasonable price upon the wines and an equitable valuation upon the Snow according to the Iudgement of intelligent disinteressed [*sic*] persons dispatching the same hither as soon as possible with a proper cargo in which case ye may put in another Master such as Mr. Bowdoin or Captain Malbone shall recommend unto you taking no notice of this matter unto said Hull's and as *I shall then have three quarters of said Snow and cargo* ye must advise Mr. Dundas accordingly via Boston for making of Insurance acquainting him with the value of my Interest a little less or more for his better government but in case ye cannot agree or that said Snow should not be there ye may then leave said remainder of your wines either with Mr. Bowdoin if at *Boston or with Captain Malbone at Rhode* Island in case ye cannot possibly dispose thereof yourselves which will be always the more prefer-

able and particularly recommended to you that according to the common saying no Nest-egg be left behind — Ye must not stay one moment on account of dispatching said Snow but leave the same recommended either unto Mr. Bowdoin or Captain Malbone — Captain Williamson must enter his Ship at Rhode Island under the name of the Providence Captain Patrick Mackenna from Madera according to your colourable clearance from thence that may the better agree one with the other, and you must forward no letters you carry untill you do your business at Rhode Island or untill you think it proper and convenient — As to your touching at Madera its [*sic*] only intended if you cannot well excuse it in the ship but you'l tye up any Master as you freight with the greatest discretion you can engageing the Vessel to come here directly in case you should proceed for the west Indies discharge your Crew at Rhode Island except the Master and Mate for fear of any Information

In case admittance cannot be obtained in Rhode Island nor at Boston you are then to proceed for *the Island of Statia or St. Thomas and dispose* of what you can or at any other place you shall find convenient In case you should not be admitted in Rhode Island or Boston where youl endeavour *to run what quantity of wines you can* with safety proceed to St. Eustasia touching at sandy point, St Christophers under Cloak of Stopping a few hours to see a friend or any other pretext and agree for the quantity you can to be delivered at St. Eustasia where when you should set down, freight a Sloop for Antegua or Mounserat and send Mr. Simpson in her with 50 or 80 pipes pp wine this is only in case things should *not go Currant with you* to proceed for Barbadoes whither you'l carry your Rhode Island clearance as aforesaid but on the whole your return Voyage must be for Virginia and on any unforeseen emergency or affair *you'l do the best your Iudgement* will allow you at foot *goes the particular Memorandum of the Contents* of the whole Cargo on *Account of the Concerned*, if you see that the Madera wines should be too pale buy up some red wine to bring them to it, and if any *decay mend them with Brandy*, you'l take especial care to keep the large pipes out of the way in the beginning every where every where endeavour on the Sale of

them to buy small pipes to start them in being much to my advantage — In Virginia you need not report all the Cargo as you can easily run a good part of it to save me as much as Possible of the excessive duty but don't run any risque as may bring the Vessel and Cargo in any plausible scrape —
I heartily wish you a very Successfull Voyage I am

Gentlemen
Your affectionate humble Sarvant
DAVID LOCKHART

69 pipes Mamsey
151 pipes of the Madera size
7 hogsheads Mamsey
2 hogsheads Vidonia
2 pipes Mamsey
3 pipes Brandy mark *A*
24 hogsheads of Madera size Mamsey
5 Madera quarter Casks Mamsey

As there is advice lately from Havana that our British squadron has taken Portobelo ye may now proceed thither directly from Rhode Island after taking your usual Clearance from thence which is the principal reason of your calling there and the fewer wines you sell there the better not doubting will do much better at the other place and as for what wines ye sell at Rhode Island ye may vest their produce in flower [*sic*] and provisions the former Espesially — I doubt not ye will soon be able to dispose of your wines at Portobelo at a good rate, both to said squadron and native Spaniards wherein ye are to exert your best endeavours to most advantage for money preferring however I inchenelle or grana fina de Guarica which is commonly worth 50 to 60 ps. of 8/8 the rove of 25 — ye may likewise purchase some Cacao of Guayaquel, more or less according to the reasonableness thereof in price, about which ye can easily be informed, filling up with Brasilito wood or such other bulky goods as by information ye shall find most advisable, and being loaded in case any opportunity of Convoy or any good company should offer for Great Britain you are then to proceed directly thither or else to Jamaica in order to embrace the first oppertunity [*sic*] which may offer there En-

deavouring always to anticipate repeated advices for making full insurance on ship and goods valuing the former in £400 Sterling — it is not improbable that at Portobelo ye may meet with an advantageous freight for Jamaica which ye may embrace and in such case excuse loading any of said bulky goods on Account of the concerned, filling up the ship at Jamaica with Sugars and such other goods as ye shall find most advisable and proper *for Great Britain* unless ye should meet at Jamaica with an advantageous freight home in which case ye may embrace it and then excuse filling up the ship *on Account of said concerned* which is left to your arbitrament and discretion according as by information ye shall find either one or the other to be most for their Interest — Before ye proceed for Portobelo it may not be amiss to call first at Yattach bay in Jamaica about ten leagues to the windward of Port royal in order to get fresh information and if any oppertunity of a Convoy ar good Company should offer there for Portobelo ye may embrace it, without however tarrying too long upon that account, by reason I reckon those parts are prety clear at present of Spanish Cruizers this however is left likewise to your arbitrament and discretion — In case on your Arrival at Rhode Island you do not find it convenient to proceed in the ship for Portobelo but that a Sloop or any other Vessel from 60 to 100 pipes would answer I desire you may freight one for that purpose to carry her loading of wines and what other provisions you find will turn to best Account and Mr. Simpson to go in her and the Captain of the Vessel to act in seconds with orders to bring returns and leave no debts behind.

DAVID LOCKHART

Robert Williamson being Sworn in Court on oath Declares — That he is well acquainted with Mr. David Lockhart whom this Deponant has known to have lived at Tenereef for about four Years last past and whom the Deponant left living there with his Family in April last past and further saith he is well Acquainted with his hand Writing and that the Name David Lockhart twice above Subscribed to these Instructions is as he verily believes the proper hand Writing of the said David Lockhart —

James Adamson being Sworn in Court on oath Declares That he verily believes that the Name David Lockhart twice above Subscribed to these Instructions is the proper hand Writing of the said David Lockhart—

EMERSON AS ABOLITIONIST

ROLLO G. SILVER

IN the files of the *Liberator* there is a report of a speech by Ralph Waldo Emerson. This speech is worth reprinting because it represents Emerson speaking before an actively hostile audience. The record is from a "Phonographic report by J. M. W. Yerrinton."

On Thursday, January 24th., at 10 A.M., according to appointment, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tremont Temple. At this hour, the house was nearly full with as quiet and orderly an audience as could be desired, very many of whom were ladies. There was scarcely an indication of the riotous proceedings which followed. But at 11½ o'clock, the gallery at the rear of the hall had become densely filled with a noisy and vulgar crowd, others of whom pressed in at the corner doors beneath the gallery, to the great inconvenience of those sitting there. They interrupted the speaker by groans and howls from time to time, giving occasionally three cheers for the Union, by way of variety.

Francis Jackson, the President, called the meeting to order.[1]

Mr. Yerrinton then tells of various committees, reports, and of a letter to the meeting from William Lloyd Garrison. After this letter was read, there were speeches by the Reverend J. F. Clarke and Wendell Phillips. The article continues:

The President then announced Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, who was received with three vigorous cheers by the audience, followed by three cheers for the Union from the mob, and a succession of disturbing groans and outcries. Toward the close of Mr. Phillips's speech, several policemen had

[1] *Liberator*, February 1, 1861.

entered the gallery, and their glazed caps were conspicuous among the rioters. Rev. Mr. Waterson, in the midst of the tumult, rose and asked — "Will not the police do their duty?" The appeal had no effect, however, and Mr. Emerson was obliged to wait some time before his voice could be heard. At length, when comparative silence was obtained, he said:

Mr. President, — It is little I have to say; but to fill up the interval between the gentleman who is about to follow me, and the organ of thought and opinion who has just spoken, I will say, that I am very happy to see this Society, through its organs here, asserting those principles which belong to this soil, which belong to every person who now hears me (*hisses*); and I am glad that a Boston boy, educated here in our schools, here in our colleges, all his life among you, has learned to find in your hearts an answer to every burning word he speaks. Why, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that really the Boston boys are all right: I am a little proud of this village. Let me say to those young foreigners, to those young strangers, that I was born on the spot where the post-office now stands; that all my education has been in her town schools here, here in her college, and all the best of my life spent here. That is true, too, of the gentleman who presides here, and of Mr. Phillips, who has just addressed us. I think the same record cannot be shown by the young people who have endeavored to interrupt this meeting.

But I have to say, that one thing seems only too plain, in the new history of the country, as well as in the old. They say that the Asiatic cholera takes the vital principle out of the air by decomposing the air. I think it is the same with the moral pestilence under which the country has suffered so long; it actually decomposes mankind. This institution of slavery is based on a crime of that fatal character that it decomposes men. The barbarism which has lately appeared wherever that question has been touched, and in the action of the States where it prevails, seems to stupify the moral sense. The moral injury of slavery is infinitely greater than its pecuniary and political injury. I really do not think the pecuniary mischief of slavery, which is always shown by statists, worthy to be named in com-

parison with this power to subvert the reason of men, so that those who speak for it, who defend it, who act in its behalf, seem to have lost the moral sense. Here are young men from the Southern country, whom we have always supposed were in the minority, who had not spoken, but who would yet save their country — they also have been educated here in our institutions, have been educated in Europe, and when they have gone back, they have suffered from this ophthalmia, this blindness, which hides from them the great facts of right and wrong. They do not perceive the political, economical and moral mischief done by the institution. I chanced, within a few days, to be reading the travels in Alabama of the English naturalist, Gosse,[2] who has set all our boys making aquariums, and he recites precisely those facts which are denied by our Southern friends — the burning of books[3] and the like, the utter suppression of all freedom of thought and conversation among friends. (*Noise in the gallery, which obliged the speaker to pause.*)

I was going to say, that I hope that, in the great action now pending, all the forbearance, all the discretion possible, and yet all the firmness, shall be used by the representatives of the North, and by the people at home. Gentlemen, friends, no man of patriotism, no man of natural sentiment, can undervalue the sacred Union which we possess; but if it is sundered, it will be because it had already ceased to have a vital tension. The action of to-day is only the ultimatum of what had already occurred. The bonds had ceased to exist, because of this vital defect of slavery at the South actually separating them in sympathy, in thought, in character, from the people of the North; and then, if the separation had gone thus far, what is the use of a pretended tie? As to concessions, we have none to make. The monstrous concession made at the formation of the Constitution is all that can ever be asked; it has blocked the civilization and humanity of the times up to this day. I cannot help thinking just now, in connection with some facts that were men-

[2] Philip Henry Gosse (1810-1888), zoölogist and father of Sir Edmund Gosse. *Letters from Alabama* was published in London in 1859.

[3] No specific reference to the burning of books can be found in *Letters from Alabama*, but there are such statements as "Here 'every man is his own law-maker and law-breaker, judge, jury, and executioner.'"

tioned, of a story of Mr. Wilson.[4] You all know Prof. Wilson, the author of the "*Noctes*"[5] the wit of Edinboro' and London. When some gentlemen, strangers at the lake—(*Noise in the gallery, hisses, groans, calls of "put him out," "dry up," "unbutton your coat," etc.*).

Mr. Emerson. I know you will hear my story: it is very good. One of Prof. Wilson's family had been insulted in a boat upon the lake. The fact was brought to his knowledge, and he immediately prepared to horse-whip the offenders. They learned to whose family the offended person belonged, and got a mutual [*sic*] friend to go with them to the Professor's house, to propitiate him. He introduced them, and said, "These are the gentlemen who have, by some mistake, interfered with your friend." Prof. Wilson heard their apology coldly, and allowed them to depart. When they had gone, his friend said, "Why, Professor, you should have more magnanimity than to receive their apology with such coolness." "Magnanimity!" said he; "was ever magnanimity more enormous than mine? There they sat, and I did not pitch them out of the window!"[6] (*Laughter.*) It seems to me that is really a fair illustration of the immense concessions that have already been made, and we do not need any more.

But I will not detain the company any longer.[7]

Soon after this speech, Emerson wrote the following paragraph in his journals:

Do thy duty of the day. Just now, the supreme public duty of all thinking men is to assert freedom. Go where it is threatened, and say, "I am for it, and do not wish to live in the world a moment longer than it exists." Phillips has the supreme merit in this time, that he and he alone stands in the gap and breach

[4] John Wilson (1785-1854), the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

[5] "Noctes Ambrosianæ" is the title of a series of articles which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine.* From 1822 to 1825, they were written by various hands but between 1825 and 1835, "they are almost entirely from his [Wilson's] pen. See *D.N.B.*, XXI, 581.

[6] This anecdote is also found in *The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes, Editors (Boston, 1909-1914), VII, 395.

[7] *Liberator*, February 1, 1861.

against the assailants. Hold up his hands. He did me the honour to ask me to come to the meeting at Tremont Temple, and, esteeming such invitation a command, though sorely against my inclination and habit, I went, and, though I had nothing to say, showed myself. If I were dumb, yet I would have gone and mowed and muttered or made signs. The mob roared whenever I attempted to speak, and after several beginnings, I withdrew.[8]

YOUNG REFORMERS CLIMB MOUNT WASHINGTON

THEODORA CABOT

THIS journal of a trip to the White Mountains in 1844 may remind us how young were the New England reformers of the 1840's, and what good times they had together. The writer was Mary Hersey Lincoln, who in early girlhood became ardently interested in abolition and temperance; later she was a pioneer in woman suffrage. Early in August, 1844, at an Anti-Slavery meeting in Hingham, she met the Hutchinson Family from New Hampshire, a remarkable group of singers, who contributed their songs of patriotism and reform wherever an occasion offered. With them she at once struck up a friendship, which was cemented by a trip to the White Mountains this same month. Of the other persons mentioned in the narrative, Francis Jackson was a prominent Boston abolitionist, and William White, whose sister Maria married James Russell Lowell in 1838, belonged to the same group. Mary Lincoln met Frederick S. Cabot at Brook Farm in 1845 and married him two years later. Their daughter, Miss Theodora Cabot, has contributed this journal to the QUARTERLY.

AUGUST 1844

WEDNESDAY 7

After having spent the night at Francis Jackson's in Hollis Street, Boston, I commenced in earnest the long-desired (but

[8] Emerson and Forbes, *The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, IX, 305.

on account of some doubts as to my title to obtrude myself upon the Hutchinson party, somewhat dreaded) White Mountain tour. It was as lovely a day as we could have desired. Harriet Jackson and her proverbially good father Francis, (that is proverbially good among the Abolitionists, which is a pretty honorable distinction in these days of slavery) and myself, we two women equipped in our travelling dresses and straw hats, with baggage for a fourteen day journey, seated ourselves in the Lowell cars destined for Concord, New Hampshire, a distance of 70 or 80 miles from New England's great metropolis. Almost the whole distance lies along the bank of the most beautiful Merrimack. We rushed over it mile after mile at the savage railroad speed, enjoying but transient glimpses of the charming scenery seen from the opposite side, rich woods, pastures green and fertile, and occasionally a lovely pond full of lilies whose fragrance was wafted to our senses by the refreshing breeze. The river was through most of the course smooth and tranquil interrupted only by a slight ripple. On arriving at Lowell the contrast was painful — enormous brick factories, rearing their red-hot surfaces to the sun, with innumerable ladders suspended on their outsides in case of fire, spoke to me, not so much of enterprise and thrift, as of *oppression and injustice*. We passed the Middlesex Canal, but how man makes a fool of a make-believe river! a *mud-puddle* river! There is, however, one consolation in the thought of it — it is not constructed to rival the river in beauty, nor indeed to attempt an imitation of it — but to facilitate commerce and business! It will do very well for that! As we stopped at the different "depots" on our way, we were vastly amused to see the bonnetted women and men laughing and leering at us, or rather at our *hats*! Passed Tyngsborough, a town so named for a certain man named Tyng who owns a magnificent country seat on the bank of the river commanding a fine view of nearly it's [*sic*] whole course. Arrived at Nashua, New Hampshire, situated on the most lovely spot in the whole river — but oh! how marred by *eternal factories* — Here a host gazed at us from the "depot," — two among that host noteworthy, one a remarkable wasp-

waisted girl and the other a remarkable rosy-cheeked little boy who sold us some remarkable rosy-cheeked apples. We crossed to the other side of the river at Goff's Falls, Manchester, a manufacturing town second only to Lowell, and it is said is fast following in the footsteps of it's "illustrious predecessor," the English Manchester. The waterfall is yellow as gold, foaming most beautifully over the rocks. Hatty's father about here produced his stock of bread and cheese, Graham crackers and pears, which we very gratefully consigned to our digestive organs. We arrived at Rogers' house in Concord at about 3 P.M. *Nathaniel P. Rogers*, editor of that brave "Herald of Freedom," though lying sick on the sofa, welcomed us most heartily with his benignant smile and a pressure of his beautiful hand. His amiable wife also greeted us kindly, and his children too; named Frances, Caroline, Daniel, Ellen, Mary, Charles and Anne . . . Ere long we espied the vehicles drawing near slowly and covered with dust containing the host of the Hutchinsons, their horses appearing in the distance like rats dragging away some luckless potatoes. On they came, dusty and worn from their 30 mile ride from Milford, and alighted at the gate—and then what kissings and greetings! Mr. Rogers and his family are deeply and enthusiastically attached to them, both on account of their reform spirit and their rare musical talents. The Hutchinsons pitched their tent on the hill nearby, and are to sleep on their buffalos! They have given a fine concert in the Old North Church, which was crammed!

THURSDAY 8

This morning our party united at about 8 o'clock, and we bade adieu to Rogers and his interesting family . . . We piled our trunks upon the coach, and ourselves into it. Judson Hutchinson and his wife Jerusha, John and his wife Frances, Asa, Abby, Benny, William White, Hatty and myself, not omitting the driver Turner, a real *Yankee*, half squirrel, half fox looking man. In an open wagon behind rode Zephaniah Hutchinson and his wife Abby and little Hetty. Caroline and Ellen Rogers rode in the coach with us. The sky was somewhat overclouded, and it must be confessed so were our

spirits from some cause or other; (perhaps we had not learned to be at one with each other) but towards noon the songs began to rise and our spirits too. We drove along slowly, for we were loaded down with baggage, and besides, our horses were not accustomed to drawing together, and had not became one with each other any more than the company they were drawing. Nathless, we enjoyed highly the sight of the woods, and the hills which would be almost mountains in our flat country. The rain came down occasionally according to the promise of the early clouds. A dozen miles gone over and we halted in front of an old farmer's by the name of Ayres, and there in the coach ate our dinner of cake and cheese, and drank some of the most delicious milk I ever saw. The Hutchinsons sang some songs to the old couple. We gave them three cheers and proceeded on our way, interrupted in our talk or music only when we came to the foot of a long hill when the cry of "all out" from Granville obliged us to alight and walk up. Hills and woods kept appearing to us, and beautiful hemlock, pine and larch trees — the latter called up here the "hacmatac" —"thy woods that bristle with the hacmatac!" We stopped and admired a beautiful waterfall made by a mill stream which runs through Sanbornton. Here was Sanbornton Bridge, and here a whole tribe of village children followed the coach to catch the sounds of the minstrels, as flies are attracted to the sweets, but after a while they scattered and we were left to pursue our way alone. Will and I almost got lost by taking the wrong road, having got out to walk "a piece" as they say up here in New Hampshire. A shout from the coachman recalled us luckily. Our time passed most delightfully. Now we sang, now we chatted, now we walked, now we were silent. Night drew near and we drew up before a rum tavern and deliberated whether we would here put up our weary horses and encamp for the night. It was a matter of considerable consequence to us, tired and hungry as we were and covered with dust, whether we rode five or six miles further as the host assured us was the distance to the next public house. It looked brown and dirty around this place, in short it presented such an aspect as a rum tavern alone can. Asa was quite desirous to put

up here notwithstanding appearances. He thought they might be made to see the wickedness of rum-selling perhaps by some of our temperance songs; at all events he thought they should not be left in their sins, but that we should at least make an effort to reform them. But the instincts of us women were against those who wished to stop here, and we drove on to Mr. Colley's, a red farmhouse in Sanbornton. We women were bestowed in the chambers and rooms, as *room* could be found, an operation which greatly puzzled the good woman of the house and her daughters who seemed for farmers' daughters remarkably stupid and inefficient. "The boys" have sung a glorious "good night" to them which makes them open their ears and eyes too, not knowing yet *whom they are entertaining*. We have come today about 25 miles and have passed through Canterbury almost in sight of Stephen S. Foster's residence, where also we saw in the blue distance Kearsarge Mountain in Maine, and saw too for the first time the Pemmigiwassett River.

FRIDAY 9

We began our course from the "Farm House" this morning at an early hour, 7:30 which is early for us, considering the striking of tent and other preparations which must be gone through, before starting. Rode through New Hampton, a town having a high free situation where the salubrious mountain breezes can easily visit it. Here is an Academy for young ladies, also a seminary for males under the direction of Baptists. As we passed the seminary building the Hutchinsons gave them some of their stirring strains. The girls swarmed out on the balconies and waved their hands and handkerchiefs. It was a beautiful sight. We stopped at a well of delicious water, after walking a few miles, and ate our luncheon which never tasted better. Found an abundance of "everlasting" which Will calls "amaranth" a much more fitting name. We rode along singing and braiding each other's hair, and making amaranth wreaths for each other's hats, and drinking in with all our souls the beauty which kept bursting upon us at every turn till we met J. R. French and some of the Rogerses who came from Plymouth to meet us. Then we entered joyously

the beautiful town of Plymouth singing "I come, I come, ye have called me long—I come o'er the mountains with light and song." J. R. French and Fanny Rogers had arrived here before us, having taken a light wagon from Concord. The road to Plymouth surpasses in beauty anything I ever saw. It extends just below a finely wooded hill or hills rather on the top commanding a view of Pemmigewassett running through rich meadows and making them richer. The air was delicious, not bracing like the sea breezes but mild and soft and salubrious. We arrived in town at about 12 noon and stopped at John Rogers' the brother of N. P. where we found N. P. himself . . . He was sadly prostrated and sick. I had the satisfaction of ministering to him in a neurological way, and the singular pleasure of "champooing," while his daughter sat by our side and read from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Rogers interrupting her in the most delightful way with descriptions of Scottish scenery etc. I never passed so delightful an afternoon. Mrs. John Rogers is the perfection of neatness in all her household arrangements, and cares almost too assiduously for our comfort and pleasure. The house is an old-fashioned mansion with sugar-maples in front and full of rooms and chambers. Plymouth is a lovely place. Rogers truly says, "It would be an earthly Paradise could the people only be free" The Hutchinsons have given a fine concert here in the Court House. Their music affected me more deeply than ever before. I was peculiarly impressionable. Hatty and myself are to spend the night at the house of the doctor, the brother of N. P. (Rogers). He has more brothers here still I believe. This is his native village where he lived some years and practised law; but Anti-Slavery brought him out from the one and the other.

SATURDAY 10

After reducing our baggage to one half, we proceeded in the dewy morning, I in an open wagon with W. A. White, and rode along through the Pemigewassett valley, in view of the charming river with its bends and meadows, its borders of green and innumerable little cataracts galloping down merrily from the hills, some making considerable waterfalls, others no more than mere silver threads, but all charming us with

their beauty and music . . . At one we alighted to admire and adore. Here we left as marks of our progress, and signs of sympathy with those behind, whom we outstripped in the other vehicles, a green branch stuck up on the bridge, a bit of Graham cracker, and a slip of paper containing our greetings, and then reluctantly tore ourselves away from the charming spot. We stopped and watered our horse at many a sparkling stream running down from the streams above. The mountains began to-day to open before us, the clouds resting on their tips oh! so lovely. I wished I were a cloud with sensation and love and thoughts, that I might lie upon the rich and beautiful green which thickly wooded the heights. The raspberries began to show themselves in great abundance, and we picked them rejoicingly. We dined on bread and cheese at a small tavern in Lincoln, whence we could see the Haystack Mountains. Lafayette is the highest of these, called most appropriately *Great Haystack!* We rested here about ¾ of an hour, and then proceeded rather sleepily to Knight's in Lincoln where we arrived at about two o'clock P.M. We immediately began a muddy walk to the "Flume" which is about ¾ mile distant. The "Flume" is made by a stream which comes from a pond not far above and rushes madly through an immense cleft in a ledge of rock 80 or 100 feet high, making in it's [*sic*] course the most beautiful succession of falls that could be imagined, and then it spreads out smooth and runs with comparatively gentle current over an extended rock flattened somewhat by the continual wearing of the water, and then loses itself among the woods. It is fearful to see a vast rock suspended midway between the two sundered precipices like a wedge. But the "Pool" takes away all power of describing the Flume. This is formed by the Pemigewassett river, tumbling and foaming over a bed of large rocks, and making cataracts of great variety of shape and hue, and of surpassing beauty; and then it spreads itself out into a pool 100 feet wide, perhaps, of clear sparkling water, so smooth that one might swim or bathe there. We descended to the edge of the "pool" by a somewhat dangerous path made very slippery from decayed trunks of trees wet with the constant dampness, by ladders which looked at first to me, un-

accustomed to any kind of climbing, terrific. I descended nevertheless and was richly repaid. I gazed on the majestic cliffs above, I dipped my head in the "pool," I sang, and William shouted. We returned to the house, my clothes wet through with the rain which spouted down upon us abundantly as we scrambled over the slippery trunks and plants, through the soft mud. We were rejoiced to get back to Knight's and meet the rest of the party and refresh ourselves with supper and social intercourse. We did not lack this last, for we have among us a wild, joyous set. They became children at dusk, and we all laughed and danced and sang. Knight described a certain "great tall fellow" who was up here last year by the name of Lincoln who sang "Dan Tucker" so loud that all the neighborhood could hear him, and the boys up here had not ceased singing it yet . . . Here I am about retiring to a bed which, after a tremendous row and frolic as to how we should all sixteen of us be disposed of, Hatty and I have finally fixed upon as ours.

SUNDAY 11

A most glorious morning, up at half past four and breakfasted in another hour, then mounted our wagon and proceeded to Littleton a distance from Lincoln of about 16 miles. The country grew continually more mountainous till we reached the Franconia Notch in which is a most beautiful road bordered on each side by the finest forest I ever saw, maples, pines, birches, and other trees. Lafayette and the Haystacks on the right, and on the left the "Old Man of the Mountain" a grand and expressive face cut in the solid rock, not by the chisel of man, but fixed there by the great architect of these granite hills so vast and majestic. At the foot of the "Old Man" is a smooth and quiet lake of pure and clear water in which mirror he may dress that hoary beard of his if he ever condescends to follow so far the vain fashions of the world below. The lake is in some parts of it unfathomable. A boat is there to convey passengers across if they desire it, though they can only look at the "Old Man" from below, as there is no approach to him up the inaccessible cliffs. On coming out from the Notch, the country opened upon us most glori-

ously, mountains and extended plains gilded by the sun which shone upon them from behind us where on turning our heads we could see the heights we had left towering into the clouds which rested most beautifully upon their dark blue tops. At Knapp's we stopped and watered the "Captain" from a log trough, a great number of which we see all along our way filled by some of the innumerable mountain streams which rush down from their lofty springs clear as crystal. This New Hampshire *water* is most pure and delicious. It comes from heaven! I'd rather drink it at the *fountain head*, as it were, than after it has travelled through the earth for miles unnumbered, collecting salts and mineral substances . . . I forgot to mention the "Basin" which we stopped to admire before we got to the "Notch." It is similar to the Flume tho' far inferior. It is formed by a freak of the Pemigewassett, which about here or a little farther down unites with the Winnepisorgee and forms the Merrimack. We arrived at Franconia and by a "special providence" found Abby Kelley and Stephen Foster just starting for Dover on their return from the White Mountains, and persuaded them to turn their horse's head and go with us to Littleton to attend the Anti-Slavery meeting there. Our horse went wonderfully fast compared to his pace of yesterday. We galloped down the hills which began to be not a few and into Littleton, as we thought quite in style causing considerable observation . . . We found very soon Anti-Slavery friends and alighted at Mr. Carleton's. The meeting was an uncommonly fine one. Abby was inspired and so were the Hutchinsons and S. S. Foster. The sight of a comeouter meeting on the *Sabbath* in a *Church*, the minister superceded [*sic*] by lecturers on reform, was a somewhat rare one in this region of pro-slavery churches! But this uncommon occurence was not owing to the superiority of this people over others in the matter of abolition; (for alas! they are not free as their mountain breezes) but rather an accidental providence. The weather is cold as our frosty mornings in October.

MONDAY 12

I awoke this morning at about 4 o'clock and found Abby Kelley up and bathing. She was my companion at Mrs.

Guild's for the night. We had some most interesting conversation before we closed our eyes in sleep. She told me of the trials and insults of every kind to which she was exposed when she first became a lecturer on Anti-Slavery. It is marvellous — the devotion and strength she possessed throughout the whole — her body and mind went through a tremendous struggle ere she became free and bold and strong to go through her work. Oh! the nights she has lain in bed sleepless, her head throbbing with her high mission! How few are the women who would not have abandoned it in despair! But she has passed most gloriously through the trying "forty days." She impressed me deeply, and urged me very strongly to become a speaker to the people on the subject of slavery. I cannot feel as she does about my competency to become a public speaker, nor the obligation that rests upon me so to do. I do not feel the call as yet. She left at 5 o'clock for Franconia with Stephen. We can see the *White Mountains* from here for the first time towering up in their grandeur and beauty, — blue and cloud-capped. This day we have spent in Littleton, fishing in the Amonoosack, but I did not fish; it is no amusement to me. I laughed, picked berries, and flowers, and ate luncheon. William and I had a hair-breadth escape from broken limbs or something worse in our wagon. The occasion of it was a foolish, childish feeling in John Rogers that he would run by us, and in us that he should not. Our wheels locked and we should have been thrown out over the other side of a board fence upon the rocks, but for "special providence" in the shape of William's finger just touching said fence which righted our wagon and we were saved from any injury excepting the shattering of both our wheels and some fright. On our way we picked an abundance of "Amaranth" and visited an Indian wigwam made of bark which is probably used by woodmen in these parts. We found within it some potatoes and implements for cooking, etc. It is a very pleasant little retreat. I should love to take supper there. A sudden shower came up on our way home from fishing — quite common they say in these mountainous regions. We were completely wet through, but the hot sun soon dried our clothes

and umbrellas. We stopped at a sawmill carried by the same stream that we fished in. It was quite an extensive establishment, and very interesting to the men of our party, being as they always are, interested in machinery. I noticed quantities of bits of wood which the workmen threw into the river to float down and be wasted. I thought how glad would some of our people be to get them for fuel. They sold them they said for ninepence a cord! Tonight we went by invitation to see the works of a so-called artist, the most horrible pieces of daubery I ever beheld, fit only for a bonfire! Strange that up here in the midst of the grandest of God's works any man could be so low in his ideas of what art is. . . .

TUESDAY 13

I sit upon a shelf of rock overlooking a most lovely stream bubbling and rushing and leaping down from the mountains which are now not far distant, the Amonoosack. I can look out from the woods and see Mt. Washington enveloped in mist. We have rode [*sic*] from Littleton a distance I suppose of a dozen miles or so. From the top of the stage where I have sat today the view of the range of White Hills has been magnificent and the country all along most charming. Raspberries in abundance grow in the hedges. We stopped and picked some, delaying the stage nearly half an hour to the great annoyance of our driver Turner, who is in general very obliging but today he feels hurried and a little disposed to exert his authority. William has been trying to drive us along to make us at least keep up with the coach, but it has been as difficult as to make a drove of sheep go along when bunches of corn are scattered for them at every other step. The poor coach has been almost entirely empty, for the weather is so delightful that we can't keep in it, and then the flowers and the mountains and the woods draw us strongly to them so that we cannot hurry by. We have dined today at a small tavern in Carroll on the trout which we caught yesterday, some pies and cake and glorious potatoes — decidedly the most interesting and romantic dinner we have taken. We arranged ourselves in the good man's barn, some sitting upon the beams, and some lying upon the fragrant hay. It was a new and spacious room and made

a capital dining-hall, such a one at least as to give us tremendous appetites. We passed E. A. Crawford's and enquired for letters from home, for as Mt. Washington rose higher and higher into the clouds our hearts began to beat and yearn for home friends, and their presence here to participate in our enjoyment. Here we are at Fabyan's at the foot of the White Mountains — the whole of us — blowing the horn and listening to the wondrous echoes as they reverberate from summit to summit! It is glorious! It is like music from celestial orchestras — choirs of angels singing far up in the empyrean and sending down their falling off strains. It is not clear tonight, so that the sounds are not perfect; but Crawford who is blowing the first blast says "take some frosty morning and we take the leaves off the trees"! He is a lusty, hearty old fellow, clever and good natured but he tells awfully large stories! A party from the mountain comes tearing down wet and bedraggled. I wonder if I shall be able to make the ascent tomorrow! It makes me almost tremble to think of it. Oh! how great and glorious are those heights! I know not what to say by way of description. I will be silent — they "look from out their silent sea of clouds, how silently." The ocean and the mountains! *they* impress me with silence as the restless unquiet ocean doth not, but they are *both* infinite in their sublimity! How terrific those slides, but why do I write when I am living in their grandeur? We are all sitting at table eating the first real raspberries we have found at any table on our way — But we must not sit here long, for *Fabyan* is giving his master blasts on the tin horn and making the mountains resound! He has discharged a gun and oh! how "from crag to crag leapt the live thunder" made by the report! Now we are collected together in one large chamber for our night's rest and preparations for the busy, exciting tomorrow, when we are to try our nerves in climbing the Mountain which now as I look from the window has put on it's [*sic*] night-cap of clouds more dense and white than before. The lower summits around do not yet aspire to that honor! the stars are bright and all is still. The three wives of the Hutchinsons and we six maidens with little Hetty, who has been amusing us by her cunning little imi-

tations of her uncle's singing, are to sleep here, the seven men having encamped in the field near by to sleep in their Indian fashion. And now "good night." I veritably sleep at the foot of the White Mountains!

WEDNESDAY 14

This has been the most glorious day I ever spent. We started from our hotel at 8 o'clock A.M. and ascended Mt. Washington, 6775 feet above the level of the sea, over rugged paths the like of which I never conceived or imagined. We rode through a most beautiful path thro' the woods for about five miles, some parts of it quite steep, the mud two or three feet deep, and the path often crossed by large and tangled roots of trees, fording the Amonoosack six or seven times till we arrived at the foot of the mountain. Here we all drew up at a spring and alighted to refresh ourselves and horses with a draught of the most glorious water in the world. Then we began the ascent. I experienced not a sensation of fear from beginning to end, which surprises me when I look back in memory to the precipitous passes. It is two miles and a half from the foot to the top of the summit, and the whole distance up the mountain and back again eighteen miles from Fabyan's. It was a novel ride to me and the most interesting one I ever took. We wound along single file over the steeps which were some of them tremendous, rocky and precipitous, preceded by "our guide" and Turner the driver, then myself, then the Hutchinsons and Hatty, and "last but not least" in their own estimation, the ten Southerners, some of them slaveholders, who were not long in discovering that they had got into warm company (for we were all abolitionists and quite free in our conversation). I found I had formed an erroneous opinion concerning the ascent of the mountain. I had supposed there would be sudden precipices on our right and left as we wound up, down which there was great danger of our falling, and which I confess I had a good deal *feared* in anticipation; but it was not so; the precipices were *behind* us as we ascended, and had we not almost lain upon our horses' necks we might have broken our necks by tumbling backwards. It was beautiful to look down and see the cavalcade winding along up the

steep, narrow paths, and still more so to observe the horses carefully picking their way, their noses close to the ground, — some of their riders walking, preferring to trust their own feet rather than their horses. The scene reminded me of the muleteers of the Alps. Our guide, Fabyan, was an exceedingly bright and cheerful young man, good-natured and accommodating — his sonorous "hoop! hoo!" resounding through the woods was cheering enough — then he would cry out, "let your horses have their heads and bend forward" and so forth which we were all glad to obey. I never enjoyed anything so much as the descending. I walked a considerable distance down the steepest parts, as the guide said it was unsafe to ride, there being so much danger of our being precipitated over our horses' heads. We stopped at a little hut built of stone a short distance before arriving at the top of the mountain, and provided ourselves with cans for water which is obtained from a spring not far from where we were to stop. The guide carried provisions for our luncheon in his saddlebags, and, on the rocks, up there in the clouds, a mile and a quarter above the sea, far above all vegetation, our heads bathed in the mists which kept sweeping over us, we ate a social meal. Now the mist raised its leaden veil and disclosed to us the Saco winding and curling along like a far-off serpent, till it seemed to extend perpendicularly into the sky, and now we caught a sight of Mt. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and the wide field of blue mountains below us, and now dimly could be seen beautiful lakes. Winnipesaukee might have been seen on a very clear day, but these are very rare at this season. Notwithstanding the dimness of the prospect, it was magnificent. I felt in the presence of the *Infinite*. We found William on the mount who had *walked* all the way which we all considered a great feat, shivering with the cold which was quite intense, though I felt not a single chill. Our horses huddled together to keep each other warm. We thought they should have had blankets to throw over them after their violent exertions in climbing the steeps; but sad to say the people there seemed not to be mindful of the animals. They were all worn and lean being obliged almost every day to perform the same toil-

some jaunt. Their backs were all sore, and their saddles almost all misfits. But *brandy* must be there, even on the top of these everlasting monuments of God's power! Some of the individuals among the "chivalric" section of our party, thought, or pretended to think it necessary in order to prevent their feeling *cold* on the mountain. Methought they took a little occasionally when they were *below the clouds*. The Hutchinsons sang most thrillingly the "Temperance Ball." In what glorious harmony with the place were their mighty strains! We rode home somewhat more merry than in the morning, highly delighted with the day's experience. My horse was a little short, shaggy, French pony as homely as possible, but as sure-footed as a mule. I became really attached to him before I got home, and had my saddle been a proper one for him, my ride would have been a perfect one. It *was* sublime! We rode up to Fabyan's in good style, three abreast, and the Hutchinsons singing a full chorus. But, oh! How lame and exhausted we women are! *We* have had since we arrived a full chorus of *groans*. Little Ellen Rogers although only 12 years old, and never having been on a horse before, is fresher than any of us, excepting William who arrived home before us, having *run down* a good deal of the mountain. The guide thought we were the largest and most pleasant party he ever went up with! Particularly pleasant, he said, did he find those two pretty girls, Mary Lincoln and Hatty Jackson. He could talk with them so freely and sociably! We thought it too probable that a considerable quantity of this same praise is bestowed on *every* party that he conducts to Mt. Washington; yet we flattered ourselves that we did deserve a large share of it, and that he was honest in meting it out to us.

BOOK REVIEWS

History of Dartmouth College. By Leon Burr Richardson. (Hanover, New Hampshire: Dartmouth College Publications, 1932. 2 volumes. Pp. 854. $7.50.)

The reviewer, reading in the preface that this stout two-volume work was considered by the author a short compendium, took up the first volume with no great anticipation of pleasure: but he has laid down the second volume with regret that the story was so soon concluded. Professor Richardson has produced a fascinating continuous narrative of a New England college which is like no other university college in the English-speaking world. Dartmouth, starting as the lengthened shadow of a founder who in some quarters was regarded as a sincere fanatic and in others as a clever charlatan, maintained the severest standards of New England Puritanism almost unimpaired for over a century, and within a single generation so successfully adapted herself to the new century that entrance to her limited enrollment was more sought after than to any other college in the country. The story is told with admirable candor, humor, and proportion, without a trace of the campus piety that has disfigured many American university histories. Self-commendatory superlatives and injurious reflections on other institutions are both happily lacking; the tone was set by Daniel Webster: "It is, sir, a small college, and yet there are those that love it."

In the beginning there was only a man and an idea. Eleazar Wheelock dreamt of a college where American Indians could be trained in piety and learning, and sent forth to convert and teach their people. There was nothing original in this conception. Similar colleges were planned both in Virginia and New England shortly after the foundation of these colonies, and early Harvard and William and Mary had their Indian Colleges, supported like Dartmouth with English funds, and appropriated, like Dartmouth, by English lads. Even earlier, the French had set up an Indian college at Quebec with complete lack of success; but among the English the notion never wholly

died that the proper way to deal with the Indian problem was to catch your Indian young and clap him into college. Bishop Berkeley's project for an Indian college at Bermuda was simply the most ambitious of many such schemes.

Eleazar Wheelock is one of the most interesting and baffling characters in New England history. There will always remain a question of his sincerity. On the face of it one can hardly deny that quality to a man who sacrificed health, property, and well-being to carry out an idea which apparently came to him as a direct order from God. Yet his small-scale experiment of teaching Indians in his private school for Indians at Lebanon, Connecticut, seems to have been a failure by his own confession. Few of his forty graduates justified the cost and trouble expended on their education; most of them, he admitted, had "sunk into as low, savage, and brutish a way of living as they were before, and many of the most promise have fallen lowest" (78). In the face of this record, or part of it, Wheelock planned and put over the famous endowment drive, which through the efforts of his one successful Indian graduate, Samson Occom (a super-salesman if there ever was one), raised the very large sum of £11,000 in 1767-1768 from pious and well-disposed persons in England and Scotland. Although American colonial colleges were much more indebted to English benefactors than historians have generally admitted, this was by far the largest single fund raised for any colonial educational purpose.

Having secured the money, or some of it, Wheelock "established an ordinary college for whites, an action never contemplated or stressed in the appeals of Occom and Whitaker in England" (112)—if it had been stressed, no money would have been forthcoming; and for that reason a large part of it was witheld by the English and Scotch trustees. Professor Richardson believes that "Wheelock's prime purpose was the Christianizing of the Indian" (120); but the facts, so far as he sets them forth, seem to justify Occom's protest that everything was being done for the whites and nothing for his own race, and Whitefield's feeling that funds had been unlawfully diverted from the object for which they were donated. Wheel-

ock's defense, that "the presence of white students only serves to make the [Indian] project more effective" does not ring true, for the curriculum and the living conditions at Hanover made no concession whatever to Indian wants and needs. It is all very puzzling, for Wheelock makes, as a whole, an impression of sincerity and sacrifice. Is it not probable that he had something of that Wilsonian quality which will never admit defeat, which ardently declares that what all the world sees black, is really the white that he desired? Or that, once the college was founded, Wheelock's interest shifted from the aborigine to the institution? He wanted Indian students if they could be had, but above all Dartmouth College must live and grow. Both he and his successors made sporadic efforts to obtain Indian students, and in fact there is one there now; but nothing ever was done to make the place or the course really serviceable to native Americans.

What Wheelock did accomplish was to provide a college for the same sort of people who had founded Yale when Harvard went liberal, and who in 1770 regarded Yale as having gone the way of all flesh. The early enrollment was mostly from pious New Light families of the Connecticut valley rather than from New Hampshire: Dartmouth did not grow out of the soil and the neighborhood like Amherst and Williams. Orthodoxy in the Calvinist sense was the great drawing card of Dartmouth for over a hundred years. It preserved well into the second half of the nineteenth century the spiritual atmosphere of seventeenth-century Harvard and eighteenth-century Yale: a college whose primary purpose was to educate young men for the ministry; whose curriculum, rigidly prescribed to all without exception, was the traditional medieval arts course; where living was cheap to the point of brutishness; and where all diversions, especially those of a gentlemanly nature, were discountenanced or forbidden in the presumed interest of piety. As late as 1877 recipients of scholarship aid had to take oath not to drink, smoke, dance, nor play billiards! The effectiveness of the classical discipline must have been very much lessened by President Lord's notion "that ambition and emulation are selfish principles," "not of Divine origin" and "consequent-

ly immoral" (441); hence all college honors and competitive examinations were abolished for over a generation, and commencement parts were assigned by lot.

It is a grim picture that Professor Richardson paints of the old Hanover: plain living indeed, and slight evidence of high thinking. No wonder that Dartmouth students in what one old graduate described as "barbarian surroundings" (481), broke forth from the repressive discipline in boisterous upheavals that recall medieval Paris or Oxford. Another unamiable peculiarity of the place was a propensity to fierce intramural controversy, of which the famous Dartmouth College Case was but one instance. If a President of Dartmouth differed with his Board of Trustees, he was apt to rush into print with a stout pamphlet, and many a petty dispute that should have been composed in private meeting was ventilated in the public press.

Isolated as it was, and depending on a rather special constituency, Dartmouth College was slow to change. Few disturbers were allowed admission to the faculty, and heretics were rooted out. As late as 1891 a candidate was refused a faculty appointment because he was an Episcopalian. The curriculum for 1891-1892 was still mostly Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, no modern language save French and German, and very little of them; but one course each for a third of the year on English Literature, Political Economy, and Medieval and Modern History. The late lamented Herbert D. Foster, appointed in 1894, was the first professor of Modern History to be appointed at Dartmouth and the first to teach American History.

This was at the beginning of President Tucker's administration, when the College, impelled largely by its graduates, began the reluctant motion of renovation, material and intellectual. Having waited so long to begin this inevitable operation, the College authorities were in an enviable position to adopt those reforms of education of the last fifty years that had stood the test of time, while rejecting the abuses of a too rigid application of the elective system. The Tuck School, established in 1900, was the first graduate school of business administration in

the United States. But, apart from this, Dartmouth authorities refused resolutely to expand into a full-blown university. Instead they have concentrated on the male sex and on the undergraduate college, broadened the curriculum, built up an excellent faculty without reference to religious affiliation, and attracted students from all parts of the United States; the Dartmouth student body is now far more nationally distributed than those of Harvard, Yale, or Columbia. Coming at last to terms with its environment, Dartmouth College has made Hanover one of the fairest college towns in America, and the severe winters, formerly her greatest liability, have become a peculiar asset. It will surprise many to learn that it was only in the winter of 1909-1910 that skiing obtained a foothold among the hills of Hanover. Before that, Dartmouth students were said (at Cambridge) to sew themselves up into winter underwear, lay in a stock of whiskey, and hibernate, as soon as the football season was over! The extent that the new Dartmouth has travelled in forty years may be gauged by the fact that Orozco, the Mexican artist, is now painting murals in the Baker Memorial Library.

It is too early to judge the results of the new Dartmouth, but one would like to know more than Professor Richardson tells us of the results of the old régime of orthodoxy, severe discipline, and drilling in classical texts. One hears many sighs of regret nowadays over the "good old classical education" before "President Eliot ruined the American College." What flowers did that classical discipline produce at Dartmouth? What effect had prescribed Euripides and Æschylus on the boys who spent four years at Hanover? Did any of the wisdom and beauty of Hellas enter into their souls — or did all that escape them in barbarous surroundings, with stupid methods of teaching? The authorities seem to have had their wish at least in uniformity. Dartmouth has never been a mother to rebels, reformers, or revolutionaries. Her most notable contribution to America was a long line of eminent lawyers and jurists: Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Chief Justice Chase. Further, she amply fulfilled the secondary purpose of her founders, the providing of "able, learned and ortho-

dox ministers." But were the alumni, as a whole, more or less mediocre than those of other American colleges of approximately the same size, with a different educational policy? Probably this is a question which the historian can not answer; and even if it were attempted to solve it by an elaborate system of rating "eminence," one could always reply to the charge of mediocrity that home and school are far deeper environmental influences than college; and that Dartmouth served the country well in offering to boys of no cultural background the best that she could give, and they receive.

The new Dartmouth has attracted quite a different constituency from the old: sons of moderately well-to-do business and professional men all over the country. The future historian of the College will have to compare this new output of the hand-picked enrollment of two thousand, with the old and smaller Dartmouth which accepted any boy who showed up with a school certificate, a sweater, and a pair of pants. The authorities have been highly successful in securing an even geographical distribution; the question is whether, in their selective search for qualities of "leadership" (that *ignis fatuus* of American education) they may not be passing over boys like Daniel Webster and Henry Thoreau, who certainly showed no qualities of leadership at the age of eighteen. The present Dartmouth undergraduate is a far more presentable and mannered youth than his predecessor. The arts and letters are no longer objects of contempt in undergraduate circles. Indeed old Dartmouth graduates, remembering the old tobacco-chewing days when men were men at Hanover, are no little alarmed over the "smoothness" of their successors; and farmers' boys go elsewhere to college, if anywhere, these days. But an outsider, who remembers that incursion of northern barbarians when Dartmouth dedicated the Harvard stadium, and who has noted the high quality shown by graduate students from Hanover in recent years, needs no persuasion that the change has been all to the good. He can only rejoice that Dartmouth is no longer *vox clamantis in deserto*, but a place where the amenities are cultivated as well as the arts; a first-rate college that is too sensible to become a second-rate university.

A very few adverse points need be made in criticism of this admirable work. One is that there is too little reference to the educational and political background of the college. For instance, the penalty of expulsion adopted in 1799 for a student who became a Freemason, shows that the trustees had fallen for the "Illuminati" scare of that year; the requirement of 1879 that classes be divided into sections alphabetically, not according to merit (632) reversed a reform which a Dartmouth graduate, George Ticknor, had obtained at Harvard over half a century before; and conversely, the language of Gordon McKay's bequest to Harvard University in 1903 reproduced provisions of Abiel Chandler's bequest to Dartmouth over fifty years before. It is a misnomer to call the attempt to designate certain hours as study hours and recreation hours a "kindergarten system" (635), since the same thing may be found in the statutes of all medieval colleges, and Harvard and Yale. In a college history intended for the general reader, and extending to over 850 pages, there should be a certain number of illustrations and maps. Without these, the general reader can not envisage the tremendous change that has come over the physical aspect of Hanover; and the author's admirable character sketches of the Dartmouth presidents cry aloud for portraits. Even if the plan did not include footnotes and appendices, there should at least be a reproduction in type of the celebrated charter, and a brief bibliography; for not many individuals or libraries can expect to supplement this work by Judge Chase's standard history. In view of Dartmouth's long fidelity to seventeenth-century educational standards, it is a happy coincidence that these two volumes were printed, and beautifully printed, by the Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro, the nucleus of which is the very printing press that Stephen Daye set up at Cambridge in 1639.

One concludes the reading of this absorbing story with the emphatic feeling that New England, and the whole country, are the better for Dartmouth College—a college that dares to be herself, yet has the wisdom so to modify herself as to be serviceable to a new age.

S. E. Morison.

Archibald Cary Coolidge, Life and Letters. By Harold Jefferson Coolidge and Robert Howard Lord. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 1932. Pp. xvi, 368. $4.50.)

With fine balance and exquisite taste a brother and a disciple have provided us with this permanent record of the career of Archibald Cary Coolidge. It is appreciative, as indeed it should be, but it is neither idolatrous nor rhetorical. It is a simple restrained record, straight-forward in narrative and not too serious in mood. All of it, including the liberally-quoted correspondence, makes delightful reading and brightly illumines not only a peculiarly attractive personality but also a significant phase of the history of America and the world.

From the record emerges a man who possessed in high degree the virtues exemplified by the biography itself—restraint, sincerity, a sense of humor, and great singleness of purpose. Given his intelligence and intellectual interests, Coolidge had family enough—he was of *the* Coolidges, to say nothing of Jefferson, Randolph, and Pocahontas—to have tempted him into genealogical studies, and wealth enough to have enabled him to practise the art of gentleman-scholar and produce tomes like those of a Prescott or a Bancroft. He did have devotion to family. He was a gentleman-scholar. He did write some brilliant essays and chapters. But brains, abilities, and background he utilized first, and above everything else, for the realization of genuinely university ideals in America. To him must be ascribed a significant rôle, along with such men as Remsen, Henry Adams, and Burgess, in the actual transformation of the college of students into the university of scholars. It is no derogation to him to say that his rôle here was more the promoter's than the productive scholar's.

Himself a bridge in the late eighties and early nineties from Harvard College to the universities of France and Germany, Coolidge brought back the spirit of the latter and infused it into the body of the former. From the beginning of his teaching at

Harvard in 1893, until his death in 1928, he was promoter extraordinary of the plan of developing in Cambridge a great and advanced center of historical studies. He zealously labored to enlarge the staff and enrich the offering of his department; he personally inaugurated the first university course in America in Slavic history and sponsored the first university course in Slavic language and literature; and he was among the first in America to advocate university work in the history of the Near East, Far East and Latin America; a world vision was his. Moreover, by quiet financial subsidies, as well as by wise counsel, he was ever intent upon providing his university with the necessary accompaniments of distinguished scholarship—able graduate students, opportunities for the publication of the results of research, and unexcelled materials for research. For a bigger and better library he labored unceasingly; from 1910 he was director of the library; and the present Widener Library, with its magnificent collections, is the most enduring monument to the university ideal of Archibald Cary Coolidge.

Coolidge was a Harvard man. This fact appears quite naturally on almost every page of the biography. He was body and soul of Harvard and with Harvard, and the rest of the United States must have seemed rather provincial to him. Most of the correspondence is with fellow-Harvardians; and to an outlander, like the present reviewer, there is something funny about Coolidge's finding late in life that periodic trips to New York might be "a source of pleasure and interest to himself."

But Coolidge was also, quite literally, a man of the world, with such results as must fascinate outlanders as well as New Englanders. Perhaps he could appreciate Harvard the more because he was away from it so much. Doubtless he could do the more for his university because he had experience of the universe. Coolidge was a great traveller; probably no historian, ancient or modern, not even Herodotus, has been so constantly *en voyage*. From boyhood almost to death, he was traversing not only the conventional routes in Europe but also the oddest and most unusual ways in Russia, Asia, and South America, and

with a verve, an understanding, a utility vouchsafed to few beings, academic or otherwise. Besides, he had a seemingly congenital flair for international diplomacy and a perpetual interest in it, and his own contributions to it were considerable. He had brief early experiences in the American legations at St. Petersburg, Paris, and Vienna. During the World War he undertook a special mission for the American government to Russia, and played an important part in Colonel House's "Inquiry." Immediately after the War he headed an American commission of observation in Austria and served on several important committees at Paris. The chapters on these subjects are written by Professor Lord, Coolidge's fellow-negotiator at Paris, and constitute a particularly valuable supplement to our knowledge of the peace negotiations.

From wide travel and from close contact with officialdom, Coolidge strengthened his own predilections about history. Like Freeman, he believed that history is past politics, and he concerned himself almost exclusively with political and diplomatic history; intellectual history and social and economic history were outside his ken. Unlike Freeman, he had slight interest in ancient or medieval or even early modern times; he was a devotee of recent and contemporary history. Within this field, restricted in time and topics, but as unrestricted in area as the globe, Coolidge was a master. Of this fact, the volume before us, without fuss or feathers, bears convincing testimony. And although the volume bears evidence likewise of the direct influence which Coolidge has had on the American university and on such a notable organ as *Foreign Affairs*, the present reviewer must regret, with other readers, that the wisdom and knowledge of such a man were drawn upon only indirectly and spasmodically by the American Republic.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

Cape Cod Ahoy! A Travel Book for the Summer Visitor. By Arthur Wilson Tarbell. (Boston: A. T. Ramsay and Company. 1932. Pp. 342. $2.00.)

The title of this book strikes the keynote of the whole volume: it is breezy, flippant, and superficial — light fare for the casual automobilist. Though it contains a great deal of information about the past and present of the Cape, it reveals none of that underlying serenity and leisureliness of the inhabitants, which is one of the great charms of the region. Tarbell, in the course of his twenty summers at Chatham, must have discovered that Cape men move at a restful *tempo*, but he does not permit his readers the same peaceful pace. Town by town they are rushed down the north side of the Cape and up the south, until they are left breathless at Falmouth, wondering what it is all about.

This effect of haste is owing, at least in part, to the forced transitions which, instead of smoothing over the jolts between topic and topic, serve rather to prevent the reader from pausing for a contemplative moment at the end of one section before proceeding to the next. No phrase, however dexterous, can bridge the gulf between the statement that the Eastham parson's salary in 1662 came from drift whales and the item that Marconi sent his first wireless message across the Atlantic from Wellfleet in 1903. Those who take interest in the vanished shipmasters, furthermore, will not like the author's calling Captain Frederick Howes' double topsail rig a "jib hank," nor will they approve of his giving Captain John Kendrick the credit for discovering the Columbia River.

However, Tarbell deserves praise for the great fund of information that he has collected, even if we disapprove of the manner in which he has presented it. He has told the truth, too, about such important matters as the pronunciation of Chatham and Highland Light and has caught perfectly the bleakness of the outer beaches in the line, "Melancholy and loneliness hover over Monomoy." A newcomer to the Cape may read the book with profit.

H. C. Kittredge.

Mark Twain's America. By Bernard DeVoto. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1932. Pp. xvii, 353. $4.00.)

Mr. DeVoto's volume on Mark Twain is so militantly provocative in manner that I hasten to acknowledge its chief value. There is a temptation to stray into reply, rebuttal, retort, or recrimination; but if one concentrates on the subject of the book rather than on the author, there are reasons aplenty for refusing to be distracted.

What appeals to me in *Mark Twain's America* is that at a time when criticism is often turning from literature to the writers of literature, and dealing with writers not as artists, but as phenomena in an economic, political, sociological, or pathological world, and when the complex and subtle reason is more and more yielded preference over the simple and apparently obvious one, Mr. DeVoto approaches Mark Twain's literary achievements through Mark Twain, the man, and as far as may be interprets Mark Twain in terms of his setting in time and place — nineteenth-century Trans-Mississippi. This is an abstract statement of his performance, but the virtue of Mr. DeVoto's book is that it is definite and that it so concretely relates the shaggy realist, humorist, satirist to a western way of life and a western manner of expression.

The springs of the familiar literature of which Mark Twain was master were in the life of the newly-settled regions; its substance was the flow of anecdote current among new settlers, born of their experiences, and developed in the narration, as tale-tellers and listeners labored together, or as they loafed together on the levees, in the taverns, around campfires in the forest, on the prairies or at the mines. There was a technique in the telling which Mark Twain did not invent, but which he adopted and developed — Thorpe's "Big Bear of Arkansas" is as good piece of story telling as Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." And there was a prevailing strain of exaggeration which was heightened by the restrained manner of telling. Mark Twain's characters were seldom the supermen of the "tall tales"; but they lived in the midst of

the same extravagant surroundings, where local pride lived up to the stimulation of its environment, and where the humor, as broad as the plains, vented itself not only in hyperbole but also in practical jokes, in detailed accounts of the jokers' exploits, and in the kind of literary practical joke that is called the hoax.

It must be remembered, Mr. DeVoto pertinently reminds us, that the reader can enjoy this anecdotal literature to-day only because artifice took hold of it and transcribed it; and that this transcription, in distinction from the literal recording of balladry, was possible for only two types of writer: the man so uncontaminated by books that he could naturally use the vernacular of the tale-teller, or the artist with such control of his medium that he could reproduce the effect despite the traditions of polite and polished literature. The stories as we have them in print represent not "a symbolism shaped by some mystical pattern in the folk mind, but the conscientious work of writers, frequently intelligent, and sometimes very talented, who knew quite well what they were doing" (243). Among these writers Mark Twain was preëminent.

His resort to the manner of the oral story-teller, and to the material of the tall tale, is significant for its place both in his own development and in the evolution of nineteenth-century literature in America. "He took the humorous anecdote, combined it with autobiographical reminiscence, and so achieved the narrative form best adapted to his mind" (245). It was the natural method for a man who had been bred on the banks of the Mississippi and crossed the plains to the mining towns. It continued to be his method throughout his career. It is the method of his travel books from *Innocents Abroad* on; but it is recurrent in almost all the rest of his works, so that even in *Joan of Arc* he introduced the Paladin and Joan's uncles as comic relief characters to embroider the serious history with the most fantastic of yarns. This point is fully presented and amply documented by Mr. DeVoto in his tenth chapter, "The Big Bear of Arkansaw."

Here also, as well as in the concluding chapter, "The Artist as American" Mr. DeVoto stresses the fact that in substance as well as in manner Mark Twain's work was mid-American —an essentially homespun fabric of essentially native material. "When he came to write 'Tom Sawyer' Mark Twain at last arrived at the theme that was most harmonious with his interest, his experience and his talents" (303). There is more of America, this critic contends, in Mark Twain's books than in any other's; "it is their immortality. . . . He wrote books that have in them something eternally true to the core of his nation's life" (321). Yet it was largely because of their homely native quality that they were long looked at askance by literary and learned America. Mr. DeVoto cites John Hay's disapproval in 1870 (180), and Barrett Wendell's damningly faint praise in 1900 (300). He might have supplemented them with evidence as early as June, 1845, when Sam Clemens was a Hannibal town boy, of a basic prejudice that deplored the influence of writers like Haliburton and Seba Smith, "who degrade and vulgarize the tongue and taste of the country," according to the *American Whig Review*; or he might have extended his proof to Howells's later recollection that he did not care to expose his western friend "to the critical edge of that Cambridge acquaintance which might not have appreciated him at, say, his transatlantic value."

Mr. DeVoto states in a foreword that he has written the kind of book that he wanted to about Mark Twain, and that his main object has been to restore discussion to the literary values of his books (ix, xii). In the last quarter of this "preface" as he frequently calls it, he does so; but not until the reader has become heartsick over the hope long-deferred. The first eight chapters contain two main elements: the facts and the spirit of Mark Twain's frontiers, the applications of which are at last made clear; and a series of acrid comments on Messrs. Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, and Van Wyck Brooks which are so insistently recurrent that they remove any necessity for

the ninth chapter in which the author reverts in detail to his resentments at the "Critics of Mark Twain."

It is too bad that so otherwise clear, rational, and convincing an account of a man of letters should be thus becluttered. After all, the matters under discussion are intellectual, and if the other critics have the worst of the argument, as they seem to, there is nothing personally offensive about them; nor does the fact that a man comes from the West grant him squatter's rights as a critic. Mr. DeVoto, one of several to make this assumption lately, and to accompany it with amusingly hostile commentary on the East, has sized up the question as well as may be himself: "To resent or deplore the genteel tradition is a waste of sentiment. History consists of facts, not of regret" (206). Yet throughout the volume he is evidently suffering from what the colloquial New Englander would call "a state of mind." This is possibly because, having moved from Utah to Massachusetts, he is somewhat reluctantly succumbing to the spell of the older culture, though not to the practice of the older amenities. It is to be hoped that his almost interminable discussion of the Whittier birthday dinner (196-206), has, after Mr. Brooks's and after Mr. Paine's, supplied the last word that has to be written on this negligible subject. One can hardly conceive of Mr. DeVoto's endorsing Oliver Wendell Holmes if on his first formal contact with a group of leading prospectors in Washoe, Holmes had chosen to treat them with familiar disrespect in the idioms of Beacon Hill. If he had done so it would have been a clumsy provincial mistake; not a major episode in literary history. The Whittier dinner episode is forgettable, but the man Mark Twain is memorable.

And in like manner the best critical attitude to assume toward *Mark Twain's America* is to appraise it for its genuine contribution toward an understanding of the man and his times, and to be undistracted by the odd belligerency of the author.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Arthur C. A. Hall, Third Bishop of Vermont. By George Lynde Richardson. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. Pp. xiii, 245. $3.00.)

Writing to a friend in 1921, Bishop Hall characterized himself in the following lines:

> I am all that is nowadays most despised:
> in tastes and standards, mid-Victorian;
> in religion, Tractarian;
> in politics, Mugwump.
> But I am sure I'm right!

Not the least significant of these phrases is the closing one, and though the reader may not agree with the late Bishop's position on various questions that harassed theologians in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries he is bound to respect his fearless defense of what he "knew" was right. Arthur Hall may not have had an inquiring mind, especially in the field of religious speculation, but he possessed the courage that should accompany conviction; and it should be added that he usually arrived at his conclusions after a period of heart-searching and prayer.

His was an interesting life. For one born as he was, the son and heir of an English squire in Berkshire, almost any future might have been predicted except that he would ultimately become Bishop of Vermont. Indeed there were many occasions between 1847 and 1893 when that eventuality was entirely improbable. There was, for instance, a memorable day in 1891 when Father Hall could not find it in his heart to vote that Phillips Brooks be made Bishop of Massachusetts. The author does give us the grounds for Father Hall's dissent, but one surmises that the candidate's Unitarian background and lack of sympathy with the Catholic revival in the Anglican Communion were largely responsible. Hall was a Cowley Father, and subsequent events make it clear that the Society of Saint John the Evangelist did not approve of the election of Phillips Brooks. Nevertheless, when the election was over and he found himself in a hopeless minority, Father Hall, as a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, did not hesitate

to vote for confirmation of the choice, for he held that the question of Dr. Brooks's orthodoxy should have been brought up before, not after, the election. The Brotherhood did not share this view, and it was not long before it had an opportunity to convey that fact to Father Hall.

As head of the Order's "American Province," Father Hall had gradually come to the conclusion that the American branch should become a separate Society. This opinion alarmed the authorities in England, and in a remarkable letter in which he signed himself "yours affectionately in Christ," the Superior ordered Father Hall to give up his post in Boston and return to England where his presence would be "both a strength and a joy to the brethren." He obeyed instructions, and one might have guessed that this would be the end of his career in America. But it turned out otherwise. The action of the Cowley Fathers created such a tempest in Episcopal circles in America that Father Hall became almost a martyred saint, and within two years of the time of his departure he was recalled to this side of the Atlantic to become Bishop of Vermont.

In narrating the story of Bishop Hall's career, Dean Richardson has shown no small amount of skill and artistry. His literary style is fluent and pleasing; his chapter headings are unusually felicitous; and the passages from Bishop Hall's diary and letters which he has included are interesting and, as a rule, significant. In one detail only has he failed. He has tried to make the Bishop a lovable personality. He speaks of "those wonderful smiles," of his generous contributions in money, of his devotion to his dog; and he tells us of a humble city-dweller who exclaimed, "Look out of the window if you want to see Father Hall. Everyone here loves him." Doubtless he was loved by the few who came nearest to him, but one reader at least finds Arthur Hall emerging from Dean Richardson's pages austere rather than lovable, more easily caustic than kindly, a cleric rather than a pastor. His outstanding gift was that of preaching. His sermons were carefully prepared, well constructed, and then delivered with vigor and fire. It is not surprising that the universities and colleges of the East turned to him again and again to inspire their students to high endeavor.

LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO.

The Liberation of American Literature. By V. F. Calverton (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. Pp. xv, 500. $3.75.)

This book is the first full-length survey of American literature from a Marxian point of view, and as such has been accorded respectful attention. The early reviews agreed for the most part in regarding it as a significant piece of vigorous pioneering. Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes went further in stating that as a radical interpretation of our literature it deserved to rank with the late Vernon Parrington's interpretation from a liberal angle.

Building on the thesis that America has been the great bourgeois experiment as Soviet Russia is today the great proletarian experiment, Mr. Calverton gives, in the latter portions of his work, a forceful description of the gradual disintegration of our nineteenth-century middle-class individualism as measured by the change in our writers from the confident optimism of "Self-Reliance" and the "Song of the Open Road" to the widespread disillusion and despair of the present. His conclusion is that we have now reached the *impasse* where our artists, for the most part the product of middle-class culture, can no longer find meaning in the ideals of that culture, and consequently, no longer possessing an adequate standard of values, are unable to perform the highest function of art, interpretation of life. From such an *impasse* he finds one highroad to liberation in a new integration of the individual with society, or in his own words: the nineteenth-century "belief in the common man was a belief in him as a petty bourgeois individualist; our belief must be in him as proletarian collectivist."

Unfortunately for the value of Mr. Calverton's book, this thesis is only one of the many which he develops and then compels to interlock with the mechanical rigidity of an intricate system of cog-wheels. His opening chapter is devoted to what he calls the colonial complex. Starting on the basis that no country can have a national literature until it is established economically as a world power, and that America was hardly such a power in any full sense until after 1914, he

argues that therefore there was no real American literature until the twentieth century. His determination to prove our complete cultural dependence up to that time leads him into many novel statements. The work of Cooper and Hawthorne was scarcely less English in spirit than that of their British contemporaries, though precisely which contemporaries is not indicated, the proof offered being that *The Scarlet Letter* reads more like "a romantic legend than a realistic fiction," and that Cooper's Natty Bumppo was "nothing more than an Anglicized red man"—a view of the Leatherstocking's color no more unique than that of the subservience of his creator to a European culture of which he was as forthright and clear-eyed a critic as any writer living to-day. Emerson patterned his style on Carlyle's; Lathrop's remark that Hawthorne's creations were "statuesquely molded like Goethe's" is taken as a proof of their having been derived from him; the early readers of "Thanatopsis" were carried away because they were reminded of Shelley and Keats, a difficult feat, for it was written in 1811, before either of these poets had started to publish. These views all find illustration within the compass of two sample pages (22-23), although, to be sure, they are sufficiently amplified elsewhere in the book.

Apparently the initial fact that "we took over the language of the mother country" instead of immediately evolving one of our own was a large factor in preventing our development of a native quality (Mr. Calverton at one point calls it "nativity," page 16); so that one can speak of the "Russianness" of Dostoevsky, the "Frenchness" of Anatole France, but can find no developed pattern of "Americannesses" in Thoreau. (The compound words are Mr. Calverton's.) On the other hand, Mac Leisch's New Foundland (both the author and title being thus spelt on page 35) possesses such "Americanness" in "daring form," which makes it hard to see on what ground Mr. Calverton is basing his distinctions, because Mr. MacLeish has obviously been far more affected by foreign cultures than Thoreau was. And the way in which he develops such distinctions indicates a curious blindness to the necessity of the constant fertilization of the thought of one country by another,

and the convenient vacuum in which a good deal of his argument takes place.

Mr. Calverton fares no better when he proceeds in his second chapter to argue away the "Puritan myth" as less fundamental in the explanation of the development of American culture than the struggle between the upper and the lower bourgeois. For although it is of great importance to stress the middle-class dominance that has existed in America from the start, Mr. Calverton again applies his abstractions in such a mechanical way as to simplify the pattern out of all recognition. Anne Bradstreet, for example, was "scarcely more than a feminine counterpart of Michael Wigglesworth," and "imitative in every line, her stanzas show all the unfortunate effects of that synthesis of the colonial complex and the petty bourgeois philosophy of life." Waiving the question of the lack of critical discrimination involved in grouping together two writers so unlike not only in their intentions but in the whole quality of their thought and spirit, by what accuracy can the label of petty bourgeois be given to the daughter of Governor Dudley who had been brought up at Tattersall Castle, where her father was the Earl of Lincoln's steward before emigrating to America, especially when Thomas Morton is described a few pages later as "an aristocrat in both psychology and origin"? Also what possible meaning can the "colonial complex" have in relation to a well-educated young woman who was eighteen years old before she came to this country, whose early writing shows everywhere the mark of her enthusiastic readings of Du Bartas then at the height of his popularity, but who gradually, as her life ripened into maturity in America, found a lyrical expression, fragile and tentative, but no longer imitative and unmistakably her own?

Similar distortions appear throughout, owing in about equal share to the way in which Mr. Calverton hypostatizes his abstractions, and to his utter inability to make a measured statement. Thus Jonathan Edwards's dismissal by his congregation is not only a symbol of the "overthrowal" of the petty by the upper bourgeoisie, but also marks the last stand of religious idealism, for with Edwards's defeat "every trace of that ideal-

ism disappeared," and "religion speedily became — what it is to-day — the personification of a yes-man in social and economic life" — a generous ignoring of the main development of religious idealism from Edwards through the whole transcendental movement. In such a quotation as this last one is made clear Mr. Calverton's addiction to current jargon, his ready substitution of *cliché* for thought, as well as his fatally easy simplifications of society, and, most damaging for a sociological critic, his lack of an historical sense. It is set solemnly down in reproach that "laissez faire economics . . . and the modern democratic conception of society, were not defended by the ruling class in the Bay Colony." As to Hawthorne, "at best he had little of the sansculotte about him."

Such looseness of both thought and writing vitiates the value of even those limited portions of the book where Mr. Calverton seems to have adequate knowledge of what he is talking about, as in his energetic account of the shaping force of the frontier, or in his penetrating remarks on the society that has formed Eugene O'Neill and Robinson Jeffers. The principal objection to his book is not that it is written on a series of oversimplified theses, frequently damaging as those have been shown to be, but that he constantly shifts his ground like an excited debater. At one moment, upper middle-class Puritanism "never reached these shores," but only the lower middle-class elements of the Dissenters (56); yet, shortly after, the American Puritan is described as representing "in his whole ideology the unresting zeal of a merchant class which had to bend all its energy to fight the domination of the landed class" (82) — a landed class the very existence of which in America he has already frequently denied. When it suits his convenience the whole moral attitude of the nineteenth century was merely weak and shallow hypocrisy, thinly masking the vital preoccupations of the time; on the other hand, as a result of the strength of this same moral attitude "our literature for several generations to come was emasculated of all claim to vigor and veracity" (224), a statement which overlooks the existence of Whitman and Melville, but such an oversight is not difficult when one is as eager as Mr. Calverton

to prove a point. Especially when he comes to contemporary literature, he betrays this constant shifting in his approach. Whereas Cooper was merely an American Scott, nothing foreign is to be found in Dreiser, except "a trace" of Zola; and it is with Upton Sinclair that we come to "the first signs of radical culture in this country," a remark that makes it clear that he has missed the essential note of revolt and protest that has been in our literature from the start.

Thus the question is raised on nearly every page of exactly how much of the literature he is discussing Mr. Calverton has actually read, how much he has simply examined from the point of view of fitting it into his theses. The quality of his ignorance is frequently naïve. The Bay Psalm Book was a Bible (63); Anne Bradstreet and Thomas Godfry [*sic*] are grouped together as contemporaries (8) though one hundred and twenty-five years separated their births—an error resulting largely, one suspects, from the fact that selections from their poems follow each other in certain anthologies. Dunbar was "nothing more than a negro prototype of Longfellow" (143), which leaves the reader to choose whether Mr. Calverton has again mixed his chronology or is unaware of the meaning of prototype. But it is hardly worth while to multiply instances of small errors in a book so filled with large ones, other than to remark that such things as the slovenly grammar, the wrong tenses, the obvious mis-quotations and mis-spellings all witness not only to the author's haste, but to an inexcusable carelessness on the part of a reputable publishing house.

That this book has been praised as a pioneering work must, therefore, be set down to a similar carelessness and haste on the part of a lamentably large number of our critics. For although there is especial value to-day in the insistence that literature is organically related to the society that produces it, it has been apparent for some time to others than Marxians that the movement of our culture has been from the center outwards, that our most powerful individuals have again and again been dangerously isolated from or opposed to society as a whole, and that the construction of a society in which both

the individual and the group can have some measure of full development is the gravest problem with which we are faced. The service of the Marxian critic could lie not in the constant repetition of the catchwords, bourgeois and proletarian, but in some at least tentative definition of the meaning of these terms in relation to American society; not in emotional proclamations of an unexamined faith, but in coming to grips with the problem of what the virtues and defects of a proletarian culture in America might really be. The pioneering Marxian critic, unlike Mr. Calverton, will have to have a solid knowledge of American history and literature, and a resiliency of mind that is not content to warp all materials to fit his theories. But Mr. Calverton, in spite of his energy and enthusiasm, is clearly more interested in saying the timely thing than in making sure that what he says is true.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN.

The Romance of Old Sandwich Glass, with Dictionary of Old Sandwich Glass Patterns. By Frank W. Chipman. (Boston: Sandwich Publishing Company. 1932. Pp. 158. Illustrated. $5.00.)

A whimsical effort "to establish something more than the superior quality of Old Sandwich Glass" by introducing the element of romance is perhaps commendable, but the thesis is scarcely convincing as set forth in *The Romance of Old Sandwich Glass* by Mr. Chipman, son and grandson of Sandwich glass workers. We could indeed excuse the author's desire to uphold the merits of Sandwich glass, due no doubt to a touch of Confucianistic ancestor-worship, if from the book we were able to gather a clear understanding of the place of Sandwich glass in that field of *Americana*.

But it requires more than a collection of incidents, events, and statistics relating to the manufacture of glass on Cape Cod to give old Sandwich "a value beyond its material, or ornamental use." To do this necessitates a comparative approach, which is conspicuously lacking. We read of "a crystal thread uniting

the ages and understandings of men" from Sidon to Sandwich. Yet there is no mention of the successful rival glass houses which were producing glassware in many of the same patterns as those in use at the Boston and Sandwich factory.

This lack of perspective is noticeable in the author's treatment of the Sandwich production. It is unfortunate that he should state that much of the late Sandwich is co-equal in merit with the earlier periods of manufacture. Decadence of form, design, and ornament hit the Sandwich Company as it did all other arts, crafts, and industries in our country during the two decades following the Civil War. Furthermore, the fine blown glass turned out in the earlier years of the firms' operations is hardly mentioned, and insufficient consideration is accorded the lovely lacy pressed production for which Deming Jarves and his associates are now best known. On the other hand, oddities and knickknacks are given praise incommensurate with their true evaluation.

That the book was written to indulge a personal whimsy rather than to inform and analyze can hardly be missed by the most casual reader when as early as on the twenty-second page he stumbles across: "Amid the ruins of the Old Sandwich Factory, many glass fragments of beautiful colors are still nestling while the waste heaps form a scientific and romantic brotherhood with those of Tel-el-Amarna, Tyre, Sidon, Murano, Waterford, Chiddingford and Bristol."

It must also be added that the dictionary of Sandwich glass patterns is frequently hazy: one definition will suffice as illustration, "Petticoat—strictly a lamp design." On the other hand, the illustrations are, in the main, clear, satisfactory, and helpful. Their authenticity is assured as they are for the most part owned by descendants of the old factory workers. The data dealing with moulds are very worth while; the time sequence of patterns is important. Such spots as these cause the reader to wish that Mr. Chipman had been content to stress the informative rather than the romantic side of old Sandwich.

JOHN MARSHALL PHILLIPS.

American Opinion on the Unification of Italy, 1846-1861. By Howard H. Marraro. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1932. Pp. xii, 345. $3.50.)

The author quotes or summarizes in this book a series of opinions expressed by Americans between 1848 and 1860 concerning the events of the Italian struggle for independence. The arrangement is purely chronological; an episode of the struggle is briefly narrated by the author at the beginning of each chapter, the opinions elicited by these events follow, and the author adds a neutral digest at the end of the section. A chapter of very general conclusions closes the book.

The work is apparently regarded by the author as a monograph, but this dignity can not be granted to a treatment almost totally devoid of constructive interpretation. Even as a source book the volume has serious deficiencies. In the first place, although the material is reasonably offered only as a sample of what could be unearthed, we do expect some estimate of the representative character of the samples chosen, some statement as to whether the balance observed in the book bears any relation to what the author might expect to find upon expanding his field of operation. More unfortunate, however, is the inefficient organization of the material. Listed haphazard in chronological order as they happened to flow, the opinions lose half their value, for obviously the historical importance of such reactions lies less in the external events which happened to elicit them than in the traditions and social currents at home which they express or betray. As it is, the most interesting portion of the book presents the reaction in America to the Revolution of 1848 in Rome; this event chanced to touch a single powerful force and thus aroused a coherent argument and discussion. Judicious arrangement could have shaped the rest of the material into similarly revealing expositions. A great deal of work has gone into the collection of these details; it is a pity that more of this effort was not directed to manipulating the mass.

Comparatively little material in the book will immediately concern readers of the QUARTERLY. Most of the opinions are drawn from the daily press, and these chiefly from the New

York newspapers, which were found to have the best foreign services. Boston papers are occasionally mentioned; the *Portland Transcript* appears often in the later pages. Among the more personal contributions are single statements from the works of Edward Everett, Hawthorne, H. L. Higginson, and a couple of paragraphs from the letters of C. E. Norton. By far the most impressive selections in the book come from the letters of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, whose earnest enthusiasm and intelligent observation emerge conspicuously from the confused mass of hasty theorizing and editorial phrase-making.

ALLAN EVANS.

Mr. Justice Brandeis. Essays by Charles E. Hughes, Max Lerner, Felix Frankfurter, Donald R. Richberg, Henry Wolf Biklé, Walton H. Hamilton. Edited by Felix Frankfurter, with an Introduction by Oliver Wendell Holmes. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1932. Pp. vii, 232. $3.00.)

This book contains a collection of articles which appeared in the *Columbia Law Review*, the *Harvard Law Review*, and the *Yale Law Journal* last year in celebration of Mr. Justice Brandeis's seventy-fifth birthday. The volume has a deft preface by the editor, Professor Frankfurter, and a touching, appreciative introduction by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In the first chapter of the symposium Chief Justice Hughes testifies to the esteem in which the Court holds Mr. Justice Brandeis's ability and services. Especially notable is the following Holmes-like epigram: "No keener blade [than that of Brandeis] has ever been used, but it is the knife and skill of the surgeon exploring the operations of the social organism with the purpose of cure."

The other chapters of the book are: "The Social Thought of Mr. Justice Brandeis," by Max Lerner; "Mr. Justice Brandeis and the Constitution," by Professor Frankfurter; "The Industrial Liberalism of Mr. Justice Brandeis," by Donald R. Richberg; "Mr. Justice Brandeis and the Regulation of Railroads," by Henry Wolf Biklé, and "The Jurist's Art," by

Walton H. Hamilton. There is also a valuable appendix, listing all of Mr. Brandeis's opinions up to June 1, 1931, classified according to subject matter.

The most important chapter is Professor Frankfurter's "Mr. Justice Brandeis and the Constitution." Describing Mr. Brandeis as a lawyer prior to his appointment to the Supreme Bench, the writer says:

"But his approach to these problems was always that of the lawyer-statesman, seeking to tame isolated instances to the largest possible general rule and to make thereby the difficult reconciliation between order and justice. At a time when our constitutional law was becoming dangerously unresponsive to drastic social changes, when sterile *clichés* instead of facts were deciding cases, he insisted as the great men of law have always insisted, that law must be sensitive to life. And he preached the doctrine by works more than by faith. By a series of arguments and briefs he created a new technique in the presentation of constitutional questions. Until his famous brief in *Muller* v. *Oregon*, social legislation was supported before the courts largely *in vacuo*—as an abstract dialetic between "liberty" and "police power," unrelated to a world of trusts and unions, of large-scale industry and all its implications. In the *Oregon* case, the facts of modern industry which provoke regulatory legislation were, for the first time, adequately marshaled before the Court. It marks an epoch in the disposition of cases presenting the most important present-day constitutional issues."

Professor Frankfurter's chapter consists largely of an ample demonstration, by well-chosen quotations from Mr. Justice Brandeis's opinions, that this same approach and method, carried forward to his work on the Supreme Bench, has made Mr. Justice Bandeis as powerful and constructive a jurist as he was an advocate. Any one seeking a just appreciation of the magnificent contribution of Mr. Justice Brandeis to the Supreme Court and, through it, to the nation can not afford to pass this chapter by.

The other articles throw interesting light on various phases of Mr. Brandeis's character, work, and thought along the lines indicated by their titles.

BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG.

Mary Baker Eddy, The Truth and the Tradition. By Ernest Sutherland Bates and John V. Dittemore. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. Pp. xii, 476. $4.00.)

John V. Dittemore became interested in Christian Science in 1902, as a result of a personal experience which resulted in a great improvement in his health. A few years later he resigned his vice-presidency of the Van Camp Packing Company, disposed of his stock holdings, and began to devote practically all his time to Christian Science. In 1908 he was appointed head of the Publication Committee of the Church in New York and within twelve months was made a director of the Mother Church in Boston—a position which he held for ten years. For more than ten years he was a trustee of Mrs. Eddy's estate.

Dittemore financed and published the Sibyl Wilbur biography. "During the more than twenty years since the Wilbur book appeared," writes Dittemore in his preface, "I have unceasingly gathered historical and biographical data relating to Mrs. Eddy and her work. My colleagues on the Boston board, during the early years of my research were sympathetic and unfailingly helpful. A few years after Mrs. Eddy's decease, however, the newer element sought to dissuade me from my purpose as facts unfolded relating to matters in her history certain to interfere with what had become the unacknowledged but none the less actual determination to create a legendary Mrs. Eddy. The recent Powell biography is the sign and symbol of that official determination, supported by the present strange psychology of the membership . . . For a number of years past I have hoped that I could find time to arrange for having the material that I had collected put in shape for publication. Not, however, until the discovery in 1928 of Mrs. Eddy's wholesale plagiarisms and the later attempt of the Christian Science Church to boycott Charles Scribner's Sons for bringing out the Dakin biography of Mrs. Eddy was my desire energized into action."

Such is the genesis of the book. It is not Dittemore's first challenge to the leaders of the church. In a litigation between him and the late Adam H. Dickey, chairman of the Board of

the Mother Church, Judge Dodge of the Massachusetts court accepted as truthful the testimony of Dittemore and rejected the conflicting statements of Dickey. Mr. Dittemore, in writing the present biography, wisely associated with himself in the preparation of the volume a competent scholar and writer. The result is a document of great interest to those who are interested in the ways of myth-makers.

In the first half of the volume the authors deal with well-known matters to which only occasional new details have been added from Dittemore's "three trunks" of manuscripts. But no effort is made to over-emphasize this new material. Bates and Dittemore have taken careful account of all important studies of Mrs. Eddy. They take issue with the theory of Woodbridge Riley that she was indebted to the *Orphic Sayings* of Bronson Alcott for much of her metaphysics though admitting the plausibility of his hypothesis that she derived some ideas from Mother Ann Lee, founder of the Shakers. Riley's parallel columns in *The Faith, the Falsity, and the Failure of Christian Science* between *Science and Health* and the *Orphic Sayings* are scarcely conclusive. Bates and Dittemore point out that Mrs. Eddy was no reader of books and that her library at her death consisted of less than three hundred volumes, almost half of which were copies of her own writings. Their theory concerning her reading habits is strengthened by a letter she wrote in her years of power and glory in which she commented caustically on a new translation of the New Testament "because the formal style in which it was written 'is decaying as fast as that of Irving's Pickwick Papers.'" "We may say," they add, "that, as far as thought is concerned, *Science and Health* is practically all Quimby. Mrs. Glover's one addition was the notion of 'malicious malpractice'; every other important idea in the book can be traced to the Portland doctor." The issue between Riley on the one hand and Bates and Dittemore on the other is one of opinion with no final solution in sight.

The principal contribution of the book is the light it throws on Mrs. Eddy's career after success had come to her and she had become the head of a growing religion. The sources are a great collection of letters and some intimate journals, like that

of Calvin Frye, of persons close to Mrs. Eddy. The story, on the whole, is an unpleasant one but there are also revelations of a spirit capable at times of genuine mystical experience. This is not a de-bunking biography; it comes very close to being a definitive history of a strangely paradoxical woman. The detail is almost overwhelming, and the documentation is thorough.

At the outset of Part II, in which they set forth their narrative of Mrs. Eddy's years of power, the authors present their estimate of the prophetess. "Incapable of genuinely disinterested affection as Mrs. Eddy had long since become, she was nevertheless of an enthusiastic and ardent nature. Her first impulse was to overrate each new disciple, particularly of the male sex, and lavish upon him a wealth of emotional tenderness—until such time as he should oppose any of her undertakings. . . . The death of Gilbert Eddy added a breastplate to the steel armor whose first links were forged in the poverty and pain of North Groton. From now on she would be guided less by her emotional impulsiveness than by a calculating prudence. Her methods would be increasingly ruthless, increasingly regardless of the conventional ideas of truth and honor taught to her in childhood. She had learned in a bitter school that this is a world of conflict, in which no quarter is given to the vanquished. . . . Henceforward she would show no mercy. . . . This in the daytime. At night her will was weaker and her imagination stronger; with the darkness, terrors thronged upon her. Her attacks of hysterical fear were sometimes so uncontrollable that Buswell would be called up from bed to calm her. When the day dawned, however, the terror-stricken woman of the darkness gave place to the energetic and efficient 'founder and discoverer of Christian Science' busy with plans for the . . . extension of her work."

Bates and Dittemore have made an important contribution to American religious history. But they have centered their attention on the leader rather than the cult she founded. It is to be hoped that the Dittemore collection of manuscripts will some day be made freely available to scholars, for the papers must contain much more material than the authors were able to use.

RALPH H. GABRIEL.

The Winthrop Papers. Edited by the Massachusetts Historical Society. (Boston, Massachusetts: Volume I, 1498-1628: 1929. Volume II, 1623-1630: 1931. Volume I, pp. xxxii, 456. Volume II, pp. xxv, 667. $5.00 each.)

These volumes are the first two of a definitive edition of the large mass of Winthrop documents in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and libraries elsewhere. Their production is in every way worthy of the great traditions of the Society. The typography is everything that can be desired in such a work, and there are beautiful reproductions of portraits and also facsimiles of letters and legal documents, especially noticeable being a magnificent reproduction in colour of the Confirmation of the Grant of Arms to the Winthrop family, issued in 1592.

There is a map of the district around Groton, the Suffolk home of the Winthrops, which is helpful for the understanding of the references in the letters; it would have been even more useful if a scale of miles had been attached.

It so happens that most of the documents in these two volumes have been previously printed elsewhere, many of them in the *Collections* of the Society. The series of letters between John Winthrop and his dearly-loved third wife, Margaret Tyndal, have been published by Mr. J. H. Twichell under the title *Some Old Puritan Love-Letters.* Those papers which are printed for the first time are specially marked in the table of contents. They are for the most part legal documents or letters, some of them about trifling affairs. Nevertheless it is right that they should have been included in an edition as comprehensive as the present one, and if most of the newly printed documents are of a kind to interest chiefly the antiquarian and the genealogist, to whose mills almost anything is grist, there are some which every historian will rejoice to see thus made available. Noticeable among these is John Winthrop's autograph draft of "General Observations" for the plantation of New England. Prefixed to it is a scholarly discussion by Mr. George W. Robinson of the question which of the various MSS. of the "Observations" is nearest to the original draft.

Mr. Robinson puts forward weighty evidence for regarding Winthrop as the author.

The first volume opens with a Latin pedigree dated 1498. Next comes the grant of Groton Manor by King Henry VIII to Adam Winthrop, the second, in 1544. The fortune of the Winthrops was typical of many families at that time. This grant of a manor, formerly the property of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, raised the family of the successful clothier of Lavenham at once into the ranks of local notables, and, as has been mentioned, a grant of arms duly followed in 1592.

The papers are scattered over the years until 1615. From the next year onward they become more plentiful and, with their very full footnotes, will prove a mine of information both for the history of Elizabethan and early Stuart Suffolk and for that of the Puritan movement in England. Of particular for the former will be the diary of Adam Winthrop (1548-1623), father of the famous Governor. This diary is full of memoranda of debts owed or monies due, of expenditure on furniture, of improvements to the estate. For instance in the year 1596 old Adam records that he is "bownde unto Thomas Rudlond in an obligacion of xx *li.* uppon Condicion to pay unto him x *li.* uppon the first day of May in the yere of our lord god 1603 within the south porche of the parrishe Churche of Edwardeston betwene the howres of one and three in the afternoon of the same day." He also records among other expenditure on furniture that of £5 on a "great bedsted of wainscotte for my great chamber." In June 1595 "I did put xiiij tenches into my ij little pondes." In the same year he records cases of suicide which have happened in Suffolk since 1560, fifteen in all!

Turning to the later papers, the letters of the three elder sons of John Winthrop well illustrate the variety of vocations open to young men of the landed class in early Stuart England. John, the eldest, goes soldiering under the incompetent Buckingham to the Isle of Rhé. Later he travels in the Levant and visits Constantinople. Henry, a rolling stone, goes to Barbados with the second batch of emigrants to that island. The third son, Forth, goes up to Cambridge and writes ornate Latin letters to his eldest brother.

In the second volume the whole project of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony is unfolded in letters to and from John Winthrop and, most interesting of all, in his journal of the voyage, now reprinted after a very careful re-examination of the difficult handwriting, the often erratic spelling and the faded ink. Reproduction of charts and plans, drawn by Winthrop in his journal, illustrate the text.

Throughout these volumes there is abundant evidence of the manner in which their religious views permeated the whole manner of speaking, writing, and thought of the Puritans. Among the hitherto unprinted documents is a draft of a speech made by Winthrop, before he left England, to the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Company. Can we imagine the chairman of a shareholders' meeting in the twentieth century beginning his speech as Winthrop did: "When the Rubenites and Gadites made that proposition to moses of inhabitinge beyond Jordan, vpon the first ouerture of it, it was so harsh as moses himself startled at it"?

Historians on both sides of the Atlantic are much indebted to the Massachusetts Historical Society for these volumes and will look forward to the appearance of those which are promised in the future. A third (1631-1633) is now in preparation, for publication in 1934; students of these two volumes will look forward to it.

STEPHEN G. LEE.

Roger Williams, New England Firebrand. By James Ernst. (New York: Macmillan Company. 1932. Pp. xv, 524. $3.50.)

Coming from a pupil of the late Professor Parrington, this book is very disappointing. Roger Williams is dessicated into quotations and topics; his singularly winning personality and humane character gleam but fitfully, in somewhat garbled extracts from his writings. Dr. Ernst is a stout partisan, but lacks the liveliness that one expects from partisan biographers. The humor of the situation, when the Quakers brought Williams's

doctrines home to roost, is not appreciated. William Harris, who might have served as foil or comic relief over a long term of years, is compressed into a chapter. Seekerism, which Williams embraced as early as 1635, is postponed to the very end of the book. Of course it is difficult to write the life of a many-sided man like Williams in a single narrative; but, after all, Bernard Faÿ did the trick with Benjamin Franklin; and topical treatment obscures the development in the thought and character of Roger Williams, a man who never stopped growing until he died.

Backgrounds and surroundings are very unskilfully drawn. The Massachusetts scene seems to have been inspired by Mr. J. Truslow Adams, although at places the author follows his subject in admitting that Bradford and the Winthrops were pretty good fellows. Perhaps we should not expect an earnest worker in the British Museum to observe that daffodils bloom in the spring, not the summer (46); but any reader of Masson's Milton might have avoided the wildly inaccurate description of the University of Cambridge, on one page (31) of which I have counted nine errors in fact, three in grammar, and one in spelling.

With the sources Dr. Ernst has done strange things. Compare, for instance, Charles II's letter of April 10, 1666, as printed in the *Rhode Island Colonial Records* (II. 149), with the quotations from it on page 404 of this book. In that part of Williams's letter to John Winthrop, Jr., of July 12, 1654, quoted on pages 334-335, there are thirteen mistakes that can hardly be called minor, such as "preaches" for "preacheth," "rigidity" for "rigidities," "*descendes*" for "*descensus*," "hear" for "bear," "my" for "mine", and unindicated omissions of words and phrases.

On pages 94-95 and 113-114, Dr. Ernst uses the indefensible device of inserting arguments made at one time and place, in a controversy of another time and place. Williams's side in his conflict of 1635 with the Bay Government is presented by extracts from the *Bloudy Tenent*, the *Bloudy Tenent yet more Bloudy*, and *The Examiner Defended*, which were published respectively nine and seventeen years after his banish-

ment! The offense is aggravated by giving inaccurate or incomplete footnote references to the quotations, and by misquoting *The Examiner Defended*, a rare pamphlet that has never been reprinted. For instance, Williams's "as some say is the Mystery and Tyranny of New Englands practice" (*Examiner*, 88) becomes in Dr. Ernst's hands, "as is the mystery and tyranny of New England" (114).

So much for facts. Dr. Ernst's interpretation is by no means clear. In one place he calls Williams an "Isaiah-tongued prophet"; in another a "Renaissance humanist"; and again, a "Sir Galahad," who strangely enough had come to "affront" a "spouse"; but in the main, Williams is depicted as a rationalist deriving his political theory "in large part from Teutonic, Greek, and Roman paganism" (422), not from "Christianity as such," although, he admits, from such good Christians as Suarez, Bellarmine, Grotius, Luther, and Calvin. In one place (365, note) the author appears to be much annoyed at Williams bringing God into the discussion, although it would be difficult to find two consecutive pages of Williams's writings without mention of God; and on pages 441-442 he tries to persuade us that separation of church and state was as complete and rigid in early Providence as in modern Russia. A permissible interpretation, of course; but was Williams really any more rationalistic or less Christian, than Calvin and the two Hookers? His main charge against George Fox was the incompatibility of Quakerism with Scripture. Like other Puritans, his theories were based on the Bible, and defended by the Bible. Therein lay his great power in the seventeenth century: he fought opponents with their own weapons. And does not this explain why Williams had so little influence after his death; why, for instance, his works were apparently of no use to Thomas Jefferson, in spite of the similarity of their conclusions? The real turning point in American political theory comes somewhere between Williams and Wise. Williams deduced liberty from the Scriptures, and Wise defended the Church with Natural Rights; the men of '76 seem to have preferred premises to conclusions.

S. E. Morison.

Trade Union Policies in the Massachusetts Shoe Industry, 1919-1929. By Thomas L. Norton. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1932. Pp. 370. $5.00.)

Professor Norton's book is interesting and valuable both as a chapter in the development of Massachusetts industry and as a study in trade unionism. The post-war decline in the importance of the shoe industry in Massachusetts forms the introduction and background for a discussion of the organization and policies of labor groups in Brockton and Haverhill. The data pertinent to the changes which have occurred in production and employment have been gathered together with care, and the results are presented in intelligible form.

The unions in the two cities offer many contrasts from the point of view of structure. In Brockton, the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union has evolved toward ever greater centralization, not without a certain amount of friction. In Haverhill, on the other hand, control of the Shoe Workers' Protective Union has become more and more de-centralized, and concerted action has been difficult to obtain. Yet both unions, under the pressure of the adverse conditions of the last decade, have had recourse to arbitration, submitting for decision not only questions of interpretation of agreements, but also matters of policy, including the determination of the level of wages. The detailed description of the course of the arbitration is an important contribution to the study of this phase of labor relations.

It is to be regretted, however, that the emphasis placed upon the mechanism of arbitration left so little space for certain other aspects of the situation. One suspects, for example, that a more complete account of the domestic struggle within the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union would have been enlightening. No attempt has been made to indicate the reasons underlying the abandonment of the Haverhill Shoe Board at the end of 1928. Strikes are regarded merely as interludes between periods of arbitration. Surely these other developments are also worth careful analysis.

DOUGLASS V. BROWN.

John Quincy Adams: Old Man Eloquent. By Bennett Champ Clark. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. An Atlantic Press Publication. 1932. Pp. xiii, 437. $3.75.)

This is the kind of book that no aspiring young Ph.D. would ever have written. It is innocent of foot-notes; its bibliography, though by no means meager, mingles sources and secondary materials; and its contribution to "new truth," at any rate "new truth" as defined by the schoolmen, is slight, it must be confessed. None the less, those who are not bound to admire the works which young Ph.D.'s produce, and conceive that it is possible occasionally to admire something else, will like this book. It is true that for the life of John Quincy Adams there are always the famous *Memoirs* themselves, twelve stout volumes packed with self-revelation; and it is also true that Professor Allan Nevins has abridged these *Memoirs*, and made them available for those whose capacity for associating with the Adamses is more limited; but there is no good biography of this dour New Englander, and Senator-elect Clark has, in very large measure, supplied the need. The work is not, and does not claim to be, definitive; but, attempting a more limited objective, Mr. Clark has sketched John Quincy Adams's career with sympathy, with vivacity, and with fidelity.

What a life and what a man! A life beginning in 1767 with the dawn of our national history, ending only when the shadows had begun to draw close on sectional controversy and disunion; spent almost completely in the public service; all too full of bitterness, all too little filled with human warmth; and yet with the satisfactions that come from the exercise of a strong and active mind, and the less certain satisfactions that come from a strong and active conscience; often revealing uncharitableness, but never weakness; often narrow, but always brave, and always rising above mere partisanship; with its inevitable frustrations, most of all the defeat of 1828; but with its noble assertions of human dignity, never more noble than in the years of service in the House that followed on the relinquishment of the Presidency. The picture is worth repainting.

In repainting it Senator-elect Clark has, like all authors, given occasional revelation of himself. Ability, sympathy, and practical political understanding are obvious; one hopes one is wrong in assuming in Mr. Clark a rather unyielding nationalism. It would be a pity for the author of so good a book to join the ranks of the irreconcilables in the Senate of the United States.

DEXTER PERKINS.

The Kensington Stone: A Study in Pre-Columbian American History. By Hjalmar R. Holand. (Ephraim, Wisconsin. Privately printed. 1932. Pp. viii, 316. Illustrated. $3.00.)

Popular interest in the Norse discovery and attempted colonization of America in the decades before and after the year 1000 has in recent years been markedly less than it was for some time following the publication of Rafn's *Antiquitates Americanæ* in 1837. Our text-books of American history, for example, pay much less attention to it than their predecessors of two or three generations ago. This is a natural consequence of the failure of these first settlers, so far as we now know, to leave behind them any lasting trace of their activities, and the total absence of definite results achieved by the labors of many ingenious investigators, learned and unlearned, who have striven to identify the site of Vinland by comparing the saga accounts with the facts of American geography. Not a remnant survives of the elaborate constructions of the more sanguine writers on the subject. No Man's Land remains No Man's Land; Dighton Rock and the Newport tower have nothing to do with the Norsemen; "the ancient Norse city of Norumbega" has vanished into thin air, leaving not a wrack behind; and when the filling-in of the Charles River near Gerry's Landing obliterated the categorical inscription (quoted from memory): "On this spot, in the year 1000, Leif Ericson built his house in Vinland," no historical or antiquarian society raised its indignant voice; the only protest came from the Cambridge Boat Club, whose property was threatened by the proposed new road for north-bound motor traffic.

But the most fantastic and incredible tale of all came out of the West. In the summer of 1898 a Swedish immigrant named Olof Ohman, while grubbing stumps in his woodlot on a knoll near Kensington, Minnesota, found a flat stone clasped in the roots of an aspen, bearing a long inscription in characters unintelligible to him. Ultimately recognized as runic, it was referred to the nearest expert, Professor Breda of the University of Minnesota, who partially deciphered it and promptly pronounced it a modern and clumsy forgery. Returned to the finder, the stone lay neglected for nine years in Ohman's farmyard, with its face down, serving as a doorstep to his granary. In this position it was found by Mr. H. R. Holand of Ephraim, Wisconsin, when he visited the neighborhood to collect material for his later published history of the Norwegian immigration. The owner was persuaded to lend the stone to Mr. Holand, who took it home to study it at leisure. His translation follows (5):

8 göter ok 22 norrmen på opþagelsefarþ fro winlanþ of west wi haþe läger weþ 2 skjar en þags rise norr fro þeno sten wi war ok [Professor G. T. Flom reads *þo*, which is perhaps better] fiske en þagh äptir wi kom hem fan 10 man röþe af bloþ og þeþ A V M fräelse af illy har 10 mans we hawet at se äptir wore skip 14 þagh rise fråm þeno öh ahr 1362.

Mr. Holand translates:

[We are] 8 Goths [Swedes] and 22 Norwegians on [an] exploration-journey from Vinland over the West [*i.e.*, through the western regions] We had camp by 2 skerries [*i.e.*, by a lake wherein are two skerries] one day's-journey north from this stone We were [out] and fished (according to Professor Flom's reading, *we were fishing*) one day After we came home [we] found 10 [of our] men red with blood and dead Ave Maria [or Ave Virgo Maria] save [us] from evil [We] have 10 of our party by the sea to look after our ships [or ship] 14 days-journey from this island Year 1362.

On the face of it, a palpable and egregious hoax, perpetrated by some person ignorant alike of history, geography, and Scandinavian philology. The connection of Vinland with so late a date was obviously absurd; the morphology, syntax, and vocabulary of the inscription were quite modern, for example the

use of singular verb-forms with plural subjects and the expression *på opdagelsefærd*, "on an exploration-journey." The language seemed a barbarous mixture of modern Swedish and Norwegian, with even some English words thrown in (*from, of, dead* [*misspelled þeþ*], *illy*). The rumor gained currency that the finder, Ohman, who was said to possess a scientific work on runes, had for years been known to have an interest in this ancient writing, and was probably aided and abetted in the forgery by a broken-down Swedish clergyman, Sven Fogelblad, who had lived in the vicinity.

Nevertheless, Mr. Holand persisted in his defence of the stone. To revive the discussion, he published an article in the Norwegian-American newspaper *Skandinaven*, issued in Chicago, on January 17, 1908, the first of a series of no less than seventeen articles to date (see his bibliography). The counter-attack was not long in coming. At the annual meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society, May 5-6, 1910, Professor Flom of the University of Illinois read a paper[1] in which he reached the conclusion, after a careful linguistic and runological analysis, that the inscription was a recent forgery by an immigrant native of the Swedish district of Dalecarlia. The verdict of so distinguished a scholar could not fail to have great weight; but Mr. Holand was not discouraged. He continued his study of the stone, which led him into such widely various fields as geology, physiography, botany, epigraphy, runology, palæography, linguistics, archæology, and history; the summary of his results he lays before the reader in the volume under review, equipped with appendices and bibliography, and provided with copious illustrations.

In judging the genuineness of the inscription, the age of the tree under which the stone was found is clearly of cardinal importance. On the basis of an investigation of the growth of trees similar to the one in question, as described in affidavits by eye-witnesses, the author arrives at an age of about 70 years. This carries us far back of any time at which we can suppose the presence in the neighborhood of a forger capable of carving the inscription, so that, granting the approximate accuracy of

[1] *The Kensington Rune Stone* (Springfield, Illinois, 1910).

Mr. Holand's calculations, the Scandinavian population of the district is acquitted of responsibility for it. In particular, there is not a shred of reliable evidence to connect either Ohman or Fogelblad with the alleged deception. The testimony based on the estimated age of the tree is supported by the uncontradicted opinions of three geologists as to the weathering of the inscription.

The argument on the historical side furnishes unexpected confirmation of the date on the stone. In his second chapter, on the Norse knowledge of Western geography in the Middle Ages, Mr. Holand points out that medieval documents contain references to Vinland (or Markland) for every century from the discovery of the country in the last years of the tenth to and including the fourteenth, the period with which we are concerned. The prevalent idea of the Norse discovery as a mere episode, soon forgotten and without further consequences, is shown to be a misconception of the facts. Contact with the American continent was maintained through the Norse colony in Greenland, which probably had recourse to the shores of Markland and Vinland to supply its need of timber, which would otherwise have had to be brought by the much longer voyage from Norway.

In the middle of the fourteenth century the inhabitants of the Western Settlement in Greenland suddenly disappeared, according to a current tradition, because they had fallen away "from the true faith and the Christian religion, and, after having given up all good manners and true virtues, turned to the people of America (*ad Americæ populos se converterunt*)." This seems to refer to a mass emigration of the Western Greenlanders to the continent and an amalgamation with the aborigines. In the year 1355 there sailed from Norway an expedition to Greenland, sent by King Magnus Erikson of Norway and Sweden, apparently for the express purpose of maintaining the Christian faith in the distant colony, threatened by the apostasy referred to above. The king's letter, appointing a prominent Norwegian official, Paul Knutson, to the command of the mission, states: "We ask that you accept this our command with a right good will for the cause, inasmuch as we do it for the

honor of God and for the sake of our soul and for the sake of our predecessors, who in Greenland established Christianity and have maintained it to this time, and we will not now let it perish in our days." King Magnus, a religious zealot, had led a crusade to convert the "heathen Russians," and was at this time in possession of funds contributed by the Pope for a second Russian crusade which was frustrated by opposition at home and by the outbreak of the Black Death in the Slavic lands. The same letter instructs the leader to take with him men "from my bodyguard or from among the retainers of other men whom you may wish to take on the voyage." Mr. Holand points out that the king was descended from a family of Gothland, that he was criticized for his favoritism toward the inhabitants of this district, and that his bodyguard was no doubt largely made up of "Goths." Here is the explanation of the Goths and Norwegians on the Kensington Stone.

No information as to the return of the expedition is preserved, but indirect evidence indicates that it could not have taken place before 1364. The gap between 1355, the year when it left Norway, and the 1362 of the inscription must be closed by a construction. Mrs. Holand believes that the missionaries, on finding no trace of their apostate kinsmen in Greenland, went on to search for them in Vinland, which he locates near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. He argues that they probably extended their search to Hudson's Bay, and ultimately reached the mouth of the Nelson River. Leaving part of their force here, the rest pushed on up the river, through the Lake of the Woods, and so up the Red River to a point in the neighborhood of Kensington, intending from there to make their way overland back to Vinland. It was here that the massacre by hostile Indians occurred, which is recorded on the stone.

In settling such a question as this, archæological evidence is rightly esteemed of the utmost value. Here Mr. Holand is more fortunate than his predecessors. Weapons and tools of medieval Scandinavian type found in the region about Kensington furnish striking testimony to the presence of Norsemen in the vicinity. The experts consulted by Mr. Holand in this

connection were quite willing to state positively that these finds are characteristic of the period required by the date of the inscription. The possibility that they are the result of a conspiracy involving widely separated dates and a number of unconnected persons seems so slight as to be negligible.

There remain the linguistic and epigraphic objections. The author grapples manfully with these in the body of the book and in a long appendix, taking all the words of the inscription one by one and seeking to justify each form by parallels from the usage of the time. The problems involved are intricate and difficult, since the language of the fourteenth century was in a period of transition from the elaborate inflections of Old Norse to the simpler forms of Modern Norwegian and Swedish. Mr. Holand argues, plausibly enough, that the language of the inscription represents the mixed vernacular of Norwegians and Swedes who had been in close companionship for seven years, and for most of that time cut off from contact with other speakers. It shows the decay of inflections characteristic of the spoken language of the fourteenth century, together with certain archaisms which may be regarded as colloquial or dialectal. Not seldom he is able to confound his critics by citing chapter and verse from contemporary monuments to justify words and forms impugned as incorrect. In general, he may be said to make out a good case, though some details of his argument are unconvincing.

As for the runes, he points out that they show a greater resemblance to the system of the thirteenth-century Scanian Law, from a region adjacent to West Gothland, than to the eighteenth-century Dalecarlian alphabets alleged by Professor Flom to be closely related to that of the inscription.

In most of his argument the author shows a laudable restraint and objectivity; occasionally he falls into overstatement. On page 122 he gives an analysis of the comparative table of the alphabets of Dalecarlia, the Scanian Law, and the Kensington Stone, printed on the opposite page. If one disregards minor variations, as the author does where it suits his purpose, the total of differences between the two Dalecarlian alphabets and that of the Kensington Stone is reduced from seventeen

to fifteen in one case and fifteen to thirteen in the other (*a* and *d*). Comparing the Scanian Law with the Liljegren (Dalecarlian) alphabet on the one hand, and with the Kensington Stone on the other, he finds a total of fourteen differences in the former case, of five in the latter. A brief inspection suffices to reduce his fourteen to ten: *d* is practically the same, *k* is identical, *þ* is lacking in the Scanian Law, and hence should be left out of account, as it is in the case of the Kensington alphabet (the rule must work both ways), *u*(*v*) differs no more than some of the Kensington characters which are claimed as identical. The total five should be raised to seven: he has unaccountably overlooked *u*(*v*) and *ā*, which are entirely different. The balance is still in his favor, but the proportion of variation is considerably altered.

Mr. Holand's Old Norse scholarship is not impeccable. He prints *Egilsaga Skallagrimssonr* (245), *Eriks Saga Rauda* (266), *Grettisongr* (229), a mistake for *Grettis Saga*, which he has confused with an Eddic poem, *Grottasöngr*. His remark on "*einfæting*" (266) shows a lack of acquaintance with Icelandic phonology. On page 240 f. he confuses two different Old Norse nouns, *man*, neuter, nominative and accusative, and *mathr*, masculine (accusative singular *mann*). There are other minor slips of this kind. His attempt to connect *opdage* with Icelandic *daga uppi* (299 ff.) is ill-advised; on the other hand he is able to quote an authority on the possibility that *opdagelse* was already in the language in the fourteenth century (for *landaleita* read *landaleit* or *landaleitan*). *Of* in the sense of *over, through* (263 ff.) is familiar enough in Old Norse, but Mr. Holand is unable to cite a single instance of such a use in later Norwegian or Swedish. He would explain it as a dialectal archaism which has failed of literary record. Curiously enough he neglects to comment on the lack of the plural ending in *þeþ* (cf. the parallel form *rōþe*). In his translation of one of the archæologists' statements (173), *permanent* is a misprint for *prominent* ("framträdande," 174, footnote).

He is not always careful about his references. Professor Flom had objected to the *h* used to indicate length of a preceding vowel as a usage introduced into Swedish from German

in the seventeenth century. In his note on *ahr=year*, Old Norse *ár* (254), Mr. Holand says: "Expressions like 'Da schref man *ahr* epter gudz födelse tidh' are not uncommon in the Swedish literature of the Middle Ages," referring to a medieval chronicle, the editor of which expressly states that the manuscript of the portion from which Mr. Holand quotes was written in the seventeenth century.

It may be admitted, then, that the author has not succeeded in answering all the linguistic objections raised against the inscription. Nevertheless, skeptical as the reader may be (and properly so) when he begins the book, he will find it difficult as he proceeds to resist the force of Mr. Holand's affirmative arguments, and still more difficult to answer the pertinent questions which he puts to the advocates of the hoax theory. The very irregularities are an argument against the assumption of a learned forger, and it is hard to conceive an ignoramus who would have had the necessary knowledge of history to fabricate such a record. No impartial person will deny, at least, that this book reopens to debate a question which had been generally regarded as a *res judicata*.

F. S. CAWLEY.

The Street Railway in Massachusetts: The Rise and Decline of an Industry. By Edward S. Mason. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1932. Pp. xvii, 222. $3.00.)

Here is a book which should be of far more general interest than the usual monograph. In spite of its geographic limitations, the essential similarity between the history of the street railway in Massachusetts and elsewhere in the country makes it a study in miniature of the industry as a whole, in which differences between Massachusetts and other states often serve to accent peculiarities of historical development or issues of public policy. The historical chapters in the early part of the book will probably be of greatest appeal to the general reader. The street railway has "in the short space of four decades . . . passed through a complete cycle of economic development": growth and overexpansion, consolidation, a struggle for survival brought on by

the pressure of rising costs against an inflexible level of fares, and, finally, collapse under the competition of the automobile. Owing to the effectiveness of regulation in Massachusetts, the data are "not only fairly reliable but nearly complete." Here is an economic microcosm whose study promises instruction alike to the economic theorist and to the student of public affairs. Professor Mason has presented an abundance of well-ordered factual material and has shown skill and discrimination in its analysis and interpretation.

A peculiarity of the street railway industry is the relative inelasticity of the charges it can make for its services. Fares in this country do not, on the whole, vary with the distance travelled, nor are they readily adjustable to changes in operating costs. Zone fares, so widely used in Europe, have never succeeded here, partly because of the difficulty of collecting them in the crowded cars of rush hours and partly because of the peculiarities of the American coinage system (121). The alternative seems to be a uniform rate over fairly wide areas. For a long time the five cent fare was standard, and was accepted and defended by the companies, who recklessly offered longer rides for the same payment, careless of the costs incurred. The spectacular rise in costs of the war years broke the resistance to change, and fares became established at the ten cent level. It is now generally believed that no further increases are possible without so diminishing the traffic that gross revenues would be reduced.

The future of the industry, according to Professor Mason, is bound up with this rigidity of fares and with motor competition. Although the mileage operated has already diminished to less than half of what it was in 1918, the street railway is not necessarily doomed. There is, at present, a zone intermediate between motor bus transportation in the outskirts and rapid transit in the densely populated areas, where it is probably more efficient than either of these other forms of urban transport. Within this area, its fate depends upon "two unpredictable factors, the future change in the number of privately-owned motor cars and the future movement of the general price level" (190). If the trend of prices is upward and if the registration of motor cars increases, the question squarely presents itself of letting the in-

dustry disappear altogether or of assessing the deficits upon some one other than the car riders. If, on the other hand, the trend of prices is downward and if automobile registration has reached its maximum, the retention of present fares should improve earnings and make possible a tenuous survival.

One of the interesting features of a declining industry with heavy capital investment is that it may continue operation indefinitely at a loss. The explanation lies in the high proportion of fixed to total costs. So long as property does not need to be replaced, the failure to earn a return upon it is not disastrous. "Street railways will continue to operate as long as operating costs can be covered and something paid to the bondholders. The stockholders in many operating railway enterprises have long ceased to have any concern" (186). Another feature of a declining industry, interesting to the economic theorist, is that fares may be set according to the monopoly principle of maximizing net revenue, even though the industry is regulated. The author suggests this possibility on page 183. The regulatory authority is usually thought of as adjusting rates and fares upwards or downwards so that costs (including a fair return upon capital) are exactly covered. The optimum price from the monopolist's point of view would ordinarily be higher than cost and would yield exorbitant profits. As the demand recedes, however, the discrepancy between what an unregulated monopolist would do and what the regulating authority would do is reduced, and if the demand recedes far enough, it disappears altogether.

In the matter of valuation and rate regulation, Professor Mason argues at length that Massachusetts has employed the prudent investment rule, joining issue with the thesis recently advanced by Irston R. Barnes that valuation in Massachusetts is not in accord with the principles of prudent investment "in any strictly defined sense," and, indeed, that "no attempt, other than a verbal one, is made to relate the fair return to the valuation of the company's property or even to any specific rate base."[1] The issue is important, for, in the American system of

[1] *Public Utility Control in Massachusetts* (New Haven, 1930), 156 and 195.

public utility regulation, an adequate return has come to be identified with "a fair return upon the fair value of the property," and prudent investment has gained prominence in recent years as the chief opposing principle to reproduction cost in the "fair value" part of the formula. Certainly no one thinks that Massachusetts has employed cost of reproduction as a rate base, yet the valuation problem can not be resolved into a simple opposition between these two most discussed theories. The phrase "prudent investment" has come to have fairly definite meaning, and it ought to be possible to say whether Massachusetts has followed this rule or a rule of its own. The reviewer agrees with Mr. Barnes that it has followed a rule of its own. There can be no doubt that the regulation of rates in Massachusetts has been profoundly influenced by the regulation of security issues and that the result has been a distinctive approach to the question of an adequate return which should not be lost to view.

Investment is *always* represented by the cost of the assets of a corporation, properly interpreted. When capitalization is kept equal to this, it may, of course, be used as a criterion of investment, and, no doubt the system of security regulation in Massachusetts has gone far towards bringing about this condition. But both capitalization and investment are affected by factors independent of each other. The two *can not* be kept equal, and it is when they diverge that the issue of principle appears. Massachusetts has, on the whole, followed the securities rather than the investment. A simple instance is that of under-capitalization brought about by the accumulation of a surplus through the reinvestment of earnings. If one approaches the question of the rate base from the point of view of the investment, he is led at once to recognize that the property has expanded. If he approaches it, however, from the point of view of the securities, which remain unchanged, the increase in investment is very naturally looked upon with suspicion and perhaps, as in Massachusetts, ruled out.

Another aspect of the importance given to securities in the Massachusetts system is the practice of setting rates with reference to maintaining the credit of a company, so that it can market its securities at par. Professor Barnes argues that this is

to abandon not merely the prudent investment rule, but the very idea of a rate base itself, to which Professor Mason replies that "par value may be taken as the rate base . . . and the rates called for are those which will permit the maintenance of market value of stock at or somewhat above par" (154). But this is merely to state in terms of a rate base multiplied by a rate of return a result discovered by simple resort to the security markets. Logically, the principle involves abandoning not only the idea of a rate base, but likewise that of a rate of return. Procedure is simplified to allowing increased earnings when a company's stock sells below par and *vice versa*. Such a method of defining adequate returns has so much to commend it in comparison with the clumsy Federal rule of discovering the fair value, defining a fair rate of return, and then multiplying the two, that it is unfortunate not to distinguish it from a variety of the rate base method.

The last chapter of the book takes up an examination of public policy towards the Boston Elevated and the Eastern Massachusetts Companies. It is an interesting commentary on regulation that the state was forced to take over the management of these roads "because, among other reasons, rate determination by the Public Service Commission was so inelastic and slow moving that transportation facilities necessary to the movement of population in metropolitan areas were endangered" (168). The attempt has been made on both roads to collect from the car riders the full cost of providing transportation service. Professor Mason discusses the issues involved and defends the principle. "Although it is true that others than the car riders benefit from the existence of transportation facilities, it is exceedingly difficult to measure these benefits and to tax the recipients." The "indiscriminate taxation of the public to cover the cost of extensions" is also objected to (176-177). Events may make service at less than cost a necessity, however, and tax-payers will probably refuse to be taxed in order to pay dividends on the stock of a privately-owned company. If the events of the future should lead to any considerable assessments upon the cities and towns, it is predicted that public ownership will be the outcome.

EDWARD CHAMBERLIN.

The Pilgrim Fathers from a Dutch Point of View. By D. Plooij. (New York: New York University Press. 1932. Pp. xi, 154. $3.50.)

The Dutch point of view which the title of this handsomely-printed and illustrated volume professes to give upon the Pilgrim Fathers is somewhat disappointing to a reviewer who expects to find some large interpretative idea which would not have occurred to an American. While the first notion which occurs to the reader would be a revival of the claim already exploited that American institutions should be credited to Dutch influence, Dr. Plooij has not championed any such fundamental influence of Holland upon the Pilgrim Fathers and alleges no greater result from their experience at Leyden than most critical students in America have already conceded and accepted. Indeed, the extreme case has found more enthusiastic exponents in America than it has in Holland, and certainly Dr. Plooij does not favor it. The Pilgrims from a Dutch point of view are the forefathers historians know already. Indeed, Dr. Plooij perhaps meant—though he does not say—that a historian of the scientific modern school sees the evidence as it is whether he lives in Amsterdam or in Massachusetts; that for critical students neither nationality nor religious sects exist. Certainly that is what his volume proves. Aside from the remarks natural for a Dutchman in New York celebrating the tercentenary of the Dutch Reformed Church in America, his volume might as well have been written by an American.

Dr. Plooij has attempted no narrative of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and has limited himself to their fortunes at Leyden and to their subsequent relations with those still in Holland. John Robinson is a more prominent figure than in most American accounts, though the general estimate of him seems much the same. The first three chapters deal, in part, with familiar information and in part summarize at greater length new material already published by Dr. Plooij and his associates regarding the Pilgrim Press and the attempt of James I to interfere with the Pilgrim church. He shows that Thomas Brewer

was the real patron of the press and that the Pilgrims received on several occasions much more whole-hearted and important aid from the Dutch authorities than has been supposed.

The last three chapters deal with the newly-discovered Goodyear Papers found by Dr. Plooij in the Archives at Leyden. The Reverend Hugh Goodyear was minister of the English Reformed Church at Leyden from 1617 to 1661 and was in active correspondence with the Plymouth and Boston colonists both before and after their respective emigrations. He knew the Reverend Ralph Smith, the first Pilgrim minister, before he left England and to him Smith naturally turned in an endeavor to sell property in Leyden belonging to his wife's first husband, Richard Masterson, who died at Plymouth about 1630. John Cotton and Hugh Peters were also correspondents of Goodyear before reaching New England, as well as in later years. Especially interesting is the almost positive evidence of the fate of Robinson's congregation after his death. Part came, of course, to Plymouth, but of those left behind most joined Goodyear's congregation and the rest affiliated with the Dutch Reformed Church itself. This had been presumed before. But Dr. Plooij is also able to state positively that Goodyear's congregation itself was a "special part" of the regular Dutch Reformed Church and not merely another separatist English church. In effect therefore all of Robinson's congregation still at Leyden joined the Dutch Church. Of particular interest to New Englanders will be the letter of Hugh Peters to Goodyear, written from Salem in 1639, introducing the bearer, the first American student at Leyden, Francis Higginson.

These Goodyear Papers, printed in full in the volume are the most numerous collection of letters about the Pilgrims to come to light in years and will interest all their descendants. While illustrative rather than important, they shed a good deal of light on the lives of people about whom we have known little or nothing. Dr. Plooij hopes that they may furnish a new point of departure for the study of Pilgrim genealogy.

ROLAND G. USHER.

The Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers in England and America (1620-1685). By Martin S. Briggs. (New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. Pp. xvi, 211. $4.75.)

This is the book American students have long been waiting for and proposing to do—done, better done, almost only capable of being done, by an Englishman. For years there have been proposals of seeking out in England just the models followed by the early New England colonists in their houses, but, although some American students have come to know the English by-ways very well, none of them has succeeded in pointing to a body of English buildings having a really close correspondence with their seventeenth-century American descendants. Actually the problem might well have been insoluble by an American, for the English buildings concerned are humble ones, not only hard to find, but hitherto almost entirely passed over, as of minor importance, by the makers of books on British architecture. The New England houses on the other hand, as the earliest and best we then had here, have been the object of many publications which could have long ago made them accessible to British students.

In looking for analogies, Mr. Briggs has not been balked by the false clue which has misled many earlier seekers. They have looked in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, around Scrooby, Austerfield, and Boston—the homes of Brewster, Bradford, and John Cotton; but the houses there were characteristically of masonry or of "half-timber," without the weather-boarding which became characteristic of New England. Mr. Briggs follows the Pilgrims to Holland and adduces interesting data on weather-boarded houses there, mostly of later date, including especially Czar Peter's hut at Zaandam. Then he turns to south-east England, whence, as he shows, came the great bulk of the New England colonists, and here he unearths the models we have all been waiting for. C. F. Innocent in his remarkable book, the *Development of English Building Construction*, had already pointed to early examples of weather-boarding there, but it was left for Mr. Briggs to illustrate strikingly the parallel with America in scores of examples. One particularly, late though

it may be, would suffice: the old mill at St. Osyth, Essex, might stand almost equally well by any inlet of New England.

Thus Mr. Briggs establishes all he wishes, except what the words of his title the *Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers* promised. We need not quarrel with him for seizing on a phrase of such obvious commercial advantage, nor even for a real looseness in its application to the colonists of Massachusetts Bay (he quotes George Macaulay Trevelyan in speaking of "these original 25,000 to whom collectively may be extended the term 'Pilgrim Fathers'"). We may, however, well question the relevance of his findings to the houses of the Pilgrims proper, in Plymouth Colony. None of their early houses there survives intact, and we know of no early documents which refer to weather-boards there.

In his discussion of the first buildings at Plymouth, Mr. Briggs is loath to accept the conclusions pointed to by so many documents, both as to the nature of the buildings themselves, and the common survival of such "frail houses" among the common people in England at that day. He has to assume (122) that the Plymouth colonists, extreme in their poverty, were better off than the first settlers in Virginia and Massachusetts Bay. Properly acknowledging that they didn't use log-houses, he tries to escape the conclusion that "hewn planks" could scarcely have been either framing or weather-boards, and does not draw the inference, as he well might, that the barn at Netteswell Cross (figure 23), with its vertical planks, best shows the type of certain buildings at Plymouth, as later in New Jersey and elsewhere.

When he doubts the assertion that "to many farm laborers and poor people the rude shelters meant no more than a perpetuation of conditions at home" he overlooks not only the cautious opinion of Innocent, but the researches of students of English agriculture like Thorold Rogers and Hasbach.

As to the first frame houses of the Plymouth colonists, it will probably remain impossible to determine whether, like the timber houses of Lincolnshire, they were at first without weather-boards, or whether they followed the custom of south-east Eng-

land which, as Mr. Briggs points out, provided two-thirds even of the Pilgrims of 1620 and 1621.

In truth, however, the book is far less concerned with Plymouth than with Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut, and here its service is great and fundamental. It is, moreover, a delightful book to read, and has, beside many interesting photographs, admirable pen-drawings by the author, of the sort which English architects do so well.

FISKE KIMBALL.

The Young Man Washington: An Address Delivered at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, February 22, 1932. By Samuel Eliot Morison. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1932. Pp. 43. 50 cents.)

This is an address delivered at Sanders Theatre in Cambridge on the twenty-second of February, 1932, the bi-centennial of Washington's birth. It was prepared as an inspiration for young men and was delivered to an audience composed largely of students of Harvard University. In the brief compass of an oral address the author undertook to portray Washington as a young man and to trace the influences that gave him the self-reliance, the industry, the patience, the disinterested integrity, and the strength of will which were the foundation-stones of his greatness.

This undertaking was no easy one, and the author is entitled to high praise for carrying it to distinct success. With a profound knowledge of Washington's life and writings, he has selected the salient influences in his early life and has presented a convincing and highly readable account of the self-education and the self-discipline through which he prepared himself for his great mission in life.

The essay is itself so skilful a condensation of a vast material that it would be impossible to summarize it in a brief review. But its general scope and its theme are given by the author himself in one of his closing paragraphs as follows:

"So at twenty-seven George Washington was not only a veteran Colonel who had won the confidence and affection of his men, but a member of the Virginia Assembly, a great landowner, and a husband. His youth was over, and he had the means for a life of ease and competence; but the high example of antique virtue would not let him ignore another call to duty. When it came, his unruly nature had been disciplined by the land and the wilderness, by philosophy, and a noble woman, and by his own indomitable will, to become a fit instrument for a great cause."

He who would find how the youthful Washington found his "example of antique virtue" in the stoic philosophy as he read it in L'Estrange's *Seneca's Morals*, should read this remarkable essay. It is an important contribution to the literature of the Bicentennial Year.

JOHN MCAULEY PALMER.

Historical Scholarship in America: Needs and Opportunities. A Report by The Committee of the American Historical Association on the Planning of Research. (New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. 1932. Pp. ix, 146. $1.50.)

The decade which has acquainted the business man with the idea of planned economy has familiarized the scholar with the idea of planned coöperation in research. So also in the 1880's the professors were founding learned societies while the business men were organizing trusts, and in the post war era the establishment of The Social Science Research Council and The American Council of Learned Societies coincided with the launching of a new series of even more extensive industrial combinations. In 1932, when the spirit of self-criticism is widespread in all institutions, it is appropriate that there should take place an inquiry into the needs and opportunities of historical scholarship in America.

The Committee of The American Historical Association on the Planning of Research organized five conferences, one each

on ancient, medieval, and modern history, and two on American history. Each conference was confronted with a seven-point *questionnaire* covering research materials, personnel, methods and organization, financial needs, and publication needs. It did not fall within the province of these conferences to consider any other "needs and opportunities" of historical scholarship than those which are definitely related to historical research.

Matters pertinent to this specific object were widely canvassed. The conclusions are set forth in a carefully-ordered statement. There should be more research conferences, of specialists in the same historical field with each other, and of historians generally with statisticians, economists and their ilk. A publication fund for monographs is needed. Research and teaching, which are so often presented in committee reports as if their only qualities were an unremitting rivalry in claims upon the professor's time, appear in this report as team-mates. The research scholar must produce not only books, but also more research scholars. This requires better teaching, all the way from the Freshman year to the graduate school, for otherwise the best student minds will not be drawn to history. It is also suggested that some of the promising senior students who are slipping away from the profession might be retained if there were a number of graduate fellowships, available in the first year of graduate study, and open to national competition.

In the matter of coöperative research, the practical suggestions emphasize the importance of maintaining complete *liaison* among scholars, so that each knows what the other is doing, but place highest faith in the work of the individual scholar. The individual, however, must have research materials wherewith to work, and it is in this connection that the proposals for coöperative effort take most concrete form. There should be finding lists of special collections in European history; there should be further coördination of acquisition policies of libraries in accordance with a national plan.

The report is pervaded with a healthy spirit of self-confidence. In no field did the conferees discover deep or incurable ills. The specialists in ancient history were perhaps the

least dissatisfied with their situation. The research workers in the medieval field were the only ones who found it necessary to assert that their product has practical value. They emphasized "the fact that the study of the problems of the Middle Ages is in many cases capable of throwing much light upon current forces." The professors of Modern European History agreed that in drawing up large-scale plans they felt hampered by the lack not of money but of men. The discussion of the problem of recruiting called forth the observation that "doubtless more first rate students would enter the graduate schools if the monetary rewards to be anticipated by holders of the M.A. or Ph.D. degrees were more enticing." The proposed remedy—the establishment of more scholarships for graduate students—might conceivably reduce the salary levels by increasing the supply of qualified persons. The labor unions have faced the same problem in the matter of apprentices, and the clergy in the subsidizing of divinity students.

The report is of greatest value as a document that will strengthen the hands of those who are seeking to bring about more coöperation in the handling of research materials, lend support to teaching policies that place the strongest teachers in contact with Freshman classes, and encourage research enterprises which experiment with new methods or explore new fields, by giving them the backing of the best minds in the profession.

ROBERT C. BINKLEY.

SHORT NOTICES

Uncollected Lectures by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by Clarence Gohdes. (New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1932. Pp. ix, 60. $3.00.)

In this brief collection of "Reports of Lectures on American Life and Natural Religion, Reprinted from *The Commonwealth*, of 1864 to 1869," we are offered a new glimpse of "Emerson the Lecturer." But the chief fact that these reports suggest to this reviewer is that, after all, Emerson's style had a

certain continuity and cohesion, which entirely vanished when his lectures were reported, as these were, in fragmentary form. For, although the original reporter transcribed Emerson's exact words for the space of sentences, and sometimes even paragraphs, his transcription remains only a conglomeration of fragments.

The most complete, and therefore the most satisfactory lectures reprinted are the first and the last, dealing respectively with "Public and Private Education," and with "Natural Religion." The first is extraordinarily concrete, and offers many educational suggestions which have already been realized in practice since Emerson's time, both in public schools and at Harvard University. The last was delivered to a group known as "Radicals," and discusses, once more, what is "perhaps the fundamental ground of Emerson's doctrines": religious liberalism.

F. I. C.

The March of Democracy: The Rise of the Union. By James Truslow Adams. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. xvi, 428. $3.50.)

In *The March of Democracy*, Mr. Adams has written a narrative of American history as revealed by the researches of many scholars, including himself. The first volume carries the story to the Civil War. By skilful use of the editorial "we," Mr. Adams has given the narrative the character of a national autobiography. It is as if the Nation, with wisdom mellowed by reflection and experience, has written, for her children, the story of a glorious past. Thus, events and details have been selected for their influence on the evolution of American Democracy. The author and the publishers are to be congratulated on the large number of excellent illustrations which have been chosen to portray some episode or social movement of the times. A great service has been rendered to the public by making easily available such a wealth of pictorial material. The sequel to *The Rise of the Union* will be awaited with interest.

C. F. S.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NEW ENGLAND
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ALLYN B. FORBES

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